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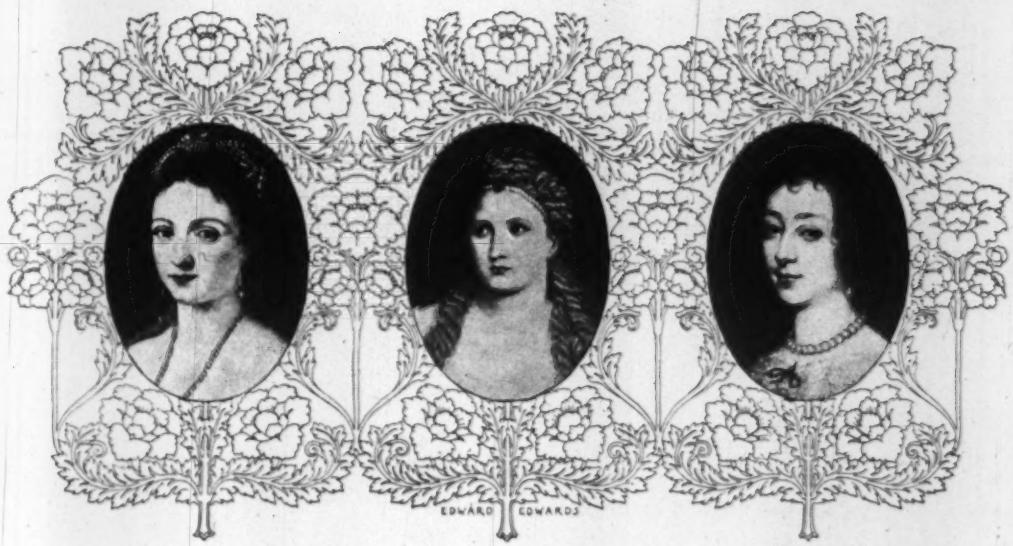

WOMEN.

By E. S. Martin.

Author of "Children," "Parents," etc.

Souvent femme varie is a familiar sentiment of the French language about women. It came down lawfully from Rome and Virgil's *Varium et mutabile semper femina*. Persons with skill in the use of words seem in all ages to have liked to say smart things about women in general, and especially things which convey a measure of deprecative disparagement. Even we Anglo-Saxons, who modestly assume to represent the real hard-sense of the universe, have a tradition that it is a woman's privilege to change her mind, and I dare say that that is part of the common law of England and of countries whose legal principles are of English derivation. She ought to have that privilege. So long as man proposes, woman's right of dissent ought to be as much extended as the security of vested interests and the general welfare of society allow. Maybe she *is* more changeable than man. Maybe she *is* somewhat flightier, more subject to revulsions of feeling, more prone to be swayed by feelings rather than reason, more easily persuaded than convinced, and, in consequence, more subject to subsequent dissuasion. If so, very well! There are various considerations that explain it, if one cares for explanation. But to explain woman seems more or less of an impertinence. She represents two forces —God who made her; man who has been the chief influence in her development. Was there fault in her creation? Surely we will not venture to say that. We do not think it, either. We bow in grateful admiration of our Maker's handiwork. Have there been faults then in her development? Myriads of them, doubtless, if one regards particu-

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Egyptian Period—from four to five thousand years B.C. From a wooden statue made at the time of the Pyramids. Now in the museum at Gizeh.

Græco-Egyptian Period—third century B.C. From the collection of Theodore Graf, Vienna.

lars, but if there is complaint due let her complain, not us, for the faults are man's, and she is the victim. Whatever has gone wrong with woman in this world is man's fault. If she has been kept down; if she has been too much exalted; if she has been taught too much or too little, has got out of her proper sphere or missed her due development because the sphere accorded her was too narrow—it is all man's fault, and he must expect to settle for it. Even if she is fickle, as France and Virgil suggest—but she is not fickle; that is not true of woman at large. Even if she is not always sure of her own mind, and is apter than man to change it, does not the final cause of that lie in the imperfect trustworthiness of man? The woman who is sure of her man is apt to be sure of herself. Of course there are exceptions, but the jilts and the defaulters are not all feminine. Men have the leading place in the world's activities. Woman waits for man to tell her what to do. If a man comes along who is equal to that duty, and whose direction is acceptable to her and gains her confidence, she follows its general intention and is content. But if such a man doesn't come along, when she gets tired waiting she starts out for herself, and little by little establishes her own course and shapes her habits to it. Or if the man who does come along and whom she determines to trust, proves, as usually happens, a person of defective wisdom, she takes what guidance he can give her, and ekes it out from her own stock of sense. If the case is worse still, she supplies such sense and guidance as she can for both.

When men have been perfected and are just what they ought to be, there won't be any more trouble about women, or what their sphere is, or whether they are getting too much out of it. Their sphere is big enough. There is abundance of work in the world for all the men and all the women, and women will naturally take to the jobs

SAPPHO.

Grecian Period. Bronze statue in the National Museum, Naples.

that suit women best. Nature will regulate that if men give her a fair chance. But it promises to be some time yet before men are perfected, and meanwhile vast numbers of them will shirk their proper work and leave it for some one else. If it has to be done, and there is no one else to do it, it will be done by women, and the women who do it will develop a capacity for doing it fairly well.

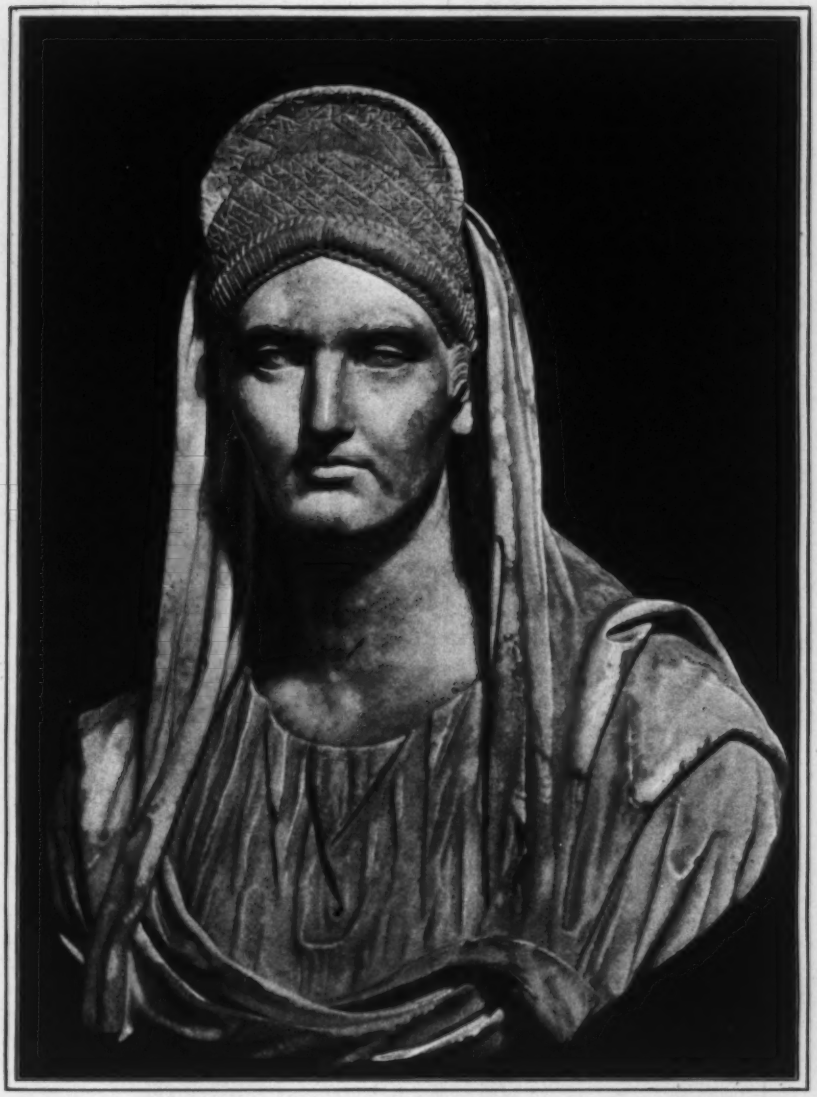
There are startling examples of the development of this capacity in women for doing men's work. When families that have been strong and prospered, get started down hill, and the men die off, or go to seed, or lose heart or health, it is not an uncommon thing to see the women develop under stress of circumstances a virile vigor that meets the storm and weathers it. Very able women are developed by defects in man, and of course when the wheel has once fallen to them and their wills have been trained to steering, they will not readily give up a place that they have fairly won. Nor should they. The mischief, what there is of it, has been done; let the consequences abide. The chief mischief is that, though a woman may come out strong in doing a man's work, the man whose work is done for him—if there is one—is apt to come out weak. He has lost his place, and the woman's place that is left vacant is not good for him. He can't fill it. If he is feeble, or gratefully dutiful, or discouraged, he may take it and perhaps do his best. But if there is strength and some audacity of impulse left in him, out he goes into the world to be a man and meet a man's fate.

An individual woman may be cramped, suppressed, or developed out of her natural lines and in a measure unsexed by environment or circumstances. The women of a city, of a State, or of a generation or age in any country may rise or sink, develop or contract, as compared with their men or with other contemporary women in their world. Womankind may have an element of variableness

OCTAVIA, SISTER OF AUGUSTUS, WIFE OF MARCUS ANTONIUS.

Roman—first century B.C. Bronze statue in the Louvre, Paris.

which observing males take note of, but woman, taken by and large and considered for as long a period as history covers, seems by no means a variable, but one of the most constant things in nature. We can't go back far enough to find a woman who doesn't look natural to us, and of whom we do not feel that if we knew her we would come almost as near understanding her as we come to understanding the women of our own time and acquaintance. In the Gizeh Museum there is a wooden effigy of a gentlewoman who lived some time in the Pyramid epoch—so the learned say, and they put the Pyramids back about 4,000 years before Christ. Six thousand years ago! We used to be taught that the world began about then. Now we think we know that a thousand years are but as yesterday with the Almighty, and that six of them cut no great figure in the development of the human race. And yet 6,000 years ago is pretty old times as we look back. Ten score generations! That seems a reasonable antiquity, and this lady —they found her effigy in her tomb—look at the picture of it! She isn't of our race, to be sure, but how absolutely, how contemporaneously human she looks. Her headdress is a little odd, but that would come off, and with it off, and her hair done as our



FAUSTINA, WIFE OF ANTONINUS PIUS, AND MOTHER OF FAUSTINA WHO MARRIED MARCUS AURELIUS.

Roman—second century A.D. Marble bust in the National Museum, Naples.

women do theirs, and a shirt-waist or any such detail of modern raiment on her, would she look anywise unusual across the breakfast-table from any one of us? She may have got that poise of the head from carrying water jars on it, but it is an admirable poise, and a good head, and an intelligent face, and whether one discussed with her the scarcity of fresh eggs, or the marvelous forwardness of the pyramid industry, or the death of Queen Victoria, her views would be worth while, and which subject it would be seems much more a matter of chance and time than a matter of adapting one's talk to her capacity.

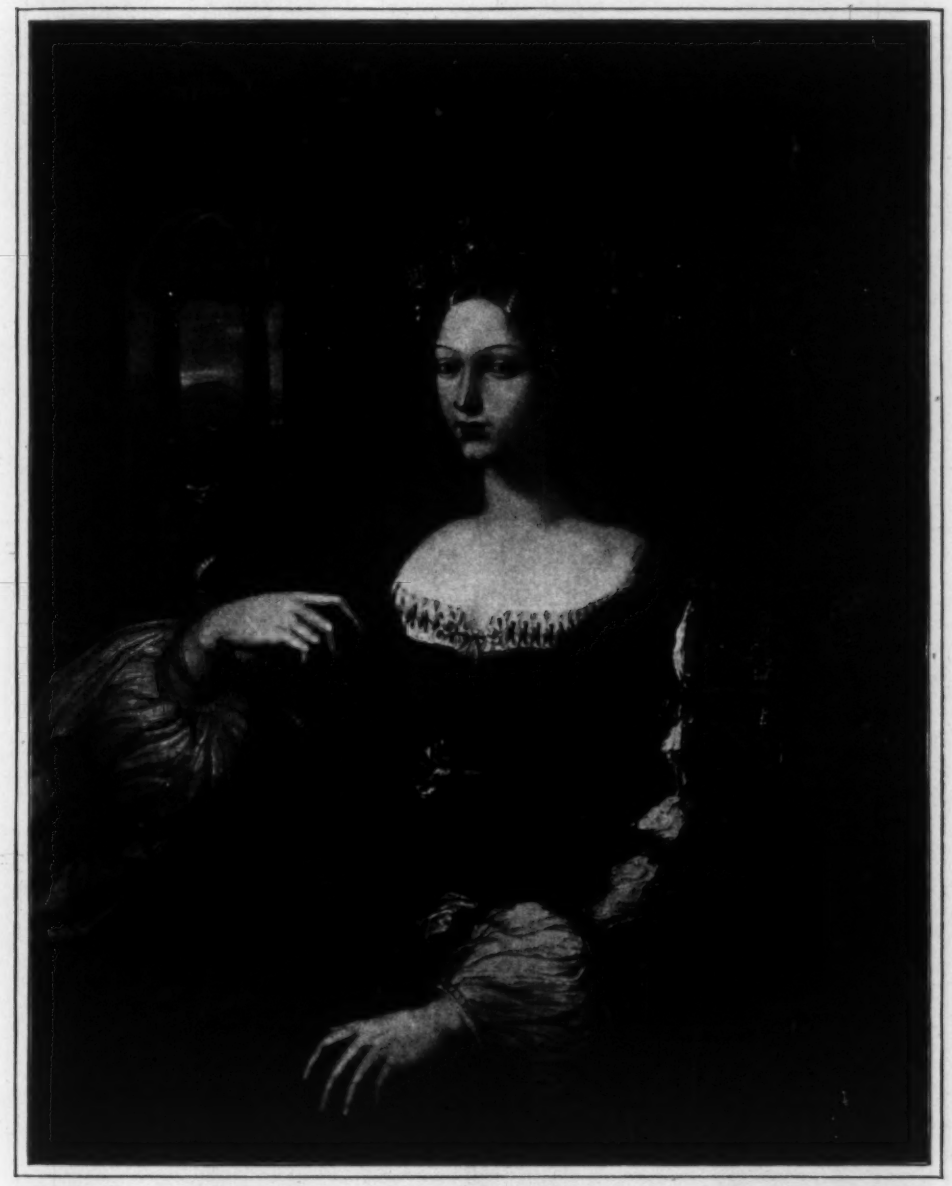
Drop down a few thousand years. Take the picture of the Græco-Egyptian lady who lived in the third century before the Christian era. You see such women at the theaters, in the street-cars, at afternoon receptions pouring tea. Even her dress, what we see of it, seems modern. And she crimped her hair and wore jewels that to-day seem a little old-fashioned, perhaps, and would have been in style thirty years ago. She comes from a warmer country than this. She isn't an American type, but she is not far enough from it to make one sure she was a foreigner if he saw her dining at the Astoria.

LA BELLE FERRONNIÈRE.

Fifteenth century. Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519). Painting in the Louvre, Paris.

And Sappho, from the Naples Museum. She is bronze and imperishable. Maybe she isn't Sappho, but they call her so because she looks it. There is a shade of melancholy about her eyes and mouth. She must have had the higher education, or perhaps she missed it and felt the deprivation. One would like to have had her have whatever it was that she lacked and wanted. But she is a modern. They raise such women—say, in Boston, and the later generations of us, especially, can show even her grand physique. It was well done to call her Sappho, and if an alibi is ever proven, so much the worse.

She is more charming than Octavia, and she did her hair much better, but she is no more modern. One can see that Octavia is no dreamer, but a doer, and somewhat uncompromising. She had need to be, living when she did. And Mark Antony, whose episode with the star-eyed Egyptian is a



JEANNE OF ARAGON.

Sixteenth century. Attributed to Raphael (1483–1520). Painting in the Louvre, Paris.

matter of gossiping history, was her husband. Dear! dear! how long it takes those venerable scandals to die out. One can understand, though not excuse, that one, provided he believes this head in the Louvre is a true likeness. For how comprehensible Octavia seems to us. What force she shows. What a power she might have been in Chicago. What a raider she might have made in Kansas if her sense and her breeding had not kept her from it. A woman worth tying to, so well worth it that her worthiness may have been her defect, for it can't be wholesome to spend one's life with a woman whose standard is so high as to leave her nearest, if his standard is lower, only the choice whether to make life one long apology or one long evasion.

Neither of the Faustinas has been suspected of this defect of being too good for human nature's daily food. The mother, wife of Antoninus Pius, who came with him

BEATRICE OF CUSANCE.

Seventeenth century. Anton Van Dyke (1599–1641). Painting in Windsor Castle, England.

to the imperial throne in the second century, is said to have grieved her husband by her profligacy, but in his great regard for her he deified her after her death, and struck off more medals, and built more temples in her honor than ever any other Roman empress had. It is her picture that graces yonder page, and judging by it we can believe all but the tales of profligacy. Her daughter left behind a reputation supremely malodorous. Perhaps scandal-mongering was a finer art then than now. At any rate, the good Aurelius clove to her and insisted that she had been lied about, and deified her as his predecessor did her mother. That the two most exemplary Roman emperors should have had wives of such astonishing repute and should apparently have loved them, and that the admirable and spotless Octavia, after surviving her first husband, should

have fallen to the unfaithful Antony, and been divorced at last by him, offers a good deal of food for contemplation. Octavia had five children, three by Marcellus, her first husband, and two daughters by Antony. She brought them all up; she lived without complaint in Antony's house after he had abandoned her, caring not only for her own family, but for Antony's children attributed to the latter. Charming women, both of them, and so near us in time that it is hardly worth noting that they seem like-minded with our women. Another century leaves behind Van Dyke's Beatrice de Cusance. Another leaves Gainsborough's famous Duchess of Devonshire, lately recovered, his Princess Elizabeth of Hesse-Hombourg, Kucharsky's Marie Antoinette in Prison, and the

AN UNKNOWN WOMAN.

Eighteenth century. Quentin de la Tour (1704–1788). Painting in the collection of Jacques Doucet.

by Fulvia and Cleopatra. From her daughters, whom she bore to Antony, were descended Caligula, Claudius, and Nero, as foul a brood as the worst of women could hope to have grandmothered. Ah! the times were badly out of joint in the days when Rome was rotting, and virtue that was not its own reward seems to have gone unrequited. But these Roman women, good or bad, look like such women as we know.

Come down a dozen centuries and more, to the times of Leonardo and Raphael. La Belle Ferronnière is a masterpiece of the first. The familiar portrait of Jeanne d'Aragon is lovely *Femme Inconnue* of Quentin de la Tour. The *femmes inconnues* that art has preserved to us are a picked lot and include some of the best known women in the world. Leonardo's Ferronnière is one. In the Louvre there is a famous bust of another. The unknowns had to be interesting or they remained unknown. The women of the past whose likenesses the great painters and sculptors have transmitted were women of distinction, either of person or position, or both, but in the unknowns the distinction was always personal. Some of the women here shown are from royal palaces. All of them

MARIE ANTOINETTE IN PRISON.

Eighteenth century. Kucharsky. Painting in the collection of M. le Duc de Cars.

are from the more favored and richer walks of life, but none of them seems to us even out of date. They are not the less women from being royal or princely; not the less familiar from being unknown.

The truth seems to be that we have no conception of woman that differs significantly from woman as we see and know her. Eve, as we imagine her, was intensely human, and to our minds essentially contemporaneous. We think of her as a true wife, a true mother; erring, suffering, grieving, but rejoicing, too, and loving; a woman whose life was full, much as the lives are of some woman whom we know, and above all a great mother. The Mother of Christ has been in a measure deified by the legislative act of one section of the Christian Church, but I doubt if even those who nominally accept the dogma of her immaculate birth can disassociate her in their minds from other women of ideal human lives. It is the best women that seem most comprehensible and natural to us, for they correspond most nearly to our ideal of what woman is. The women who most give us pause are such as Semiramis or Catharine of Russia. Yet we read that Catharine began womanly, but having a very poor chance to be good, and having a man's work in tremendous volume

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF HESSE.

Eighteenth century. Gainsborough (1727–1788). Painting in Windsor Castle, England.

offered her, developed the strength and the magnanimity of a great man and the vices of an immoral one. In history she appears as a man in petticoats. But Joan of Arc was good, and though she put on breeches, and did marvelous man's work that the men of her day and race were not equal to, her womanliness persisted to the end, and is still a ruling characteristic in her as we think of her.

Are women better than men? Certainly they are negatively better. They don't drink so much or smoke so much. They are less prone to crime, especially to crimes of violence. Certain of their passions are much less obstreperous than the corresponding passions in men. Not all the temptations which men are subject to assail them with equal force. They are gentler than men, but that is partly because they are more timid. Do you think they are kinder than men? Timidity does not make folks kind, but inclines contrariwise. Affirmative kindness commonly has a fair store of courage behind it. There is a deal of kindness in men, though it is not quite so near the surface as the kindness of kind women. Men are apt to be kinder to women than women are, and women are apt to be kinder to men than to women; and both these tendencies

belong in the class of facts which we are used to call "providential." Beyond that, it seems hardly safe to generalize about the comparative kindness of men and women.

But woman isn't really better than man. She is only different, and the marvels and advantages of her differences are so prodigious, that long, long ago she herself took permanent place in that distinguished class of things, just mentioned, that men call providential. Women and men are so inextricably tangled up that if the women were really better than the men, the men would have to rise to their level. The other thing is what seems to happen. The women keep to the level that the men attain. Their righteousness has tendencies to certain defects. They take more naturally than men to religion; they are more urgent promoters of temperance; but, as a rule, they don't appreciate the vital worth of freedom, without which religion tends to become a shackle and temperance a mere deprivation. One suspects that if woman had made the world she would have left out temptation. The Creator let it in, and with it the possibility of freedom.

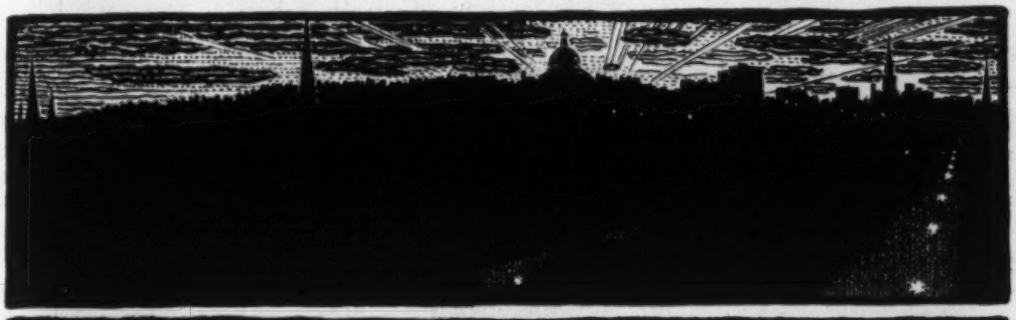
Certain phases of truth of a mystical quality seem to come to earth most readily through women. At least women are more hospitable to them at the start than men. Perhaps their faith is easier stirred; perhaps there is a receptive instinct in the feminine mind that man doesn't match. At any rate, woman, even if she does not herself set up as a prophet, accepts the prophet's message, whether it is true or false, more readily than man. The spiritualist mediums have all been women, and a very doubtful business they seem to have been in. The Christian Scientists are nine-tenths women, and one wonders whether that merely means that women are easier fooled than men. I don't think it does mean that, though like enough that is true. It means a quality of mind to be observed and wondered at, rather than too blindly trusted, but without which earth's prospects would be less hopeful than they are. Joan of Arc heard voices, and though the matter-of-fact Britons finally burned her, history by no means regards her as a deluded female.

On women is laid most of the obligation to beautify existence. Jewels and fine raiment, fabrics of great price, beautiful in color and in texture, houses that are splendid, and gardens that are gay are chiefly for them. Man might be trusted to maintain the noble army of cooks, and see that the art of preparing food and drink did not fall into decay, but if men did not love women, and women did not love beauty and adornment, earth would not be so handsome a planet as it is, albeit the folks in it might still be active and well nourished. Women do not invent. It is unusual for a woman to have even a moderate talent for mechanics. They do not excel in driving nails or sharpening lead-pencils. Their carpentry is a grief. There are no successful woman-plumbers. If women set the world's pace we should never have flying machines. The sort of progress, so notable nowadays, that depends upon machinery would stop. But if woman's influence was less than it is, there would be more wars, more drunkenness, more waste, and what men win from nature and add to knowledge would yield far less happiness than it does.

Let us thank Heaven that, though some women go to college nowadays, and some vote and others want to, and though the new woman, whom we think we have developed, has qualities which have caused her to be gratefully declined by heathen so progressive as the Japanese, woman has been for so very long so very much like what she is now that we have excellent grounds to hope that she will keep on to the end without change that will make her less womanly, or developments that are more sweeping than man may hope to share. The improvement we may anticipate, in woman as in man, is not so much the development of finer individuals as the raising of the general average. The great men of to-day don't seem to be greater than the great men of long ago. Neither are the fine women finer. But there is a basis for the belief that the average has risen in intelligence and efficiency as civilization has progressed.

Some women always have been, and some women always will be, the superiors of most men, but there is no sign that women in general will ever equal, much less surpass, men at the business of governing and developing the earth. The old theory that woman is man's helper seems incorrigibly well founded. If the situation isn't satisfactory to her there is no help for it, for the conditions it came out of seem to be eternal. Women may vote. They will be none the less man's helpers if they do. They never will band together to put man down and teach him his place. They will push him ahead if they can; they will pull him along when they must; they will influence him enormously as they always have done, but

they will never conspire together on any very great scale to make him play second fiddle. Some one has got to be master. Women in general will never agree to have women bosses so long as there are competent men for that use. There always will be competent men so long as competent women raise sons. The thing that is certain about woman is that she is man's indispensable mate, and that though she may rise with him or fall with him, she never, willingly or otherwise, will rise on his ruins. He may be a poor thing, but he is her own, the most valuable possession that nature has given her, and the one she is least disposed to disparage or misuse.



IN THE WORLD OF GRAFT

By Josiah Flynt.

BOSTON.

"A PLAIN-CLOTHES MAN'S TOWN."

ACCORDING to the testimony of living witnesses, some of whom took part in the crusade, Boston became quite concerned about seven years ago in regard to the vice in the city, and the men and women who make vice their professional pastime; and a number of raids, arrests, fines, and imprisonments were the result. So far as I know, it is not contended by any one that all were taken into custody and punished who should have been; nor is it denied that some who were arrested and sentenced are to-day back at their old haunts; but it is pretty generally believed in Boston's Upper World circles—at least I am so informed—that vice received a set-back in the capital of Massachusetts in 1894 from which it has not yet recovered. The first man with whom I talked about my errand in the city said to me: "I have read your paper on Chicago, Flynt, and I want you to understand that you're going to have a regular spiritual bath here compared with your Chicago experience. You'll find Boston a pretty clean city." A spiritual bath differs doubtless in different towns, and is in every town a *Geschmackssache*, as the Germans say, and the term "a clean city" is obviously purely a relative one; but I gladly state here at the outset that on the surface, at least, Boston looks as if it were trying more strenuously

The present article is third in a series treating of municipal conditions from the point of view of the Under World. The author gained his facts by living among criminals in the great cities, and the articles embody the results of these personal investigations. "'Chi,' an Honest City," appeared in McClure's Magazine for February, and "'York,' a Dishonest City," in the April number.—Editorial Note.

to be good than is either New York or Chicago.

It is true that after a man has explored for a week or two in the South End and West End, the spiritual bath does not seem so probable as the first walk on the Common had indicated. The revolution against vice of 1894 is still felt all over the city to a certain degree, and I found a very different town on this last visit (March, 1901) from the one I used to know as a tramp twelve years ago, but there are to-day, as then, in abundance, disorderly houses, "speak-easies," saloons, or "clubs" where liquor is sold long after the permitted time, and tramps. The thieves do not seem to me to be so numerous as formerly. The Under World calls Boston "A Plain-Clothes Man's Town." A plain-clothes man is a detective, or a patrolman posing as such. Boston is not overcrowded either with "fly-cops" or policemen, but the Under World calls it a plain-clothes man's city because the grafter has to be careful in exchanging confidences. In every city he must exercise some caution; in Boston he must exercise a good deal, because he never knows when some amateur detective, representing the reformers, may be put on his track. An experience of my own illustrates his feeling of suspicion.

On a certain evening, in company of a director of the "Watch and Ward Society," a corporation of anti-vice crusaders, I tried to gain entrance to two resorts, both of which a cabman assured us would furnish us drinks after the eleven o'clock closing hour. The "spotters" at the doors turned us down.

The following evening I went alone to the same places and got drinks after eleven o'clock. The only explanation of why I succeeded alone that I can think of is that the spotters must have sized me up to be one of the "boys," and had forgotten my previous call with the Watch and Ward Society director. It is my misfortune to be sometimes taken by the Upper World for a detective, but the Under World seldom makes this mistake. The Watch and Ward Society director neither looks like a "sleuth" nor pretends to be one, yet the Under World was afraid of him—could not make him out.

My reason for making Boston one of the cities about the municipal government of which I desired to have the Under World's opinions was this: I wanted to find out whether the New Englanders at home manage their most important city better than New Englanders and others manage some of our other large towns. It is a popular belief, or at least it used to be, that there is an uncommon amount of common sense in New England, and it interested me to learn how much of this common sense prevails in the management of the local Under World.

It was a hackman who gave me the first account of Boston's goodness and wickedness as he considered them. I approached him first because he greeted me very cordially on my arrival at the South Terminal station, and seemed inclined to talk indefinitely as long as I would make use of his cab. Also because I have found the "Cabby" a mine of information in every city that I have visited. Go to Rome, Samarcand, Tomsk, Berlin, Paris, London, or where you will, and if you can find a wise hackman he can put you "next" to more things on more policemen's beats than can any of the policemen singly. The latter keep track of life merely on their beats; Cabby keeps in touch with it all over a city.

The name of my Cabby was "Patsey," and he was a father of children and an Irishman.

"Patsey," I finally said to him, "let's take a long ride, see all that's doing, and let's hear you talk about what we see."

"I'm wid ye."

I jumped up beside him on the box, and while he drove and talked I listened and asked questions.

"No, they ain't got vice really on the run," Patsey began, in reply to a query of mine as to whether "they" had. "Vice don't run very fast anywhere. It stands still sometimes and waits a little, but I never see it really run. Course my business pluggin' around nights ain't so brisk as it once was, but that ain't the fault o' vice. Those —— yaps from the country are to blame for that. They sit up there in the State House an' legislate for us city people. But we cabbies 'll fool 'em a few, bet your next meal on that. If they ever do get vice dead on the run, an' there ain't no money any more for us cabbies what plugs around nights, do you know what I'll advocate doin'?"

"Couldn't possibly imagine, unless you mean go out of the business."

"Go out o' the business! Never! Why, boy, that's my horse there in front o' ye, an' this 's my cab. That's what them guys out at Cambridge calls invested capital, ain't it? Well, invested capital has got to protect itself when the law won't do it, ain't them straight goods?"

"Go ahead."

"Well, sir, if them yaps up in the State House goes it too strong, I'll be for callin' a meetin' o' the cabbies an' financin' places ourselves where we can drive people to—that's on the level, boy.

"Course it'll never come to that," he went on, "but I've got my idea ready in case it should, see?"

"Tell me who protects these places—the police or somebody else?"

"Both. There's Bulfinch Street right there in front o' ye; see it? Well, there's three joints in a row there, an' No. 2 stood it out through the big raid. It's got a pull as big as us Irish."

"The coppers don't dare raid it, you mean?"

"Raid it? D' ye ever hear o' coppers raidin' anythin' they wasn't told to?"

"But they must know about it?"

"If they don't, they're dead ones."

"Do the other city officials know about the joints?" I asked after we had personally visited ten different "clubs" and resorts.

"Sure. That is, some of 'em must."

"Why?"

"Well, take the Police Commissioners. It's their business to see that the police keep the city clean. If they're any good they prob'ly rubber around on their own hook, an' they must see these joints."

"Perhaps they don't rubber."

"If they don't, they're in a class by their lonelies, 'cause everybody rubbers in this town."

One of the "clubs" I visited has the distinguished name of Cabot; it is situated in a small side street near the Revere House. I refer to it in particular because it is doing all that it can to make the "Semi-colon" liquor law of Massachusetts ineffective. It seems that the authorities in this State interpret the punctuation of legislative bills to suit themselves, and although the present liquor law was meant to close saloons at twelve or later, the courts decided that the punctuation closed them at eleven—a miserable little semi-colon is said to be one of the main causes of the trouble—and at eleven they must close. The Upper as well as the Under World, however, often wants a drink after this hour, and the Under World has arranged clubs and resorts so that neither need go thirsty. The Cabot Club was crowded with parched throats that were gradually becoming moistened the night I was admitted, and a "copper" stood on a corner like a pillar of salt only a block away. He may have been asleep.

Speaking generally, the so-called West End seemed to me to be the most flourishing "joint" district in Boston, and I saw just as tough-looking "mobs" of grafters crowding one another in the streets here as can be found in New York. The South and North ends, however, and the distinctly business section have their share of tramp as well as aristocratic "hang-outs" of a shady character. In none of the various "Ends," as they are called, did I run across much gambling, and I am assured that organized gambling, in the sense that it has existed in New York and Chicago, has been quite done away with. By this it must not be inferred, however, that a man cannot get into an open poker game if he wants to take the trouble to find one, because a party offered to get me into various kinds of games on any night that it suited my purposes. At the same time the opportunities to gamble are not publicly advertised, and I believe that in this respect Boston may almost be called a "shut" town. So much for what is recognized as and called vice in Boston. A gentleman who has given considerable attention to this subject in a more or less official capacity for a number of years, said to me that if I went to Providence, Rhode Island, I could probably see what Boston got rid of during the revolutionary year of '94.

"Whatever Boston can't stand for in the way of vice," he declared, "has moved on to Providence, and you'll probably find exactly what you're looking for in that town. It's reported to be quite a hummer."

I found in Boston all the "humming" that it was necessary to find, and the trip to Providence was consequently not deemed essential to my investigation.

The principal hobo with whom I talked is known to-day as "Boston Common Slimy." He used to call himself "The Boston Dude," but that was years ago, when he put great store on fancy clothes and red neckties. I saw him once in Bug-house Mary's "hang-out" when he would hardly speak to me, he felt so important, but his main notion of style now is a sumptuous "set-down" and a well-filled pipe of "snipe" after it. Even if you should find him dressed in newspapers and a blue necktie he would not mind to-day, provided you caught him tucking away the set-down. He has grown old—he claims that he is only forty-two, but he romances—and life is no longer what other people think it is, but

what Slimy thinks it is. He frankly confessed to me that he wasn't living his own real life when he was wearing red neckties; he was trying to "fake the feathers of the main guys" in the Upper World.

I found him in Scollay Square gazing interestedly at a dwarf dressed up as a policeman in the hallway of a variety show. I tapped him on the shoulder, and said: "Hello, Slimy." He turned languidly around, gave me a haughty look, and replied in a high falsetto voice, with a feigned English pronunciation: "Sir, do you know whom you're disturbing? This is Boston, sir, and not Madison Street—Chi, see?" and suddenly the high falsetto changed to deep bass, the English pronunciation fled to make way for good old Bowery "twang," and he was the Slimy that I knew.

"You've lost your memory, I suppose?" I remarked, drawing away from the crowd, he following, but showing no signs of having recognized me.

"I lost some teeth once, but I guess I ain't lost my memory. Say, kid, who are you? On the level."

I reminded him of our former meetings.

"Why, sure enough, yes—yes—yes. Come over an' I'll spend a nickel on you for luck."

We were soon seated at a table in a neighboring saloon, and there we stayed for the next two hours. When I finally succeeded in fastening Slimy's talk to Boston, he spoke about as follows:

"Course this berg ain't Chi, an' 't ain't 'Frisco either, but *I* can hold it down all right. That bunch that they call the Back Bay ain't stuck on tramps, but neither 's Michigan Av'noo out in Chi—, what?

"Whether the Back Bay has anythin' to do with the front that the town puts up? Well, now, lemme tell you somethin', an' you want to remember it, Cigarette, particularly if you're workin'. The things that I could tell people what's workin' 'ud make a dictionary.

"There's a Back Bay in ev'ry town, ain't there? Sometimes it's like Fifth Av'noo up-town in York an' keeps its mouth shut, an' sometimes it ain't. This Back Bay here in Boston don't shout such a —— of a lot, but it shouts just enough to keep the mayor, the chief, an' the other guys a-listenin', see? The town 'll never be absoloot'ly shut—dead shut, I mean—even if the Back Bay screamed itself hoarse. You can't tell 600,000 men an' women to be good an' think they're goin' to jus' 'cause you say so. All that the Back Bay's shoutin' really does here is to keep the graft from gettin' too bad, rotten bad.

"The Front Office has to keep up a sort o' perpetual bluff o' virtue, an' the citizens do, too. Even your old friend Slimy don't cut up here as bad as in some other bergs. 'Tain't so much 'cause I'm leary of a pinch as it is 't I jus' natur'ly feel 't I mus'n't let my angry passions go too far in Boston."

"Do the other 'boes feel the same way?"

"If they got wise head-pieces on 'em, they do. Proportionately they're just as many bums—mind you, I don't say 'boes, but bums are worse, I think—here as there are in any other berg o' the same size. They're pilin' in an' out ev'ry day in the year, an' the Back Bay couldn't stop 'em even with dynamite. All 't we try to do is to keep the Back Bay from gettin' hysterical, see? I beg here, we all beg, an' we slop up ev'ry now an' then, too, but we don't go it too strong."

"What do you think about Boston's front? Would you call it an open or a shut town?"

"I'd call it an open town, but not wide open, savvy? There's 'boes here, there's thieves here, there's fallen sisters here, an' there's joints what ain't on the level, an' mean graft."

"Who is behind the graft?"

"Ev'ry city official what knows about it an' don't shout. If the Back Bay knows about it, it's behind it, too."

"You really believe that?"

"On the dead level. I'm Slimy the 'bo all right, but I'm dead next to the duties o' citizenship, see?"

"Did you see what Bishop Potter of New York said about this being the only town that had not asked him to come and say something about the reform of municipal government?"

"No, I never see the religious papers. What did the good bishop say?"

"If I remember correctly he was quoted in the papers as I have stated."

"He was, eh? Well, now lemme tell you somethin' else 'bout this berg. You was askin' 'bout the front that Boston puts up. I suppose you mean its front about bein' good. When I was stuck on red neckties, an' thought I knew all about 'em, I never liked to have anybody tell me that I wasn't next to the latest shades o' red. It use to give me a pain all over. It's the same thing with Boston and her goodness. She don't want Bishop Potter to come up here an' tell her 't she ain't next to the latest curves

in goodness. Hully gee, no! That goes against human nature. Besides, Boston ain't so bad as York, an' why should she take a tip from her sister wallowin' in the mud? That goes against all kinds o' nature."

"Then you really think that Boston is moderately good?"

"She's both good and bad, but the badness of her badness ain't so bad as the goodness of her goodness. D' you ever hear that song, Cigarette?"

"Never did."

"Well, I got to be switchin' or I'd sing it to you—but, say, when you quit work, come an' see me again, an' we'll chew the rag some more. Keep happy—so long."

The most important gun with whom I talked was a man that I shall have to describe without giving him any other name than John Doe. It would pay the Boston police to put this name in a blank warrant and start out to find him, not, however, because they could do anything with him if they located him, but on account of the information he could give them about people that it would be of service to them to know. So far as I am aware they have never met him so that they knew who he was, and could not give his real name or any of his aliases; but when a man in the Under World tells you to keep his name quiet, it helps the general status of things to grant the request, and I promised to forget my friend's "monaker" in public. He is a little man, hardly comes above my shoulders, and I am small, too, and he looks a good deal like a college instructor; but his real business in life is "straightforward swindling," as he calls it. I suppose that he has got money out of people, just by talking to them, in at least ten different countries, and yet he only speaks the English language. He came on to Boston to see me from a neighboring State which shall be nameless. I took with me to Boston a card of introduction, which read thus: "This is my friend—Billy."* I had hoped to find John Doe putting up at the resort of the man to whom the card was addressed, but he was nearly 400 miles distant, and I had to persuade him to come to me or go to him. He finally decided to come nearly to where I was, but not quite. I found him one Sunday strolling up and down the road in the wind which blows between the Massachusetts Avenue bridge and another bridge on the Cambridge side of the Charles River. Cross the river he would not, not even to get the important letter I had to deliver to him. "I wouldn't be found dead in that town," was his reply to my invitation to take some lunch with me in my room at the hotel. He was dressed tastefully enough to die anywhere, and I told him so, but nothing would do but we must walk up and down in the wind and talk about the city which he would not enter. Considering that he dislikes the town, the reader may think that he is not a fair witness to put on the stand, that what he has to say will be colored by his general objections to there being such a place as Boston at all. I was inclined to cut out his testimony on this ground also, but on looking over the notes that I jotted down in regard to it afterward at my hotel, it impresses me as being far less harsh than what one would naturally expect from such a biased person; and I have decided to incorporate it in this chapter. It reads a good deal like the statement of a cautious witness in the court-room.

Q. "Do you believe that the police force of Boston grafts or not?"

A. "I think some of them graft."

Q. "Who do you think are on the level?"

A. "From all that I can hear a fair proportion of the fly-cops are about as straight as you can get them."

Q. "Do you think they're wise?"

A. "I don't think their brains are crowded with wisdom, if that's what you mean."

Q. "Do you think they could cop you out if you went across the river?"

A. "Not unless they saw me with some gun that they knew."

Q. "Do you think many new guns could come here if their faces weren't known, and nobody tipped them off?"

A. "Sure."

Q. "Do you think they could graft?"

A. "I think there could be a lot more grafting done here, yes."

Q. "Why isn't more done?"

A. "One reason is that the town ain't really right. A man isn't sure of what he is going to run up against in the Front Office."

Q. "Yes, but the new guns' faces wouldn't be known, so what does it matter whether the town's right or not?"

A. "There are bound to be pinches if there are many hollers, and I understand that it's hard to tell how much squaring can be done."

Q. "You're sure that some squaring can be done?"

* I understand that a number of politicians pass their friends on to other politicians with this same countersign. It can prove very effective in the gun's world at times.

A. "Absolutely. Every town where the police stand for joints stands for some squaring of hollers."

Q. "Even when the holler relates to a good haul?"

A. "Yes, if the copper that's attending to the matter don't get leary."

Q. "Are there many guns in Boston?"

A. "A fair number. Some of the best guns in the country have come out of Boston."

Q. "Can you give me the names of some guns that make Boston their headquarters now?"

A. "I can give you the names that I know some of them by; they may not be their right ones, or the names that the police know."

Q. "Who are they? Give me the names of some dips (pickpockets)."

A. "'Frisky' Martin, 'Billy' Wilkinson, 'The Boston Switcher,' he is also called 'Sammy the Kid'—his real name is said to be James Brewster; 'Cissy' Williams, she's a shoplifter when she doesn't buzz around women; Marie Rambeau, she's a French Canadian, and is another Moll Buzzer; 'Mike' Galway, he comes from Portland, Maine, they say; 'Paddy' Quinn, 'Tim' Ryerson—that enough?"

Q. "Do all of these people live in Boston when they are not off on the graft?"

A. "No, I can't say that. You're liable to see them all over the country, but I understand that they drift back to this town every now and then."

Q. "Do you think the police know them?"

A. "I can't tell you. They ought to."

Q. "Are they good guns?"

A. "Not particularly, but they make their living, such as it is, by grafting."

Q. "Do you think Boston is as much of a bank-man's hang-out as it used to be?"

A. "No. Langdon W. Moore lives here, but he's squared it, so I'm told. There hasn't been a good bank-job in the town for a long while."

Q. "Does the credit belong to the Pinkertons or the local police?"

A. "I don't know. There are men on the force that ought to be able to protect the banks, and possibly they're the ones that are doing it."

Q. "What do you think of ex-Inspector Cogan's charges against the police?"

A. "I haven't seen them, what are they?"

I showed him a clipping from the Boston "Transcript" of February 27, 1901, which related to a legislative hearing of the day before in regard to the police of Boston. Former Inspector Cogan of the police force was one of the witnesses called, and the following was the most interesting part of his testimony on the day in question:

Mr. Cogan was asked to make specific charges and then give his reasons for them.

"Then," said Mr. Cogan, "I charge that Mr. Clark is a corrupt man, and that he is unfit to represent the city of Boston as police commissioner. I also make the complaint that William B. Watts is unfit to be a police inspector, and ought to be locked up, and that Charles P. Curtis is a dishonest man, a falsifier, and a liar."

Mr. Cogan was asked if he had brought these matters to the attention of the Commission, and he replied that he had; that in the month of April, 1897, he visited Chairman Clark and told Mr. Clark all about the job that had been put up between Police Inspector Houghton and a man named Hunt to rob the Brighton Bank in 1892. "And I told him that because I intercepted the robbery I was being persecuted," added Mr. Cogan.

In response to a question Mr. Cogan stated that he first complained to Chief Inspector Coulter (now deputy superintendent). He did not tell his story to any commissioner other than Mr. Clark. He explained that when he resigned from the department, July 27, 1899, he tried to tell Mr. Curtis about it, but that Mr. Curtis wouldn't hear his reasons for resigning. This, it appears, was one of the reasons for resigning.

Mr. Cogan said that before calling the matter to the attention of Commissioner Clark he had also confided his information to Chief Coulter, Superintendent Eldridge, and Chief Watts. He told the circumstances of his resignation, a personal matter of discipline with Chief Inspector Watts—which had led to personal feeling. He said that even if matters had been harmonious, he would have been in favor of this bill, as matters have been administered, and indignantly said:

"Why, are you aware that within five years there was a mob of burglars in station 1? That the thing was hushed up and the goods were sold at headquarters? Why, those men have been promoted since then. One committed sucide, and one of them has not only been promoted, but is in line for further promotion."

Continuing, Mr. Cogan said that officer Walter Murphy of Brighton did an exceptionally good piece of detective work in the case of the bank job. There were three professional thieves, but they were followed down to the Revere House, "where three or four inspectors play euchre afternoons."

Mr. McNary—Do you mean to say that there were burglars in station 1, on the police force; that the stolen goods were sold at police headquarters; and that arson was committed by members of the police force?

"Yes, sir; why, certainly. I can give the names to the governor and council if they desire them. The Brighton case was known to Inspector Barrett. Officer Murphy told of the three men."

"Were those the men who went to the Revere House to see the inspectors?"

"Most certainly."

Mr. Cogan, in reply to a question, said: "I think, as a rule, the inspectors of the Boston police are honest men. I can give names of men, but I don't want to smirch anybody if this is only to end in smoke. If the governor or anybody else agrees to protect these men I will give their names."

Asked if he ever had called the attention of the Board of Police to this circumstance, Mr. Cogan said

that he had not, because it was no part of his business as he then considered it.

Mr. Cogan said that he had once enjoyed the experience of taking a professional thief into court, and of seeing a brother inspector take the stand and testify that he had known the "crook" for years, and that he was an honest man.

"Judge Adams," said the witness, sententiously, "after hearing the testimony, gave the thief six months."*

Q. "What do you think of Cogan's charges?" I repeated after John Doe had read them.

A. "I told you that I believed there was grafting going on in Boston, didn't I?"

Q. "Yes, but do you think Cogan is going it too strong?"

A. "I think he's something of a sorehead, but soreheads can tell the truth sometimes."

Q. "Over in Boston they're inclined not to take him very seriously. Some newspaper men told me this. What do you think in that connection?"

A. "The pub never like to believe anything that they don't think they know a —— of a lot about themselves. If I should go across the river and squeal, we'll say, on certain coppers, the pub would throw me down every time. They'd say, 'He's a thief; what does he know about it?' Cogan they have to listen to a little because he used to be one of their employees. The pub, my friend, like to fix the wickedness in the world according to their own imagination—if they *think* that a certain man, or collection of men, is honest, God bless me, that's the end of it with them."

Q. "Then you believe that the world in general doesn't want to hear of graft that it hasn't already formed an opinion about?"

A. "More or less, yes. For instance, I was talking about a month ago with a friend of mine who keeps a joint over in P. A. I told her about a Sunday school superintendent that I knew was a grafter, because I'd had dealings with him when he was chief of police, and we'd been able to make a dicker. What do you think she said? Give it up, eh? Well, she was rather a good talker, and this is what she said: 'John, for Heaven's sake, leave me some ideals. I know that I'm no lady, but don't tear down every good notion that I may have.'"

As a piece of evidence in rebuttal to John Doe's testimony, I deem it my duty to report a rumor to the effect that one of Boston's police inspectors was offered, on a certain occasion, a $20,000 bribe to assist in a deal of graft, and he refused it. It may only be a rumor—it is very difficult to find out whether it is or not—but I am glad to put it on record nevertheless.

Before leaving Boston the gentleman who promised me a "spiritual bath" during my investigations in the city and I had another talk. I told him a little about my finding, and expressed the opinion that Boston was not so lacking in known and unknown criminals as the first impression indicated. I also asked him where he would place the blame for any laxness that exists in the municipal government of the city. I think my words were: "Admitting that there are these illegal joints in the city, and that there is probably a fair amount of crookedness in the Police Department, who is to be jumped on before such conditions can be changed?"

"The lazy good people in the Back Bay—in the town generally."

"How do you explain that?"

"If So-and-So, and So-and-So, etc.," and he mentioned the names of certain Boston people who are famous for good works, literary and otherwise, all over the world, "would band together and say that this town must be clean, the rest of the public would rally around them and make it so. Goodness is lazy in this town, and that's the reason that badness is active." Please note that this is an Upper World statement.

Now, what does the Under World have to say? Practically the same thing. I agree with my friend Slimy that you can't merely tell 600,000 people to be good and expect that they will follow your instructions, but if you should ask Slimy the same question that I put to the gentleman just quoted, he would answer it, in a different idiom, almost exactly as the Upper World representative did.

* It is particularly agreeable to me to print this clipping, because it shows that the Under World is not the only world that sees the graft in police life. Critics can, of course, reply that it is quite as easy for an ex-policeman to throw mud as it is for the criminal, but I think that this is not a fair answer to the Boston inspector's charges.

THE KING'S GOLD.

By Robert Barr.

IN the dusk of the evening, King James V. of Scotland went down the high street of Stirling, keeping close to the wall, as was his custom when about to pay a visit to his friend the Cobbler, for although several members of the Court knew that he had a liking for low company, the King was well aware of the haughty prejudice which the nobles held against those of the mechanical or trading classes, so he thought it best not to run counter to a prejudice so deeply rooted; thus he kept a knowledge of his visits to himself and to a few of his more intimate friends.

As the King was about to turn out of the main street he ran suddenly into the arms of a man who was coming from the shop of a clothier who made costumes for the Court. As each started back from the unexpected encounter, the light from the mercer's shop-window lit up the face of his Majesty's opponent, and the latter saw that he had before him his old friend, Sir David Lyndsay.

"Ha, Davie!" cried the King, "it's surely late in the day to choose the colors for a new jacket."

"Indeed, your Majesty is in the right," replied Sir David, "but I was not selecting cloth; I was merely doing the act of an honest man, and liquidating a reckoning of long standing."

"What, a poet with money!" exclaimed the King. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Man, Davie, you might share the knowledge of your treasure-house with a friend; kings are ever in want of money; or is your gold mine rich enough for two?"

The King spoke jocularly, placing no particular meaning upon his words, and if Sir David had answered in kind James would doubtless have thought no more about the matter, but the poet stammered and showed such evident confusion that his Majesty's quick suspicions were at once aroused. He remembered that of late a change had come over the Court. Scottish nobles were too poor to be lavish in dress, and frequently the somewhat meager state of their wardrobe had furnished a subject for jest on the part of ambassadors from France or Spain, but when other foreigners less privileged than an ambassador had ventured to make the same theme one for mirth, they speedily found there was no joke in Scottish steel, which was ever at an opponent's service even if gold were not, so those who were wise and fond of life were careful not to make invidious comparisons between the gallants of Edinburgh and Stirling, and those of Paris and Madrid. But of late the Court at Stirling had blossomed out in fine array, and although this grandeur had attracted the notice of the King and pleased him, he had given no thought to the origin of the new splendor.

The King instantly changed his mind regarding his visit to the cobbler, linked arm with the poet, and together they went up the street. This sudden reversion of direction gave the royal wanderer new theme for thought and surmise. It seemed as if all the town was on the move, acting as surreptitiously as he himself had done a few moments previously. At first he imagined he had been followed, and the suspicion angered him. In the gloom he was unable to recognize any of the wayfarers, and each seemed anxious to avoid detection, passing hurriedly or slipping quietly down some less frequented alley or lane. Certain of the figures appeared familiar, but none stopped to question the King.

"Davie," cried James, stopping in the middle of the street, "you make a very poor conspirator."

"Indeed, your Majesty," replied the poet earnestly, "no one is less of a conspirator than I."

"Davie, you are hiding something from me."

"That I am not, your Majesty. I am quite ready to answer truly any question your Majesty cares to ask."

"The trouble is, Davie, that my Majesty has not yet got a clue that will lead to shrewd questioning, but as a beginning, I ask you; what is the meaning of all this Court stir in the old town of Stirling?"

"How should I know, your Majesty?" asked the poet in evident distress.

"There now, Davie, there now! The very first question I propound gets an evasive answer. The man who did not know would have replied that he did not. I dislike being juggled with, and for the first time in my life, Sir David Lyndsay, I am angered with you."

The knight was visibly perturbed, but at last he answered:

"In this matter I was sworn to secrecy."

"All secrets are open at the King's command," replied James sternly. "Speak out; speak fully and speak quickly."

"There is no guilt in the secret, your Majesty. I doubt if any of your nobles would hesitate to speak to you if it were not that they fear ridicule, which is a thing a Scottish noble is loath to put up with whether from king or commoner."

"Get on, and waste not so much time in the introduction," said his Majesty shortly.

"Well, there came some time since to Stirling, an Italian chemist, who took up his abode and set up his shop in the abandoned refectory of the old monastery. He is the author of many wonderful inventions, but none interests the Court so much as the compounding of pure gold in a crucible with the ordinary earth from the fields."

"As the King was about to turn out of the main street he ran suddenly into the arms of a man who was coming from the shop of a clothier."

"I can well believe that," cried the King. "I have some stout fighters in my Court who fear neither man nor devil in the field, yet who would stand with mouth agape before a juggler's tent. But surely, Davie, you, who have been to the colleges, and have read much from learned books, are not such a fool as to be deluded by that ancient fallacy, the transmutation of any other metals into gold?"

Sir David laughed uneasily.

"I did not say I believed it, your Majesty; still, a man must place some credence in what his eye sees done, as well as in what he reads from books, and, after all, the proof of the cudgel is the rap on the head. I have beheld the contest, beginning with an empty pot and ending with a bar of gold."

"Doubtless. I have seen a juggler swallow hot iron, but I have never believed it went down his throttle, although it appeared to have done so. Did you get any share of the transmuted gold: that's the practical test, my Davie?"

"That is exactly the test your barons applied. I doubt if their nobilities would take much interest in a scientific experiment were there no profit at the end of it. Each man entering the laboratory pays what he pleases to the money taker at the table, but it must not be less than one gold bonnet piece. When all have entered the doors are closed and locked. The amount of money collected is weighed against small bars of gold which the alchemist places in the opposite scale until the two are equally balanced. The bar gold he then throws into the crucible."

"Oh, he puts gold into the crucible, does he? Where, then, is the profit? I thought these necromancers made gold from iron."

"Signor Farini's method is different, your Majesty. He asserts that like attracts like, and that the gold in the crucible will take to itself the minute unseen particles which he believes exist in all soils, the intense heat burning away the dross and leaving the refined gold."

"I see; and how ends this experiment?"

"The residue is cooled and weighed. Sometimes it is double the amount of the gold put in, sometimes treble; and I have known him, upon occasion, take from the crucible quadruple the gold he put in, but never have I known a melting fall below double the amount collected by the man at the table. As the final act, each noble has returned to him double or treble the gold he relinquished on entering."

"Where, then, arises the profit to your Italian? I never knew these foreigners to work for nothing."

"He says he does it for love of Scotland and hatred of England, an ancient enemy. Were but the Scottish nation rich, he thinks it could the better withstand incursions from the South."

"Well, Davie, that seems to me a most unsubstantial reason. Scotland's protection has been her poverty in all except hard knocks. Were she as wealthy as France it would be the greater temptation for Englishers to overrun the country. My grandfather, James the Third, had a black chest full of gold and jewels, yet he was murdered flying from defeat in battle. When does this golden wizard fire his caldron, Davie?"

"To-night, your Majesty. That is the reason you saw the nobles of your Court making sly haste to his domicile."

"Ah, and Sir David Lyndsay was hurrying to the same spot so blindly that he nearly overran his monarch."

"It is even so, your Majesty."

"Then am I hindering you from much profit, and you must but blame yourself for being so long in the telling. However, it is never too late to turn one bonnet piece into two. So, Davie, lead the way, for I would see this alchemist turn out gold from a pot as a housewife boils potatoes."

"I fear, your Majesty, that the doors will be shut."

"If they are, Davie, the King's name will open them. Lead the way, lead the way."

The doors were not shut, but were just on the point of closing when Sir David put his shoulder to them and forced his way in, followed closely by his companion. The King and his henchman found themselves in a small anteroom, furnished only with a bench and a table; on the latter was a yellow heap of bonnet pieces of the King's own coinage. Beside this heap lay a scroll with the requisites for writing. The money taker, a gaunt foreigner clad in long robes like a monk, closed the door and barred it securely, then returned to the table. He nodded to Sir David, and glanced with some distrust upon his plaid-covered companion.

"Whom have you brought to us, Sir Lyndsay?" asked the man suspiciously.

"A friend of mine, the Master of Ballengeich; one who can keep his own counsel and who wishes to turn an honest penny."

"We admit none except those connected with the Court," demurred the money taker.

"Well, in a manner, Ballengeich is con-

nected with the Court. He supplies the Castle with the products of his farm."

The man shook his head.

"That will not do," he said; "my orders are strict. I dare not admit him."

"Is not my money as good as another's?"

patiently, "we will stay no further question. Sir David here is a close friend of the King, and a friend of my own, therefore we will return to the Castle and get the King's warrant, which, I trust, will open any door in Stirling."

The warder seemed nonplussed at this, and

"'Whom have you brought to us, Sir Lyndsay?' asked the man suspiciously."

asked Ballengeich, speaking for the first time.

"No offense is meant to you, sir, as your friend Sir Lyndsay knows, but I have my orders and dare not exceed them."

"Do you refuse me admittance, then?"

"I am compelled to do so, sir, greatly to my regret."

"Is not my surety sufficient?" asked Sir David.

"I am deeply grieved to refuse you, sir, but I cannot disobey my strict instructions."

"Oh, very well, then," said the King im-

looked quickly from one to the other. Finally he said:

"Will you allow me a moment to consult with my master?"

"Very well, so that you do not hold us long," replied the Master of Ballengeich.

"I shall do my errand quickly, for at this moment I am keeping the whole nobility of Scotland waiting."

The man disappeared, taking, however, the gold with him in a bag. In a short space of time he returned, and bowing to the two waiting men, he said:

" Farini was explaining to his audience . . . that the devil gave him no aid in his researches."

" My master is anxious to please you, Sir Lyndsay, and will accept the money of your friend," whereupon the two placed upon the table five gold pieces each, and the amount was credited opposite their names upon the parchment.

Sir David, leading the way, drew aside one heavy curtain and then a second one, which allowed them to enter a long, low-roofed room almost in total darkness, as far as the end to which they were introduced was concerned, but the upper portion of the hall was lit in lurid fashion. At the further end of the refectory was a raised platform on which the heads of the Order had dined during the monastery days of the edifice, while the humbler brethren occupied, as was customary, the main body of the lower floor. Upon this platform stood a metal tripod which held a basket of dazzling fire, and in this basket was set a crucible, now changing from red to white, under the constant exertions of two creatures that looked like imps from the lower regions rather than inhabitants of the upper world. These two strove industriously with a huge bellows, which caused the fire to roar fiercely, and this unholy light cast its effulgence upon the faces of many notable men packed closely together in the body of the hall; it also shone on the figure of a tall man, the ghastly pallor of whose countenance was enhanced by a fringe of hair black as midnight. He had a nose like a vulture's beak, and eyes, piercing in their intensity, as black as his midnight hair. His costume also resembled that of a monk, but it was scarlet in hue, and the refulgence of the furnace caused it to glow as if lighted by some fire from within.

At the moment the last two entered Farini was explaining to his audience, in an accent palpably foreign, that he was a man of science, and that the devil gave him no aid in his researches—an assertion doubtless per-

fectly accurate. His audience listened to him with visible impatience, evidently anxious for talk to cease and practical work to begin.

The wizard held in his right hand the bag of gold that the King had seen taken from the outer room. Presently there entered from another curtained doorway, on what might be called the stage, the money taker in the monk's dress, who handed to the necromancer the coins given him by Lyndsay and Ballengeich, and which the wizard tossed carelessly into the bag. The attendant placed the scroll upon a table and then came forward with a weighing machine he held in his hand. The alchemist placed the gold from the bag upon one side of the scale, then threw into the other bar after bar of yellow metal, until the two were equal. Then the bag of gold was placed on the table beside the scroll, and the wizard carefully deposited the yellow bars within the white-hot pot, the two imps now working the bellows more strenuously than ever.

The experiment was carried on precisely as Sir David had foretold, but there was one weird effect that the poet had not mentioned. When the necromancer added to the melting-pot huge lumps of what appeared to be common soil from the field, the mixture glared each time with a new color. Once a vivid violet color flamed up, which cast such a livid, death-like hue on the faces of the knights there present, that each looked upon the other in obvious fear. Again the flame was pure white, again scarlet, again blue, again yellow. When at last the incantation was complete, the bellows-work was stopped. The coruscating caldron was lifted from the fire by an iron contrivance and set upon the stone floor to cool, bubbling and sparkling like a thing of evil, but the radiance became duller and duller as time went on, and finally its contents were poured out into a mold of

"The alchemist placed the gold from the bag upon one side of the scale, then threw into the other bar after bar of yellow metal, until the two were equal."

sand, and there congealing, was lifted by tongs and rested upon the scale. The bag of gold was placed again in the opposite disk, but the heated metal far outweighed it. The wizard then unlocked a desk and threw coin after coin in the scale beside the bag, until at last the beam of the scale hung level. The secretary now pushed forward a table to the edge of the platform, and on the table placed a rush-light that served but to illuminate the parchment before him. With great rapidity he counted the gold pieces which were not in the bag, then whispered to his master.

The room was deathly still as the man in scarlet stepped forward to make his announcement.

"I regret," he said, "that our experiment has not been as successful as I had hoped. This doubtless has been caused by the poverty of the earth from which I took my material. I shall dig elsewhere against our next meeting, and then we may look for better results. To-night I can return to you but double the money you gave to my treasurer."

At this there went up what seemed to be a sigh of relief from the audience, which had been holding its breath with all the eagerness of a gambler who had made a stake and awaited the outcome of the throw.

The necromancer taking the parchment, called out name after name, and as each title was enunciated the bearer of it came to the edge of the platform and received from the secretary double the amount of gold pieces set down on the parchment. As each man secreted his treasure he passed along out of the hall, and so it came about that Sir David and Ballengeich, being the last on the list, received the remaining coins on the table, and silently took their departure.

The King spoke no word until they entered the Castle and were within his private room. Once there, the first thing he did was to pull from his pouch the coins he had received and examine them carefully one by one. There was no doubt about them; each was a good Scottish gold piece, with the King's profile and bonnet stamped thereon.

"You will find them genuine," said Sir David. "I had my own doubts about them at first, thinking that this foreigner was trying the trick which Robert Cockran, the mason, accomplished so successfully during the reign of your grandfather, mixing the silver coins with copper and lead, but I had them tested by a goldsmith in Edinburgh, and was assured the pieces are just what they claim to be."

"Prudent man!" exclaimed the King, throwing himself down on a seat and jingling the gold coin. "Well, Davie, what do you think of it all? Give me an opinion as honest as the coin."

"Truth to tell, your Majesty, I do not know what to think of it. It may be as he says, that the earth here contains particles of gold that are drawn to the bars he throws in the melting-pot. If the man is a cheat, where can he hope for his profit?"

"Where, indeed? I think you told me he had other marvelous inventions; what are they?"

"He has a plan by which a man in full armor can enter the water and walk beneath it for any length of time without suffocating."

"Have you seen this tried?"

"No, your Majesty; there has been no opportunity."

"What an admirable contrivance for invading Ireland! What are his plans as far as England is concerned? He seems, if I remember your tale aright, to have some animosity in that direction."

"He has constructed a pair of wings, and each soldier, being provided with them, can sail through the air across the border."

"Admirable, admirable!" exclaimed the King, nodding his head. "Now, indeed, is England ours, and France, too, for that matter, if his wings will carry so far. Have you seen these wings?"

"Yes, your Majesty, but I have not seen them tried. They seem to be made of fine silk stretched on an extremely light framework, and are worked by the arms thrust up or down; thus, he says, a man may rise or fall at will."

"As to the falling, I believe him, and the rising I shall believe when I see. Has our visit to-night, then, taught you nothing, David?"

"Nothing but what I knew before. What has it taught your Majesty?"

"In the first place, our charlatan does not want the King to know what he is doing, because when his subordinate refused me admittance, and I said to him I would appeal to the King, he saw at once that this was serious, and wanted to consult his master. His master was then willing to admit any one so long as there was no appeal to the King. I therefore surmise that he is anxious to conceal his operations from me. What is your opinion, Davie?"

"It would seem that your Majesty is in the right."

"Then, again, if he is a real scientist, and has discovered an easy method of producing gold, and is anxious to enrich Scotland, why should he object to a plain farmer like the good man of Ballengeich profiting by his production?"

"That is quite true, your Majesty, but I suppose the line must be drawn somewhere, and I imagine he desires to enrich only those of the highest rank, as being more powerful than the yeomen."

"Then we come back, Davie, to what I said before: why exclude the King, who is of higher rank than any noble?"

"I have already confessed, your Majesty, that I cannot fathom his motives."

"Well, you see to what we have arrived. This foreigner wishes to influence those who can influence the King. He wishes to have among his audience none but those belonging to the Court. He has some project that he dare not place before the King. We will now return to the consideration of that project. In the first place, the man is not an Italian. Did a scholar like you, Davie, fail to notice that when he was in want of a word, it was a French word he used? He is therefore no Italian, but a Frenchman masquerading as an Italian. Therefore, the project, whatever it is, pertains to France, and it is his desire that this shall not be known. Now, what does France most desire Scotland to do at this moment?"

"The first thing he did was to pull from his pouch the coins he had received and examine them carefully one by one."

"It thinks we should avenge Flodden, and many belonging to the Court are in agreement with France on this point."

"Has your necromancer ever mentioned Flodden?"

"Yes, frequently," answered Sir David.

"I thought so," continued the King; "and

now I hope you are beginning to see his design."

"What your Majesty says is very ingenious, but if I may be permitted to raise an objection to the theory I would ask your Majesty why this was not done through the French Ambassador. French gold has before now been used in the Scottish Court, and it seems to me that a great nation like France would not stoop to use the devices of a charlatan, if this man is a charlatan."

"Ah, now we enter the domain of State secrets, Davie, and there is where a king has an advantage over the commoner. Of course I know many things hidden from you which give color to my surmises. Some time since the French Ambassador offered me a subsidy. Now, I am not as avaricious as my grandfather, nor as lavish as my father, and so I told the ambassador that I would depend on Scottish gold. I acquainted him with the success of my German miners in extracting gold from Leadhills in the Clydesdale, and I showed him my newly-coined pieces. He was so condescendingly pleased and interested that he begged the privilege of having his own bars of metal coined in my mint in order to disburse his expenses in the coin of the realm, and also to send some of our bonnet pieces as specimens to France itself. This right of coinage I willingly bestowed upon him: firstly, because he asked it; secondly, I was glad to have some account of his expenditure. When I came in just now I examined these coins closely, and you imagined that I was suspicious of the purity of the metal. This was not so. I told my mint master to coin all the bars the ambassador gave him, to keep a strict account of the issue, and to mark each piece with the letter 'F' on the margin. I find three of the coins which we received to-night bearing this private mark, therefore they have passed through the hands of the French Ambassador to the alchemist."

Sir David gave forth an exclamation of surprise. He left his seat, took the bonnet pieces from his pocket, and placed them under the lamp.

"Now," said the King, "you need sharp eyes to detect this mark, but there it is, and there, and there. Let us look a little closer into the object of France. The battle of Flodden was fought when I was little more than a year old; it destroyed the King, the flower of Scottish nobility, and 10,000 of her common soldiers. Who was responsible for this frightful calamity? My mother was strong against the campaign which was to bring the forces of her husband in contention with the forces of her brother, at that moment absent in France. The man who urged on the conflict was De la Motte, the French Ambassador, standing ever at my father's side, whispering his treacherous, poisonous advice into an ear too willing to listen. England was not a bitter enemy, for England did not follow up her victory and march into Scotland, where none were left to command a Scottish army, and no Scottish army was left to obey. Scotland, on this occasion, was merely the cat's-paw of France. Now, I am the son of an English woman. The English King is my uncle, and France fears that I will keep the peace with my neighbor, so through its ambassador sounds me, and learns that such, indeed, is my intention. France resolves to leave me alone and accomplish its object by corrupting with gold coined in my own mint the nobles of my Court, and, by God!" cried James in sudden anger, bringing his fist down on the table and making the coins jingle, "she is succeeding through the blind stupidity of men who might have been expected to know their right hand from their left. The greatest heads of my realm are being cozened by a trickster, befooled in a way that any humble plowman should be ashamed of."

"Well, your Majesty, you must meet subtlety with subtlety."

"I am not sure that that adage holds good, Davie," demurred the King. "You cannot outtrack a Highlandman in his own glen, although you may fight him fairly in the open. Once this Frenchman's head is off, you stop his boiling-pot."

"That is quite true, your Majesty, but if the French Ambassador should put in a claim for his worthless carcass, you will find yourself on the eve of a break with France if you proceed to his execution."

"But I shall have made France throw off its mask."

"It is not France I am thinking about, your Majesty. Your own nobles have gone clean daft over this Italian. He is their goose that lays the golden egg, and you saw yourself to-night with what breathless expectation they watched his experimenting. I am sure, your Majesty, that they will stand by him, and that you will find not only France, but Scotland arrayed against you. A moment's reflection will show you the danger. These meetings have been going on for months past, yet no whisper of their progress has reached your Majesty's ears."

"That is true; even you yourself, Davie, kept silent."

"I swore an oath of silence, and honestly I did not think that this gold-making was an affair of State."

"Very well. I will act with caution. The breath of the money-getter tarnishes the polish of the sword, and in my dealings I shall try to recollect that I have to do with men growing rapidly rich, as well as with nobles who should be too proud to accept unearned gold from any man. Now, Davie, I'll need your help in this, and in aiding me you will assist yourself; thus will virtue be its own reward, as is preached to us. I will give you as many gold pieces as you need, and instead of paying three pieces at the entrance, give the man 300. Urge all the nobles to increase their wagers, thus we shall soon learn the depths of this yellow treasury. If I attempt to wring the neck of the goose before the eggs are laid, my followers would be justified in saying that the English part of my nature had got the better of the Scotch. Meanwhile, I will know nothing of this man's doings, and I hope for your sake, Davie, that the gold mine will prove as prolific as my own in the Clydesdale."

The nobles followed the example set to them by the lavish Sir David. They needed no urging from him to increase their stake. The fever of the gambler was on each of them, and soon the alleged Italian began to be embarrassed in keeping up the pace he had set for himself. It required now an enormous sum to pay even double the amount taken at the door. The necromancer announced that the meetings would be held less often, but the nobles would not have it so. Then his experiments became less and less successful. One night the bonus amounted only to half the coins given to the treasurer, and then there were ominous grumblings. At the next meeting the bare amount paid in was given back, and the deep roar of resentment which greeted this proclamation made the foreigner tremble in his red robe. The ambassador was sending messenger after messenger to France, and looked anxiously for their return, while the necromancer did everything to gain time. At last there came an experiment which failed entirely: no gold was produced in the crucible. The alchemist begged for a postponement, but swords flashed forth, and he was compelled on the spot to renew his incantation. If gold could be made on one occasion, why not on another? cried the barons with some show of reason. The conjurer had conjured up a demon he could not control, the demon of greed.

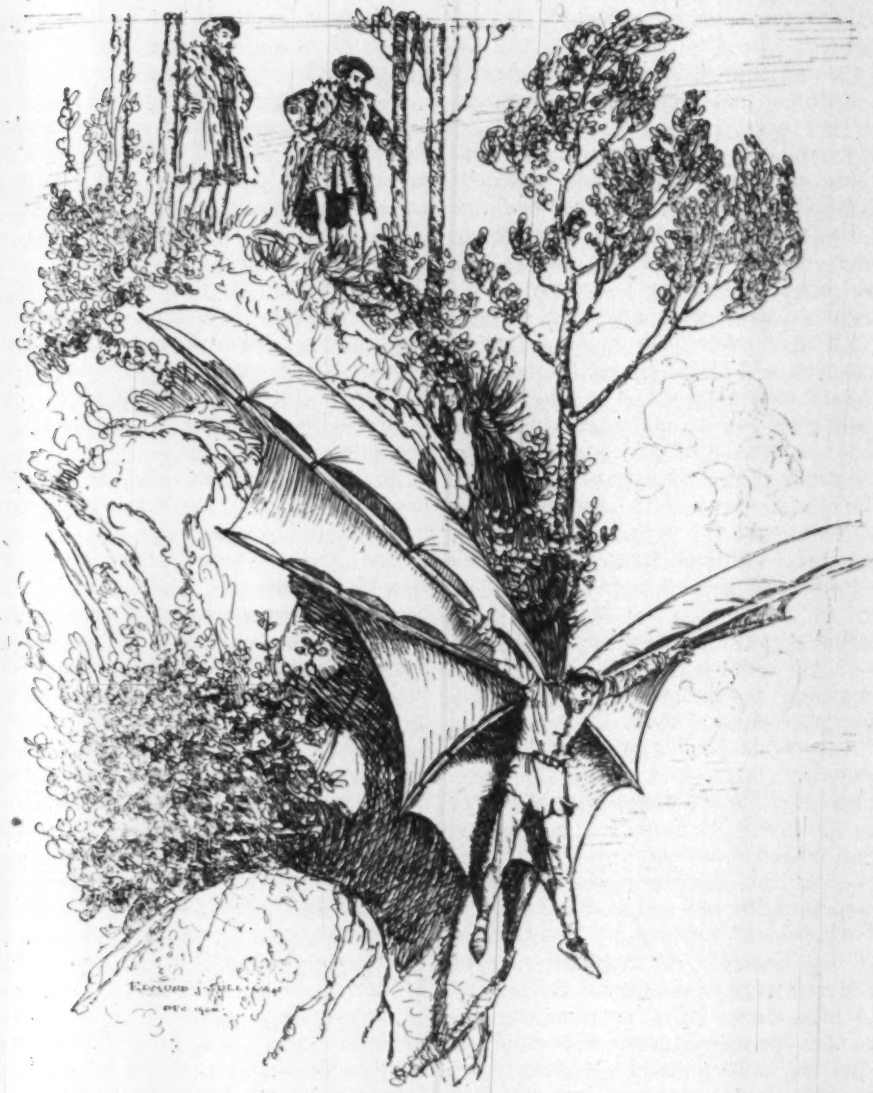
The only man about the Court who seemed to know nothing of what was going forward was the King himself. The French Ambassador narrowly watched his actions, but James was the same free-hearted, jovial, pleasure-seeking monarch he had always been. He hunted and caroused, and was the life of any party of pleasure which sallied forth from the Castle. He disappeared now and then, as was his custom, and could not be found, although his nobles winked one at another, while the perturbed French Ambassador looked anxiously for the treasure ship that never came.

At last the nobles, who, in spite of the threatenings, had too much shrewdness to kill the gold-maker, hoping his lapse of power was only temporary, forced the question to a head, and made appeal to the astonished King himself. Here was a man, they said, who could make gold and wouldn't. They desired a mandate to go forth compelling him to resume the lucrative occupation he had abandoned.

The King expressed his amazement at what he heard, and summoned the mountebank before him. The gold-maker abandoned his robe of scarlet and appeared before James, dressed soberly. He confessed that he knew the secret of extracting gold from ordinary soil, but submitted that he was not a Scottish citizen, and therefore could not properly be coerced by the Scottish laws so long as he infringed none of the statutes. The King held that this appeal was well founded, and disclaimed any desire to coerce a citizen of a friendly State. At this the charlatan brightened perceptibly, and proportionately the gloom on the brows of the nobles deepened.

"But if you can produce gold, as you say, why do you refuse to do so?" demanded the King.

"I respectfully submit to your Majesty," replied the mountebank, "that I have now perfected an invention of infinitely greater value than the gold-making process; an invention that will give Scotland a power possessed by no other nation, and which will enable it to conquer any kingdom, no matter how remote it may be from this land I so much honor. I wish then to devote the remaining energies of my life to the enlarging of this invention, rather than waste my time in what is, after all, the lowest pursuit to which a man may demean himself, namely,



"With a wild scream Farini endeavored to support himself with his gauze-like wings . . ."

the mere gathering of money," and the speaker cast a glance of triumph at the disgruntled barons.

"I quite agree with you regarding your estimation of acquisitiveness," said the King cordially, disregarding the murmurs of his followers. "In what does this invention consist?"

"It is simply a pair of wings, your Majesty, made from the finest silk, which I import from France. They may be fitted to any human being, and they give that human being the power which birds have long possessed."

"Well," said the King with a laugh, "I should be the last to teach a Scotch warrior to fly; still the ability to do so would have been on several occasions advantageous to us. Have you your wings at hand?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Then you yourself shall test them in our presence."

"But I should like to spend, your Majesty, some further time on preparation," demurred the man uneasily.

"I thought you said a moment ago that the invention was perfect."

"Nothing human is perfect, your Majesty, and if I said so I spoke with the overconfidence of the inventor. I have, however, succeeded in sailing through the air, but cannot yet make way against a wind."

"Oh, you have succeeded so far as to interest us in a most attractive experiment. Bid your assistant bring them at once, and let us understand their principle. I rejoice to know that Scotland is to have the benefit of your great genius."

Farini showed little enthusiasm anent the King's confidence in him. He had, during the colloquy, cast many an anxious glance towards the French Ambassador, apparently much to the annoyance of that high dignitary, for now the Frenchman, seeing his continued hesitation, said sharply:

"You have heard his Majesty's commands; get on your paraphernalia."

When the Italian was at last equipped, looking like a demon in a painting that hung in the chapel, the King led the way to the edge of Stirling cliff.

"There," he said, indicating a spot on the brow of the precipice; "you could not find in all Scotland a better vantage point for a flight."

The terrified man stood for a moment on the verge of the appalling precipice; then he gave utterance to a remarkable pronouncement, the import of which was perhaps misunderstood because of the chattering of his teeth.

"Oh, not here, your Majesty! Forgive me, and I will confess everything. The gold which I pretended to——"

"Fly, you fool!" cried the French Ambassador, pushing the Italian suddenly between the shoulders and launching him into space. With a wild scream Farini endeavored to support himself with his gauze-like wings, and for a moment seemed to hover in mid-air, but the framework cracked, and the victim, whirling head over heels, fell like a plummet to the bottom of the cliff.

"I fear you have been too impetuous with him," said the King severely, although as his Majesty glanced at Sir David Lyndsay the faint suspicion of a wink momentarily obscured his eye, a temporary veiling of the royal refulgence which passed unnoticed as every one else was gazing over the cliff at the motionless form of the fallen man.

"I am to blame, Sire," replied the ambassador contritely, "but I think the villain is an impostor, and I could not bear to see your royal indulgence trifled with. However, I am willing to make amends for my imprudence, and if the scoundrel lives, I shall, at my own expense, transport him instantly to France, where he shall have the attendance of the best surgeons the country affords."

"That is very generous of you," replied the King.

And the ambassador, craving permission to retire, hastened to translate his benevolence into action.

Farini was still unconscious when the ambassador and his attendants reached him, but the French nobleman proved as good as his word, for he had the injured man, whose thigh-bone was broken, conveyed in a litter to Leith, and from there shipped to France, yet it was many a day before the Scottish nobles ceased to deplore the untimely departure of their gold-maker.

BOBOLINK.

By John Burroughs.

Daisies, clover, buttercup,
Red-top, trefoil, meadow sweet,
Ecstatic wing, soaring up,
Then gliding down to grassy seat.

Meadows, orchards, bending sprays,
Rushes, lilies, billowy wheat,
Song and frolic fill his days,
A feathered rondeau all complete.

Sunshine, laughter, mad desires,
May day, June day, lucid skies,
All reckless things that love inspires,
The gladdest bird that sings and flies.

Pink bloom, gold bloom, fleabane white,
Dew drop, rain drop, cooling shade,
Bubbling throat and hovering flight,
And jubilant heart as e'er was made.

GEOLOGY AND THE DELUGE.

REMARKABLE GEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES IN CENTRAL ASIA AND SOUTHERN RUSSIA, SHOWING THAT THE NOACHIAN FLOOD IS A SCIENTIFIC POSSIBILITY.

By Dr. Frederick G. Wright, Professor of the Harmony of Science and Revelation, in Oberlin College,

Author of "The Ice Age in North America," and "Man and the Glacial Period."

THAT about 4,000,000 square miles of North America and 2,000,000 in Northwestern Europe were once covered with ice a mile or more in depth, is one of the most widely known facts of geology. The "Ice Age," as the period when these conditions prevailed is called, destroyed all the life in the countries where it existed. For many years I have been collecting facts concerning the glacial period in North America and Europe, and in 1900 I went to Siberia to determine conditions in that country in the same period. As Asia, like North America, stretches toward the North Pole, and faces a great sea on the east, I naturally expected to find there evidences of a glacial period similar to that in this country. But, contrary to all my expectations, I found no sign in Central Asia and Southern Siberia of glacial work. On the contrary, the geological conditions I found were such as are only to be explained by an extensive submergence of the region where the Scriptures and tradition locate the Flood which destroyed the whole human race, excepting Noah and his family. The evidences of such a deluge are not one, but several, and extend from Mongolia to the western borders of Russia.

In order to show clearly how I reached the conclusion that this vast area of country was submerged at no very distant period, and probably at the same time that ice covered the face of North America, it is necessary to follow my zigzag itinerary shown on the accompanying map.

NO GLACIAL PERIOD IN CENTRAL ASIA.

Starting from Peking, we went inward 200 miles, and ascended the eastern border of the great Mongolian plateau near Kalgan. We were here in almost the same latitude as that of New York City, and in a mountainous district from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea. But we found there no signs of the glacial period. We then went to Port Arthur, and made a north-and-south section through the center of Manchuria to the Amur River, and thence up the river to about latitude 54° N., being, at Chita, 2,500 feet above the sea, and at the eastern base of the Vitim plateau, whose general level is 5,000 feet. But though we were here sixteen degrees farther north than the southern point to which the ice extended in the valley of the Mississippi, we could find no signs of the glacial period.

We then crossed the Vitim plateau to Lake Baikal, and, after touching the Yenisei River, at about latitude 56°, proceeded to Omsk, on the Irtish River, where we turned to the south, and for 1,400 miles drove in a Russian tarantass along the northwestern base of the Alatau Mountains to Tashkend, and thence, through Samarkand, Bokhara, and Merv, to the Caspian Sea. In reality, this entire trip from Lake Baikal to the Caspian Sea is at the base of the mountains which border the great plateau of Central Asia. The distance traversed at their base was more than 4,000 miles. To the southeast of us, mountain peaks from 10,000 to 16,000 feet were constantly in sight, all glistening with the dazzling brightness of miniature glaciers and extensive snowfields. To the northwest, however, there stretched a continuous plain as far as the Arctic Ocean, except where interrupted by the Ural and some minor mountains. But we found no indications that glaciers ever extended out from the mountain valleys crossed, like those which deployed over the plains of Switzerland and Northern Italy from the Alps, which are of about the same height and in about the same latitude.

Itinerary
Shaded portion shows Submerged District.

MAP SHOWING THE COUNTRY THROUGH WHICH DR. WRIGHT TRAVELED, AND WHERE HE FOUND EVIDENCES NOT OF GLACIERS, BUT OF A FLOOD.

EVIDENCES OF A GREAT SEA AROUND MT. ARARAT.

On the contrary, throughout this entire region we were confronted with the evidence of a great subsidence of the land which had taken place in recent geological time, and which, in date, would correspond roughly with that of the glacial period in North America. For several hundred miles, while driving through the region south of Lake Balkash and the Aral Sea, we were evidently upon a terrace of the fine loam which is called loess, about 2,500 feet above sea-level. Indeed, at different elevations this loess extends continuously in a broad shelf along the base of the mountains, from the Irtish River to the Caspian Sea, and is found in extensive level areas over various portions of the Caucasus and Northern Persia around the base of Mount Ararat; while the so-called "black earth" of Southern Russia is a deposit of the same material, and probably of the same age, 100 or more feet in thickness. The distribution of this loess is the key to the whole situation.

Persons living in the valley of the Missouri River are familiar with the deposit in such bluffs as border the valley at Sioux City, Omaha, and Kansas City, where perpendicular sections 100 feet or more in thickness may often be seen which have stood for many years without crumbling down. It is not clay, but a very fine sand through which the water percolates freely, but which always retains some moisture through the effect of capillary attraction. Wells penetrating the loess never obtain water until reaching the bottom of the deposit. It can be easily cut with the spade, and caverns excavated in it make comfortable and permanent dwelling-places. The bluffs at Vicksburg, on the Mississippi River, consist of this deposit, and during the celebrated siege of that city the people found safety in caverns excavated along its side. In China millions of people live comfortably in such excavations.

Our trip through Eastern China took us through innumerable villages thus constructed. In some places in China the loess is 1,000 feet in thickness, and houses may be seen on the slopes one above another, the roof of one row of houses serving as the playground for the children who live at a higher level. All Northeastern China proper is enveloped in this deposit. It is the sediment gathered from the loess which renders the great rivers of China so turbid and gives appropriateness to the name of the Yellow Sea. When forty miles out from land, the traveler upon this sea will meet a sharply defined line, on one side of which is the clear ocean water, and on the other side water which is fairly opaque with the heavy load of sediment brought in by the streams, and

which is constantly increasing the shoals along the border of the continent, and adding to the margin of dry land which is rapidly encroaching upon the sea. So rapid is this process that it has effected great changes upon the Chinese coast since the beginning of the historic period. In the year 220 B.C. Putai was a seaport; now it is fifty miles inland. During the Han dynasty (about 200 A.D.) Tientsin was a seaport; now it is forty miles inland.

DEPOSIT OVER CENTRAL ASIA IS THE WORK OF WATER, NOT OF WIND.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago Baron Richthofen endeavored to make out that the loess was a wind deposit; and certainly he found much in Northeastern China to support this theory. Upon returning from our trip to the Mongolian frontier, we were inclined to accept it, for we had seen and experienced, in the dust-storms encountered, enough to make us ready to attribute almost anything to the power of wind. For a whole day we once rode in a cloud of dust so dense that it was impossible to see objects twenty feet away; while everywhere in the mountain valleys we saw instances where this loess had drifted into protected places, as snow does in winter. But there were constantly appearing other things which were difficult to explain by the action of wind. For example, the loess was occasionally spread out, even at high levels, in broad, lakelike basins, as if deposited by water. Also the material now most blown about by the wind is coarse sand, which is piled up in dunes quite unlike the ordinary loess deposits. In one instance we found the high walls of a large Chinese city completely buried on one side by a wind deposit; but this was coarse sand, and not loess. In many cases, also, we found long lines of gravel and pebbles interstratified with loess. Thus the difficulties of explaining everything by wind so increased that they became well-nigh insuperable.

But, on coming around to the northwestern side of the great Asiatic plateau, in Turkestan, which is in almost the exact center of the continent, the wind hypothesis became entirely incredible, and the evidence accumulated that the land had lately been depressed to such an extent that the water of the ocean reached the base of the bordering mountains, rising to a height, certainly, of about 3,000 feet; for, at this level, south and southwest of Lake Balkash, we found the loess spread out in such an extensive terrace that the wind would be entirely incompetent to produce the results. We were interested to find, upon visiting St. Petersburg, that the chief Russian geologists had arrived at substantially the same conclusions which we had formed. They said that, however successful Richthofen might be in maintaining his wind hypothesis in Northern China, it could not account for the loess in Southern Russia.

In confirmation of this theory of a recent extensive depression of Central Asia, a number of other most interesting facts present themselves, prominent among which are those concerning Lake Baikal.

ARCTIC OCEAN SEALS IN ASIATIC LAKES.

Lake Baikal is a remarkable body of water lying in a longitudinal trough on the edge of the Central Asiatic plateau, whose surface is 1,600 feet above the sea, with which it is connected by the Yenisei River after flowing across the northern plains of Siberia for a distance of about 2,000 miles. A most curious fact, long known to scientific men, is that this lake is occupied by a species of seal almost identical with those found in the Arctic Ocean. The same species with slight variations are also found in the Caspian Sea, but not anywhere else along the 3,000 or 4,000 miles which separate these bodies of water. The most probable explanation of this fact, and the one usually accepted by scientific men, is, that these species of seal were thus widely distributed during a continental subsidence in which the waters of the Arctic Ocean covered all of Northwestern Siberia, and extended up to the base of the great Asiatic plateau which we followed for such a long distance on elevated shore lines in Turkestan. When this depressed area emerged from the sea, it left the seal isolated in the two great bodies of water which still remain on its former margin. So lately has this taken place, that there has not been time for any great changes to be effected in the specific characteristics of these animals.

WHY THE WATERS OF THE CASPIAN AND ARAL SEAS ARE ALMOST FRESH.

Another indubitable evidence of the recent great changes which have taken place in this central part of Asia is to be found in the condition of the inclosed seas and lakes which abound in it, and which have no outlets. The Caspian Sea, for example, though it

receives the drainage, through the Volga River, of more than one-half of Russia, besides that which comes in from the Caucasus and the valley of the Ural, has its surface eighty-five feet below the level of the ocean. The evaporation over the present area of the sea now exactly equals the amount of water brought into the basin by all these rivers. From the analogy of Great Salt Lake and of the Dead Sea, we should expect to find the water of such an inclosed basin much salter than that of the ocean. On the contrary, it is only one-third as salt. The case of the Aral Sea is still more striking. Two great rivers—the Sur-Daria and Amu-Daria—the ancient Jaxartes and Oxus—empty into this sea, but there is no stream flowing out of it. But here, where we should expect very salt water, we find water which is almost fresh—so nearly so that gazelles and other animals living on islands in the sea habitually drink it. On the other hand, in the numerous small dried-up lakes which dot the surface of the region the accumulation of salt is very marked.

The only explanation of the freshness of the water in these two great seas is that there have recently been great changes both in the climate and in the level of that region. Salt is washed into such inclosed basins so rapidly that it would take no prolonged period of evaporation to render them salter than the ocean. In general, such seas may be compared to enormous salt vats which are approaching nearer and nearer the point of saturation. In the case of Great Salt Lake and the Dead Sea this point was long since reached; but in the case of the Aral and Caspian seas little progress has been made.

It is therefore clear that this region has lately emerged from below sea-level, and, in consequence, rapidly passed through climatic changes which have transformed it from a recently well-watered region to one that is now a desert. During this transition stage, the rivers coming into the Aral Sea were so much larger than now that the sea overflowed the rim of its basin in such volume that nearly all of its salt was carried into the Caspian, and the sea thus became practically fresh. There is a well-known and a very clearly marked deserted channel of this great stream called the Uzboi, which once connected the Aral with the Caspian Sea. So small is the amount of salt in the Aral Sea that this change must have taken place within a few thousand years. The Caspian Sea is so much larger that it would take a longer time to wash the salt out of it. Indeed, it is probable that it was never so completely freshened as was the Aral Sea. But the present small amount of salt in it bears unmistakable evidence both that the process of freshening had gone on to a considerable extent, and that it became an inclosed basin at a comparatively recent period. A rise of its water to a little over 100 feet would now cause it to overflow into the Black Sea. These facts, while they may not directly prove the subsidence of which we are speaking, do bear striking witness to the instability of this region and to the recent great climatic changes dependent upon these variations of level.

EXAMPLES OF DEPOSITS LEFT BY THE SEA AT TREBIZOND AND THE DARIEL PASS.

At Trebizond, upon the Black Sea, we found positive evidence of a comparatively recent subsidence of the land, amounting to 750 feet. This evidence consists of a deposit of beach gravel 100 feet thick and extending for a half mile, or more, along the face of the precipitous volcanic mass of rock which forms the background to this picturesque and historically interesting city. The gravel is very fresh in appearance, and was deposited subsequent to all the rock erosion of the locality. The very fact that it has not been all washed away by the frequent and heavy rains of this region is evidence of its recent date. Its upper surface is 750 feet above the present level of the sea. It was interesting to bring up to the imagination from this point the conditions involved in the deposition of gravel at this high level. If we supposed the 750 feet of subsidence to have extended over the whole area to the Arctic Ocean, all of Russia, except the Ural Mountains, would have been submerged.

Another clear evidence of the subsidence of the land in this region appeared in the lower part of the Dariel Pass on the north side of the Caucasus Mountains. Here, at an elevation of about 3,000 feet above the sea, it was clear that after the rock gorge had been eroded to its present depth of about 2,000 feet, it had been partially refilled by water action with clay, sand, gravel, and pebbles to the extent of from 300 to 400 feet. The fine material was at the bottom and the coarser material at the top. There was no chance for a glacier to have entered that part of the gorge, so that it was evident that the deposit was made by water during some recent extensive changes in the level.

MAN IN THE WORLD BEFORE THIS DISTRICT WAS SUBMERGED.

The crowning point of interest is reached in the discovery by Professor Armashevsky at Kief of flint implements and burnt stones in connection with the bones of extinct animals fifty-seven feet below the undisturbed surface of this soil. The discovery was made in the bluff of loess bordering the river Dnieper, whose general surface is 633 feet above the sea and 340 feet above the present stream, and totally unconnected with any deposits that may have been made by it. In this discovery we have the link connecting the recent geological changes in the East with those in the West. The flint implements of glacial man found in France, England, and the United States indicate the same stage of culture as that attained by the men who were overwhelmed in the great subsidence of Central Asia and Southeastern Russia, and of the region about the base of Mount Ararat.

THE RELATION OF THESE DISCOVERIES TO THE BIBLE STORY OF THE DELUGE.

Our belief in the occurrence of the Noachian deluge must always rest primarily on the historical evidence, and only secondarily on the scientific. A flood of the short duration described in the Book of Genesis could not be expected to leave any permanent record in the superficial deposits made during its continuance. The most which science can do is to remove the objections which she herself has raised. These objections have principally been in the line of showing that such changes of level as are implied in the story of the flood are so highly improbable that scarcely any amount of human testimony could establish the fact. What the recent discoveries have shown is, that during, and subsequent to, the glacial period, and since the advent of man, there has existed such an instability of the earth's crust that the present cannot be made a measure of the past. Man has certainly witnessed catastrophes by flood which are quite analogous to the one described in Genesis.

But it is important, in conclusion, to obtain correct ideas of what we are required by the narrative to believe. This end can best be reached by noticing, first, certain prevalent ideas which originate in false or imperfect interpretations of the narrative, rather than in its essential meaning.

(1) The biblical account of the flood does not imply, as many seem to assume, that the waters of the earth increased to such a degree that it swelled the circumference of the globe to the extent of the tops of the highest mountains. Those who try to make the account ridiculous, however, often force this interpretation upon the words, forgetful that the narrative itself implies that the apparent rise of the water was really a subsidence of the land. The sacred narrative is careful to say that the fountains of the great deep were broken up.

(2) Nor is it necessary, except for the purpose of effecting the destruction of the human race, to suppose that the flood was, in the strict sense of the word, universal. We may well believe that the end in view, namely, the destruction of the human race, with the exception of Noah and his family, was accomplished without the destruction of all forms of animal life whose existence was unconnected with the general moral reasons for the flood. At the same time it is well enough to remark that if the entire present land surface of the earth should sink into the ocean, it would raise the level of the water only a little more than 200 feet, which is only three times as much as the tide sometimes rises in the Bay of Fundy.

It has been well said that the biblical account reads like the logbook of a sea captain, and the general language used would be more satisfactory in its meaning if reference was had to the realm of observation within reach of the scene in which the particular events took place. "All the mountains and hills under the whole heavens" means all those within the horizon of the writer's vision or within reach of his knowledge. When we say, "Everybody knows it," or "The whole country turned out to see him," we have no difficulty in explaining that these phrases, though absolutely general in their form, are yet much restricted in their meaning. The objects of the flood were all satisfied if the destruction of the human race was fully accomplished, so that history could make a new start with a selected family.

(3) It is not necessary to suppose that the date of the flood is correctly given in the margin of our Bibles. That date is based on a particular interpretation of genealogical tables which is by no means generally accepted, even by the most conservative critics. On the contrary, so learned and conservative a Hebrew scholar as the late Professor William Henry Green, of Princeton, maintains that back of Abraham there are no certain data for chronological calcu-

lations; so that any objections to the flood based on evidence of the great antiquity of man may be set aside as irrelevant. At the same time I may remark, in passing, that the proved antiquity of the human race is by no means so great as is currently reported, while much of the evidence may well be supposed to refer to antediluvian men whose descendants were destroyed by the flood.

HARMONY OF BIBLICAL STORY AND THE GEOLOGICAL FACTS.

But if, in conclusion, we may be permitted briefly and provisionally to summarize the facts as they appear probable, both from the biblical story and the illustrative geological facts, the completed narrative might be made to read something as follows:

Some time during the prevalence of glacial ice over Northern America and Northwestern Europe, man came into existence in Central Asia, where the climate was still congenial. From this point he spread as far west as the Atlantic seaboard in Europe, and eastward to the Pacific Coast, whence he succeeded in reaching, by way of the Bering Sea and Alaska, the western coast of North America, and thence migrated to the Atlantic Coast, where his remains are found in the glacial gravels of Trenton, New Jersey. But the extreme and rapid changes incident to the closing stages of the glacial period naturally, and very likely, exterminated man in company with many of the animals accompanying him both in America and in Europe. The destruction of many of the species of animals accompanying man at the close of the glacial period is a well-known fact. It also seems probable, from scientific evidence, that man shared largely in the destruction. There is everywhere a sharp line of distinction between Palæolithic and Neolithic man, *i.e.*, between the men who were limited to the use of flaked or rough stone implements and those who used smoothed stone implements. It is Palæolithic implements only which are found in the glacial gravels of America and Northwestern Europe, and beneath the loess at Kief and at three or four other localities in Southern Russia. The Palæolithic man of science may well be the Antediluvian man of Genesis.

In Asia the rapidity of the subsidence spoken of, though so great that man could not adjust himself to it, might still have been so slow as to be almost imperceptible. But towards the close of this period there were 120 years (specially mentioned in the Bible as a time of warning) in which the movement was accelerated to such a degree that the rising waters gave point to the preaching of Noah. During the last 371 days of this period the catastrophe culminated in the facts specifically related in the Book of Genesis, when the reverse movement began and cleared a space near Mount Ararat on which the ark could rest, and where the race could make a new start under more favorable conditions.

AN OLD-FASHIONED WOOING.

By Ellsworth E. Kelley.

JAMES BENJAMIN SAUNDERS—he was called Jim Ben on the farm where he had been "hired hand" for the past ten years—came up on the back porch, wiped his face on the roller-towel that hung by the door, stepped to the window-pane that possessed the quality of dimly reflecting a countenance before it, carefully combed his hair, and then stepped into the spacious room that served the double purpose of kitchen and dining-room. Before he reached his accustomed chair in the corner he paused in open-mouthed astonishment. There was a new hired girl in the kitchen.

Now, during the past ten years, Jim Ben had seen hired girls come and go from the Weaver kitchen by the score. There had been a long procession of tall girls and short girls, fat girls and lean girls, maids and widows, girls with complexions like peaches and cream, and girls with no complexion whatever. The new girl had freckles and red hair.

"Je-rusalem!" exclaimed Jim Ben.

"Don't you dare come swearin' 'round my kitchen!" admonished the red-headed girl, "'cause I won't stand it—not a bit of it!" Her tone was severe, but a comical smile played around her mouth. Not being a society man, Jim Ben was at a loss for reply. He compromised by shuffling on towards his chair.

"Fer the land sakes! I don't know what yer name is—" Here Jim Ben volunteered

the desired information. "Well, then, Jim Ben, you go straight out and clean them boots. Look-ee at ye, a trackin' up my clean floor in that style!"

That was the beginning of it.

After dinner Jim Ben did an unexpected and wholly unprecedented thing. Of his own motion he took the empty pail from the bench by the kitchen door, went to the well, manipulated the heavy old "sweep," returned with the pail brimming full of water, and set it carefully on the bench.

"Look-ee at ye now! If you haven't spilled some water on my clean floor, you great, big, awkward hulk! I've a notion to—" and she grabbed a dipper, and only the hasty exit of Jim Ben in the direction of the barn saved him a liberal sprinkling.

Jim Ben smiled to himself occasionally as he plodded along behind the plow that afternoon. When he and Mr. Weaver stopped to rest at the turning-row, Jim Ben sat on his plow-beam and industriously whittled a clod of moist earth in a preoccupied way. When he had fashioned it into a cube he turned to Mr. Weaver and asked:

"Say! Who is she?"

"Who's who?"

"W'y, *her*; the new hired gal!"

"Oh! That's Randy Higgins. Her folks live down on Scatter Creek. You know old man Higgins—him 'at's got the sawmill?"

Jim Ben nodded assent. Then he said: "Gosh! Ain't she freckled? Sort o' red-headed, too. I bet she's got a temper! The red-headed kind always has."

Randy utterly ignored Jim Ben at the supper table, although he went so far as to ask, "What's them?" when she passed him the plate of biscuit that gave outward evidence of the inward presence of a superabundance of soda. After supper he further violated all precedent by getting the kindlings for the morning fire and filling the box with wood.

When he had performed this work of supererogation, he sat down just inside the kitchen door and watched while she washed and wiped the dishes. She handled them deftly and swiftly, and moved about with light foot. Her sleeves were rolled to her shoulders. Jim Ben would have been less than human if he had not bestowed sly, admiring glances on her white and shapely arms. She turned on him suddenly and caught him fairly.

"What you gawkin' at me for?"

"I wasn't gawkin'! I was just wonderin' if they hurt!"

"What? My arms?"

"No, ma'am. Them freckles!"

For answer she clouted him about the ears with the wet dish-cloth, but when he had ingloriously fled from her province she gave utterance to a series of delighted giggles.

Jim Ben kept clear of the hired girl's kingdom for three days, meal-time always excepted, of course. Randy confided to her mistress that, of all big, awkward, clumsy stand-up-and-fall-downs, he was the very worst she ever did see. It made her laugh to look at him. Perhaps that is why she would look at him with a twinkle in the tail of her eye, while he was stolidly eating his meal and answering her questions in curt monosyllables. Then, woman-like, she began to make advances.

Jim Ben had lifted a barrel of salt, unaided, from the wagon to the ground. Randy, who was on her way from the wood-yard with an apronful of chips, stopped to watch this athletic feat. When he had set the barrel on the ground with apparent ease, she complimented him. She said:

"My! It must be awful nice to be that strong!" Then she ran toward the kitchen, saying: "I b'lieve I smell my cookies burnin'!"

Jim Ben followed. He asked the queen regent of the Weaver kitchen if he might have a cup of fresh buttermilk. She filled for him a quart tin-cup. When he had drunk it all he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and said:

"Most gals lets the cream sour too long afore they churns. I call that there buttermilk tip-top stuff, if you *did* churn it."

Randy smiled at this frank praise, and, to show him that it had not fallen on unappreciative ears, brought forth a roll of yellow butter, solid and sweet, with little curved decorations marked on it with the butter paddle. "How do you like the looks o' that?" she asked.

"That's the genuine truck, shore enough! I bet you're the best hired gal that's been in this kitchen in the last ten year!"

"La, I bet my cookies is burnin' this time, fer shore!" She hurried to the oven and withdrew therefrom a pan of cookies that were done to a turn. The odor came tantalizingly to Jim Ben's nostrils. He hesitated a moment and then remarked, tentatively:

"I used to sort o' like fresh cookies—like *them*."

Randy listened a moment.

"I thought I heard Mis' Weaver callin'," she explained. "No, she ain't a-callin'. She's just a-singin' out on the front porch. She's doin' some sewin' out there." She gave Jim Ben a cooky.

Jim Ben munched the cooky and feasted his eyes on the neat, graceful form of the red-headed girl. He was not given to day-dreams. Still, as he sat there, he conjured up a homely vision of domestic bliss in the log-house on the lower eighty. Mr. Weaver had talked of renting out the lower eighty next year. If——

"Now, Jim Ben, you toddle along out o' here. How you s'pose I'm ever goin' to get my work done up, an' you all the time foolin' 'round in the way?"

Not being able to answer this very pointed question, he slouched out and went to mend the fence around the hog-pasture. He was in such high humor that he never swore once, not even when a strand of the barb wire broke, much to the demoralization of his "overhalls."

When milking-time came Jim Ben suckled the calves, as he was accustomed to do, and then—which he was not accustomed to do—gallantly offered to milk the Holstein cow, a notoriously hard milker. He sat on a stool under the Holstein and milked with both hands while Randy was milking the Jersey. They kept up a running fire of repartee—"sayin' smart things," in the vernacular. They were having quite an enjoyable time until Jim Ben, somewhat deficient in finesse, made the pretended error of mistaking her auburn tresses for the setting sun. A stream of milk shot across the intervening space. It took him fairly in the face, and he fled in sheer terror, fearing the bucket of milk would follow. For two days he was in disgrace, and then came the singing-school.

When the supper was done and the dishes washed that evening, Jim Ben made his appearance in the kitchen, clean-shaved and clad in Sunday raiment. As Randy looked at him she could not help thinking he was a really manly-looking fellow, though his mouth was too large to permit of his being called handsome. She did not tell him so. She only remarked:

"Land alive! What's the little boy goin' to do now?"

"Nothin' much. Nothin' but take the hired gal to the singin'-school! Run along, sissy, an' git on yer things, an' don't keep me waitin'."

Strange to say, the hired girl obeyed.

Singing-school was over, and they had reached the front gate on their way home. The stars were abashed and pale in the presence of the resplendent full moon. The couple stood by the gate in silence for a moment, paying involuntary tribute to the glory of the night. They sat down on the horse-block by the gate. Randy took off her broad hat, and her glossy hair reflected the moonlight in a shadowy way, until something very like poetry awoke in the heart of Jim Ben, and he thought of the halo about the head of the Madonna that hung on the wall of the best room. He pondered for a moment and then said:

"Randy, I'll take back what I said t'other night—about your hair, you know. It's mighty purty hair, if it *is* red."

She gave him a grateful little glance.

"I've never went with a gal afore," he went on. "Never keered to, someway. None of 'em come up to what mother used to be. She's dead, you know. Mother was an awful good cook, though sometimes she'd get a leetle too much sody in the biscuits. She was neat as a pin about her housekeepin', too. I tell you, she used to make me walk chalk when I come in the kitchen with mud on my boots! You put me in mind o' her in lots o' ways. That's why I brought the water and got the kindlin's and sort o' wait on you, like. And her butter and your'n tastes adzacly alike!"

"'Tain't everybody that knows how to make good butter," shyly admitted Randy.

"You bet it ain't!" fervently responded Jim Ben. "And I've always said, when I did get married, I was goin' to hev a wife that could come up with her at butter-makin' and housekeepin'."

Randy's hat slipped from her lap to the ground. Both reached for it, and, as they stooped, they bumped heads.

"Shore sign we'll be together this time nex' year," observed Randy. For answer, Jim Ben's big hand closed gently on her slender, unresisting fingers.

"Randy"—his heart was thumping so loud he felt sure she must hear it—"Randy—I—that is—I've got six hundred dollars laid up. Next spring I'm thinkin' of buying a span o' hosses and rentin' the lower eighty. I'll do it—and we'll go into business fer ourselves—if you just say the word! Will you?"

The red-headed girl turned her face to his with a happy smile, and said, as he kissed the patch of freckles on her cheek:

"Um-huh! but I bet I make you think of yer ma more'n once, Jim Ben!"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Doctor Esmerald Thorne	A City Physician.
Helen Thorne	His wife.
Laddie	Their child. (Between four and five years of age.)
Mrs. Fayth	A patient of the Doctor's, and a friend of Mrs. Thorne's, an invalid.
Doctor Gazell	A hospital physician not in harmony with Doctor Thorne.
Doctor Carver	A young surgeon.
Maggie	A maid.

A Priest, Nurses, Patients, Servants, People in the Street, Spirits, the Angel Azrael.

SUMMARY OF ACT I.

Dr. Esmerald Thorne, after treating his wife with unaccustomed harshness, is killed in a carriage accident. Mrs. Fayth, a patient, is injured at the same time, and dies soon after. Dr. Thorne does not realize the change through which he has passed. He strives to return home to his wife, but is constantly thwarted by some unknown power.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A small ward—the women's ward—in a hospital; several cots with patients in them are visible. One patient is in a wheeled chair. Screens stand by the cots. There are plants, pictures, the cheerful features of the modern hospital. Two nurses are seen busy with patients.

Enter Dr. Gazell *and* Dr. Carver.

Dr. Gazell (*seats himself by one of the patients; speaks blandly*). And how do we find ourselves to-day?

Patient (*turning her face, on which can be seen traces of tears*). Bad enough—worse. I've been so upset by——

Dr. Gazell. Yes, yes. I know. It is truly shocking!

Dr. Carver (*addressing one of the nurses*). You become your cap to-day. You have an uncommonly good color—I mean to operate on No. 21.

Nurse. Do you really? We thought her improving. She's nervous to-day—on account of Dr. Thorne.

DR. CARVER. Yes. Thorne had things all his own way here, as usual. I mean to operate—if Dr. Gazell can manage her.

NURSE (*coquettishly*). You are so expert—such an easy surgeon. You don't mind it more than a layman would carving a Christmas *goo*—oose. And what would you operate for—on No. 21?

DR. CARVER. Appendicitis, of course.

NURSE. Really? You are so clever on diagnosis. Now, I hadn't thought of appendicitis—in her case. Do you know—I thought it more like pleurisy?

DR. CARVER (*looks keenly at the nurse to discover if she is making game of him; speaks pompously*). The nurse, as you have been taught in your training-school, can *have* no opinions. Now, the physician——

NURSE (*demurely*). Oh, of course. I wouldn't have you think I'm presuming to set up mine. She might have measles, or the grippe, for anything *I* should know.

DR. CARVER. Now you speak very properly indeed.

DR. GAZELL (*at bedside of No.* 21). Is the pain more severe on the right?

PATIENT. I didn't say I had any pain—now.

DR. GAZELL (*soothingly*). Increasing towards night? Paroxysms? Or is it steady?

PATIENT. I said I'd got over the pain. That has all gone. It is the weakness—the deadly weakness.

DR. GAZELL. Just so. That weakness is a most significant symptom— I think you said it was accompanied by nausea?

PATIENT. No, I didn't. Not a bit.

DR. GAZELL. Just so. Dr. Carver? Here a moment? (*To the patient.*) I'm sure we can relieve all that. Just a little operation—a very pretty little operation—would set you right again in a week or two.

DR. CARVER (*coming to the cotside of No.* 21; *speaks eagerly*). It is such a beautiful operation! Why, I've known patients *beg* for it—it is so beautiful.

PATIENT (*beginning to cry*). Dr. Thorne said there was no need of anything of the kind.

DR. GAZELL (*stiffening*). Dr. Thorne was an able man—but eccentric. His professional colleagues did not always agree with him.

Enter DR. THORNE. (*He has wasted since his last appearance; looks outcast, wan, and wretched; is splashed with mud; still hatless; stands at the lower end of the ward, gazing blindly about.*)

PATIENT No. 21. Dr. Thorne used to say that if we had better doctors, we shouldn't need so many surgeons. He said the true treatment would prevent half the surgery in the city.

(DR. THORNE *starts, and moves towards the patient.*)

DR. GAZELL (*soothingly*). Yes. Just so. Dr. Thorne had great confidence in himself.

PATIENT (*rousing*). No more than his patients had in him.

DR. CARVER. Irritable! Very irritable! A significant symptom, Dr. Gazell. In my opinion, this extreme irritability *demands an* operation for appendicitis.

FIRST NURSE (*listening, laughs; addresses* SECOND NURSE). Now, if one could only apply that! Take a cross man—any cross man—say a brother, or a husband, or even a doctor, and if he carried it too far, just call on Dr. Carver. Why, it would revolutionize society. And he is so expert! He doesn't mind it any more than carving a *goo*—oose. Yes, sir! I'm coming. (*Demurely obedient; hurries to* DR. GAZELL.)

(SECOND NURSE *moves to rear of ward to patient behind a screen.*

DR. THORNE *advances slowly; stands in the middle of the ward, unnoticed.*)

PATIENT No. 21 (*louder*). I say, when a man's dead is the time to speak for him. And I'll stand up for my dear dead doctor as long as I live.

VOICE FROM ANOTHER COT. And so would I—and longer, if I got the chance.

ANOTHER VOICE. He doesn't need anybody to stand up for him. His deeds do follow him. And he rests from his labors.

(DR. THORNE *smiles bitterly; stands with his face towards the speaker. He knots his hands in front of him, and thus advances with a motion so slow as to be almost stealthy.*)

VOICE FROM ANOTHER COT. He wouldn't care so much for that. It's Bible. He was not a religious man. But he was as *kind to me!* (*Weeps.*)

OTHER VOICES. And to me! Oh, yes, and to me—as *kind!*

PATIENT IN THE WHEELED CHAIR. I couldn't move in my bed when I came here. I'd been so three years. Look what he's done for *me.* (*Sobs.*)

DR. THORNE (*in a low tone*). Miss Jessie? Don't cry so. You'll make yourself worse. Go back to bed, Jessie, and—see. I'll tell you a secret. Don't tell the others just yet. I wasn't killed, Jessie. That was a newspaper canard. *I'm a live man yet.* See! Look up, Jessie. Look at me—can't you? (*Pleads.*) Won't you, Jessie?

PATIENT IN THE WHEELED CHAIR (*stares past him at* DR. GAZELL *and* DR. CARVER). And to think of the likes of them—in his place! What ever'll become of this hospital without *him?*

DR. THORNE (*with trembling lip*). You don't hear me, do you, Jessie? Well—well. I must have met with some shock to the organs of speech. It is a clear case of aphasia. I can't make myself understood. It—it's hard. Jessie? (*Louder.*) I can't see things go wrong with *you*—no matter how it is with me. You've been in that chair long enough for to-day. (*Imperiously.*) Jessie, go back to bed! Stop crying about me, and go back to your bed.

(JESSIE *wavers; shades her eyes with her hands; stares about her; slowly turns her wheeled chair and moves away.*)

[*Exit* JESSIE.

DR. THORNE (*moves more naturally and rapidly; stands by the cot of No.* 21; *speaks*). Good-morning, Mrs. True. I meant to have seen you last night. I was—unavoidably detained. I hope you're not worse this morning?

PATIENT (*with tears*). I've cried half the night.

DR. THORNE. That's a pity. But you won't cry any more. I'll take care of you now.

PATIENT (*looks up wearily; turns her face on her pillow and sobs.*)

DR. THORNE. Clearly aphasia. She does not understand a word I say. Dr. Gazell. Gazell! Dr. Carver?

(*The two physicians murmur together.*)

DR. THORNE. Gazell? What's that? The knife? For Mrs. True? Excuse me, but I cannot permit it.

DR. CARVER. It would be such a pretty little operation. The students are getting restless for something. I told them——

DR. GAZELL. It is well-defined appendicitis.

DR. THORNE. Well-defined append—fiddlesticks! It is nothing but pleurisy. I tell you, Gazell, I will not have it!

DR. GAZELL (*looks around uncomfortably; speaks with hesitation*). Of course, Thorne would not have agreed with us.

DR. THORNE (*grips* DR. GAZELL *by the arm*). I tell you it would be butchery, Gazell! What are you thinking of? *Gazell!*

DR. GAZELL. But he was a very opinionated man—everybody knew that.

(DR. THORNE *drops* DR. GAZELL'S *arm, and walks away with a gesture of distress.*)

SECOND NURSE (*to* FIRST NURSE; *moves out from behind the screen*). Very invigorating day!

FIRST NURSE (*to* SECOND NURSE). Father Sullivan's late with the Sacrament. I hope Norah, yonder, won't get ahead of him. She's 'most gone. (*Approaching the cot of the patient behind the screen.*)

SECOND NURSE (*moves away*). Yes. She's been unconscious half an hour.

Enter PRIEST. (*He advances to offer Extreme Unction to the dying patient.*)

FIRST NURSE. Lovely morning, Father.

DR. THORNE (*standing in the middle of the ward*). They used to call my name when I came in. "Oh, there's the doctor!" "The doctor's come!" It ran from cot to cot—like light. And everybody used to smile. Seems to me some of them blessed me. Now——

(*Sobs from the ward.*)

DR. THORNE (*tremulously*). My patients! Isn't there *one* of you who knows me? Doesn't *any*body hear me? Don't cry so! All the symptoms will be worse for it.

THE DYING PATIENT. Doctor? Doctor?

DR. THORNE. That sounds like Norah.

PRIEST (*recites behind the screen at* NORAH'S *bedside the prayer for the passing soul*). "Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo, in nomine Dei Patris omnipotentis, qui te creavit; in nomine Jesu Christi Filii Dei vivi, qui pro te passus est; in nomine Spiritus Sancti——"

DR. THORNE (*softly*). Thank you, Father. (*Stands silently with bowed head.*)

Re-enter the patient in the wheeled chair.

JESSIE (*happily*). I've had such a lovely dream! I thought Dr. Thorne was here—in this ward. Oh! (*With disappointment.*)

DR. THORNE. Jessie!

JESSIE (*sadly*). It was such a lovely dream! (*Droops and turns away.*)

(DR. THORNE *walks apart; stands drearily, with downcast eyes.*)

Enter MRS. FAYTH. (*She looks pale and agitated, but quite happy. She is dressed as before, for the street, but her head is bare; is wrapped from head to foot in her long, pale, dove-colored opera cape. She goes straight to* DR. THORNE, *and touches him upon the arm; speaks softly.*)

MRS. FAYTH. Doctor?

DR. THORNE (*starts*). Oh! Mary Fayth! You? (*He grasps her hand with pathetic eagerness.*) Oh, I never was so glad! You are the first person—the only one—nobody else seemed to know me. I might have known *you* would. Where's Helen? Isn't she with you? And you weren't hurt at

all, were you? I have been—anxious about you. Those cowardly papers said—I tried to get right over and see you. And, after all, you're not hurt. I thank— (*Looks around confusedly.*) Ah, what shall I thank?

PRIEST. Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen.

(DR. THORNE *listens with troubled interest, like a child learning a hard lesson.*)

MRS. FAYTH (*smiling*). I can only stay a minute. I must get back to my poor Fred.

DR. THORNE. Don't leave me.

MRS. FAYTH. Oh, poor doctor! Don't you *see?* The carriage overturned. I was badly hurt. I only died an hour ago.

DR. THORNE (*gasps, and stares at* MRS. FAYTH. *He tries to speak, but can only articulate*). You died an hour ago? And I? And *I?*

MRS. FAYTH (*still smiling, with her sweet, mysterious smile*). Don't take it so hard, doctor. I came to ex-plain it to you. Why, it's the most beautiful thing in the world! (*Glides away slowly, but smiling to the last.*)

DR. THORNE (*throws up his arms in anguish*). I am dead! My God! *I am a dead man!*

(*His face falls into his hands, his whole body collapses slowly, he drops.*)

END OF SCENE I.

SCENE II.—It is night on a street in the West End of the city. At the right stands a church, dimly lighted for a choir to practise. An anthem on the organ can be heard. At the left appears Dr. Thorne's house, viewed from the outside. It has high stone steps, and lights are in the window. One window on the ground floor has the curtain raised. The interior of the library can be seen through the window—glimpses of the books, the pictures, the table, the lamp with the white-lace shade. The room is empty. Into it—

Enter MRS. THORNE. (*She is dressed in deep black. Her face is drawn with grief. Her hands are clasped in front of her. She paces the room drearily. She is alone. She seats herself by the table; tries to read; lays the book down, and rises; paces the room.*)

[*Exit* MRS. THORNE.

Enter DR. THORNE *at the far end of the street near the church.* (*He is dressed as before. He is still pale. His manner has increased in agitation, but a new resolution gives more firmness to his wasted countenance. He speaks meditatively.*)

DR. THORNE. After all, there *is* another life. I really did not think it. (*Stops, and passes his hand over his eyes; muses.*) God knows—if there is a God—how it is with me. If I have never done anything, or been anything, or felt anything that was fit to *last*, I have loved one woman, and her only —and thought high thoughts for her, and felt great emotions for her, and I could forget myself for her sake—and I would have had joy to suffer for her, and I've been a better man for love of her. And I have loved her—oh, I have so loved her that ten thousand deaths could not murder that living love! (*Falters.*) And I spoke to her—I said to her—like any low and brutal fellow, any common wife-tormentor—I went from her dear presence to *this.* (*Brokenly.*) . . . And here there is neither speech nor language. Neither earth nor heaven, nor my love . . . nor my shame . . . can give my famished eyes the sight of her dear face—nor my sealed lips the power to say, Forgive!

(*The organ can be heard from the church.*)

DR. THORNE (*without noticing the anthem*). I will not bear it. No—no. I *will* not! I *will* go to her! (*Starts to rush up the street, whose familiar precincts he seems for the first time to recognize.*) Why, there is my own house! She can't be two rods away. I wonder if a dead man can get into his own home? *Helen?* (*His feet lag heavily; he moves like one who is wading in water. He makes the motions of one who withstands a strong blast or an invisible force. He is beaten back. Suddenly he raves.*) You are playing with me! You torture a miserable man. Who and what are you? Show me what I have

to fight, and let me wrestle for my liberty! Though I am a ghost, let me wrestle like a man! Let me to my wife! Give way and let me seek her! (*Slowly recedes, as if beaten back; bows his head. The man sobs.*)

CHOIR FROM THE CHURCH (*chant*).

"God is a Spirit.
God is a Spirit.
And they that worship Him——"

(*Choir breaks off. The organ sounds on.*)

(DR. THORNE *seems to listen, but with a kind of anger. He slowly recedes, as if pushed back.*)

[*Exit* DR. THORNE.

Enter the Veiled Woman. (*She stands mutely and wretchedly. Watches the house. Wrings her hands, but makes no sound.*)

Enter MRS. THORNE. (*Within the house; can be seen plainly from the street through the window. She advances and draws the shade still higher; stands close to the window, pressing her hands against the sides of her eyes; looks out.*)

(*The* Veiled Woman *shrinks at the sight of* MRS. THORNE.)

[*Exit the* Woman.

Re-enter DR. THORNE *at the other end of the street.* (*He speaks shrewdly.*) It is nearer at this end. And perhaps, if I didn't have to get by that church—(*Hurries up opposite the house. Suddenly he sees her.*) Oh, there's Helen! God! It is my wife. I—see—my—wife. (*Brokenly.*) Dear Helen! (*Pushes toward the house. At the foot of his own steps he falters and falls, still as if beaten back. He struggles as a man would struggle for his life. The veins stand out on his face and on his clinched hands. He cries out.*) I'm coming, Helen! It is only I, my girl. Don't be frightened, dear! I wonder would she be afraid of me? Perhaps it would shock her. Live people and dead people don't seem to understand each other. But I'll risk it. Helen would go alone and lie down alive in a grave at midnight, and never look over her shoulder—if she thought she could see *me*. I know Helen. I'll try again. (*He pushes and urges his way onwards. But the invisible Power restrains him, as before. He stretches his arms toward the lighted window.*) Here I am, Helen! I can't get any farther, somehow. . . . Come and open the door for me, my girl—the way you used to do. Won't you, Helen? With the boy in your arms? Perhaps if *you* opened the door—I could get in. I . . . (*After a silence.*) I won't stay very long. I won't trouble you any, Helen. I know I don't belong there any more. I won't intrude. (*Wistfully.*) Helen! I was cruel to you. I have been ashamed of myself. I thought if I could get in long enough to say— (*Reflects.*) Mary Fayth went back to see *Fred*. Nothing prevented *her*——

(MRS. THORNE *throws open the window. Leans out and looks about.*)

(MAGGIE *is seen moving about the lighted room.*)

(*People in the street pass.*)

(MRS. THORNE *hastily shuts the window.*)

DR. THORNE (*piteously*). Helen!

(*The organ sounds from the church.*)

DR. THORNE (*turns suddenly, as if turning on an antagonist*). What art Thou that dost withstand me? I am a dead and helpless man. *What* wouldst Thou with me? *Where* gainest Thou Thy force upon me? Art Thou verily that ancient Myth that men were wont to call Almighty God? (*He lifts his face to the sky; holds up his hands as if he held up a question or an argument.*)

CHOIR FROM THE CHURCH:

"God is a Spirit.
God is a Spirit.
They that worship Him
Must worship Him in Spirit——"

MAGGIE (*opens the door. The lighted hall is seen behind*). There's nobody here, Mrs. Thorne.

(MRS. THORNE, *wearing a slight, white shawl which falls from her as she moves, comes to the open door; motions* MAGGIE *away.*)

[*Exit* MAGGIE.

MRS. THORNE (*softly*). Esmerald? He might be out there in the dark. Who knows what spirits do? Esmerald? Would God that I had died for you! Oh, my dear!

DR. THORNE. *Helen!*

MRS. THORNE. If he were there he would answer me if it cost him his living soul.

DR. THORNE. Helen, I answer you, for I *am* a living soul. *Helen!* (*He struggles mightily; crawls up the steps, reaches with the tips of his fingers the fringe of her white shawl, which has fallen down the steps, and lies there unnoticed.*) Helen, look down! *Down.* (*He clutches the white fringe to his lips. He kisses it wildly.*)

(MRS. THORNE *lifts her face to the sky.*)

DR. THORNE. I can't get any higher—not any nearer, dear.

MRS. THORNE. There is no one here. (*Weeping.*) There is nothing here. (*She shuts the door slowly and reluctantly; remembers the shawl, which she draws in with her.*)

(DR. THORNE *clings to the shawl in vain. Moaning, he kisses the doorsteps of his own home where the garment had touched them.*)

END OF SCENE II.

SCENE III.—A narrow defile or pass between high mountains. The light is dim. The pass winds irregularly, and is often rough, but is always upwards. The scenery is unearthly. No sign of life is to be seen. A distant storm can be heard.

Enter DR. THORNE (*slowly, holding a staff; he is robed in purple, a flowing garment, not unlike a talith or a toga. His face, still pale, is heavily lined; but more with anxiety than with resentment; its expression is somewhat softer. He speaks.*)

DR. THORNE. I wonder what is to be done with me next? I see no particular reason for climbing these mountains. There seems to be nothing for a dead man to do but to obey orders. Well (*candidly*), I've given my share of them in my time. I suppose it's fair enough to turn about and take a few—now. (*He smiles. After a pause, climbing slowly.*) I must say I can't call this an attractive country—so far. It's main features are not genial.

(*The storm increases; there is thunder and cloud.*)

DR. THORNE (*looking about*). It seems to be in the cyclonic belt. There's a storm of some sort—I should say two of them fighting up in these hills. Hear them close and clinch! Like a man's two natures; civil war all the time. And no truce! (*Muses.*) It's not a social region, certainly. I don't know that I recall, really, ever being in a place that was so desolate. There isn't so much as a wild animal, nor a bird flying over. It reminds me of—what was it? I can't recall the words. It seems to me my mother taught them to me when I was a little lad. But they have quite gone. Beautiful literature in that old Book! But it's a good while since I've dipped into it. I've had too much to do. What was it?

"Though I walk—When I walk"—

(*He breaks off; climbs stoutly. The storm darkens down. For the first time* DR. THORNE'S *face expresses something like alarm. He looks about like a man who would call for help, but is too proud to do so. He speaks.*)

This is really growing serious. I wish I could remember those words. Now I think of it, we were on our knees. A most unnatural posture! My mother was a sweet saint—rest her pure spirit! (*It lightens as he says this.*)

VOICES FROM BEYOND (*softly chanting*).

"And when I'm lost in deep despair
Be thou with me. . . .
Until life's daylight ended be,
Be thou with me, with me."

DR. THORNE (*lifts his head to listen*). There's a good musical taste in this country, at all events. That's something. What *were* those words? Ah, I have it.

"Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow
Thou shalt be with me."

It went in some such way. (*Repeats perplexedly.*)

"*Thou* shalt be with me?"

(*Sadly.*) A beautiful superstition.

(*The storm comes on heavily, with darkness and lightning. Through the gloom his solitary form can be seen manfully climbing. He exhibits no panic, but his evident bewilderment grows upon him. He mutters.*)

The desolation of desolations! I shall be glad when I get out of it. What solitude! Of all the people I have known—dead or living—there is not one to stay by me.

VOICES FROM BEYOND.

"Be Thou near him!"

Enter, on the pass above him, a young girl repeating prayers on a rosary. She is a plain, unattractive girl, folded in a dull gray gown that wraps her loosely. Her face is earnest and devout.

DR. THORNE. Why, Norah!

NORAH (*looking back*). Oh, it is the Doctor.

DR. THORNE. I can't overtake you, Norah.

NORAH. And I've only died the day.

DR. THORNE. But you've got the start of me, Norah. You are higher up. I am glad to see you, Norah (*eagerly*). But I can't reach you.

NORAH (*holds down her hand*). Come up, Doctor! Come up! I'll help you, Doctor.

DR. THORNE (*gratefully*). Thank you, Norah.

NORAH. It's to Purrgatory I'd be goin'. But you're the herretic, Doctor. Which way do you be goin' ?

DR. THORNE (*shakes his head*). I don't know, Norah. You are wiser than I am—in this foreign place.

NORAH (*holds down her hand*). The dear Doctor! Ye were that kind to me, Doctor—at the hospital, and forninst the house where I was worrkin'. It's niver a cint I had to pay yez for yer thruble. If I'd been a pretty lady with a purrse of gold, ye never could have put yerself about more than ye did for the likes of me. It's not meself that would have died the day if *you'd* been there. Doctor ? Would yez mind, if I should—bless you, Doctor ? There's kindness onto kindness, and mercy goin' after mercy that ye did me, all hidin' in a poor girrl's heart to rise and meet you here. I was sick an' ye did visit me.

DR. THORNE (*melting*). When did I ever show you all that kindness, Norah ? I don't remember——

NORAH. And I don't forget. Take my hand, now, Doctor, do. It must be lonesome down below there by yersel'. (*Touches her rosary. Her lips move in prayer.*)

DR. THORNE (*climbing on, grasps* NORAH'S *hand*). Thank you, Norah (*gently*).

(*There is a lull in the storm. It grows lighter.*

DR. THORNE *and the Irish girl climb on together silently.*

It brightens at the brow of the mountain. Dim outlines of figures are faintly seen at the summit. They waver, and melt away.)

DR. THORNE (*gradually loosening his hold of* NORAH'S *hand, speaks, but not to* NORAH, *bitterly*). Now stop a moment. Where will all this end ? Rebelling, I obey; and obeying, I rebel. I am become what we used to call a spirit. And this is what it means! Better might one become a molecule, for those at least express the Laws of the Universe, and do not suffer. I don't incline to go any higher. (*Drops back.*) Every step is taking me further away from my wife.

NORAH (*anxiously*). Doctor ? Doctor! (*She climbs on, but looks back, beckoning.*)

DR. THORNE (*pays no attention to* NORAH. *Retraces his steps down the narrow path*). Come what may, I *will* not go any further from Helen. I'll perish first, in this unearthly place. (*He continues to descend; stands lost in thought. The storm darkens round him, but lightens beyond him. At the summit dim outlines can be seen again. These brighten faintly.*)

(NORAH *reaches her arms toward them; climbs on.*)

DR. THORNE. It was something to be in the same world with Helen. (*Muses.*) Oh, hot in my anger I went from her. And cold, indeed, did I return. (*Still descending.*) I will go back. I will get as near the old system of things as I can. I will not put another span of space between myself and Helen. Poor, poor girl!

(DR. THORNE, *doggedly descending, does not look up.*)

(*White-robed forms at the summit brighten. Arms are stretched downwards through a mist. Hands beckon. One of them reaches down and clasps* NORAH'S *hand; draws her up.*)

NORAH (*looking back*). Doctor!

(NORAH *vanishes.*)

(*The pass grows dark. Figures at the summit dim.*)

Enter, from a darkness in the mountains, the Woman *in flame-color.* (*Her ashen mantle is now thrown back, but still clings to her. She stands mournfully regarding* DR. THORNE. *She does not address him, but slowly extends her arms.*)

(DR. THORNE *does not observe the woman. She does not obtrude herself upon his attention.*)

[*Exit the* WOMAN *into the darkness whence she came.*

DR. THORNE (*with frowning face descends; he murmurs*). And a few days ago I was troubled because I had lost a few thousand dollars in Santa Ma. . . . I saved up *money!* (*Scornfully.*) I would accumulate a *fortune.* Oh, the whole of it, ten hundred thousandfold the whole of it, for one hour in a dead man's desolated home! (*Pushes downwards, suddenly and silently.*)

Enter AZRAEL, ANGEL OF DEATH. (*The pass blackens. The mountain summit is wrapped in darkness.*)

(AZRAEL *stands tall and resplendent. He is a white-robed figure, winged and powerful. The light falls only upon* AZRAEL *and upon the man. It can be seen that this gleam comes from a sword held in the hand of the Angel. Without a word he lifts the flaming sword, and with it bars the narrow pass from side to side.*)

DR. THORNE (*in a ringing voice*). Azrael!

(AZRAEL *does not reply.*)

DR. THORNE (*under his breath*). Azrael, Angel of Death! (*Falls back.*)

(*The two figures confront each other in silence.* DR. THORNE *desperately flings himself towards*

the Angel. Without a touch he is beaten back. AZRAEL *stands immovable. His face grows solemn with pity.* DR. THORNE *retreats; advances again; raises his staff, and strikes it upon the Angel's sword. The staff flames up, burns, and drops to ashes on the ground.*

DR. THORNE *recedes a few steps; shades his eyes with his hands; regards the Angel blindly; wavers, turns. Slowly, with bent figure, he weakly reascends the mountain; stumbles and falls; regains his footing; climbs on alone, and now without his staff; does not look back.*

AZRAEL *stands immovable, with drawn sword.*)

VOICES FROM BEYOND (*sing so softly that they seem rather to be breathing than singing*):

"The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on. . . .
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while."

(*As they sing the summit mellows slowly. No figures appear. At the brow of the mountain, a single gleam of light pierces the gloom. It brightens rather than broadens. It has the color of dawn.*

AZRAEL *fades away, the sword vanishing last.*

DR. THORNE *climbs up, with eyes lifted towards the light on the summit, which strikes his face and figure.*)

AS THE VOICES SING:

"And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while."

END OF ACT II.

(*To be continued.*)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE COMEDIAN, JOHN E. OWENS.

BY CLARA MORRIS.*

John E. Owens in "Solon Shingle."

JUST previous to my coming East, I met for the first time Mr. John E. Owens. He was considered a wealthy man, and was at the height of his popularity as a comedian. He was very odd, and even his marriage seemed an expression of eccentricity, and one felt as if one had received a dash of cold water in the face, when the hot-tempered, peppery, and decidedly worldly Mr. Owens presented the little orthodox Quakeress—with a countenance of gentle severity—as his wife.

She wore the costume of her people, too, and watched him above her knitting needles with closed, folded lips and condemning eyes, as he strutted and fumed and convulsed his audience. She was said to be a most tender and gentle nurse, and indeed a devoted wife; but she certainly did look down with contempt and dislike upon the theatrical life and people.

Mr. Owens was of medium height and very brisk in all his movements, walking with a short and quick little step. He had a wide mouth, good teeth, and a pair of funny eyes. The eyeballs were very large and round, and he showed an astonishing amount of their whites, which were of an unusual brilliancy and luster—this, added to his power of rolling them wildly about in their sockets, made them very funny; indeed, they reminded many people of a pair of large, freshly peeled onions.

I think his most marked peculiarity was his almost frantic desire to provoke laughter in the actors about him. He would willingly throw away an entire scene—that is, destroy the illusion of the audience—in order to secure a hearty laugh from some actor or actress whom he knew not to be easily moved to laughter; and what was more astonishing still, if an actress in playing a scene with him fell from tittering into helpless laughter, and failed to speak her lines, he made no angry protest, but regarded the

* Selections from Clara Morris's "Recollections of the Stage and its People" have appeared in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for January, February, and May, 1901.

situation with dancing eyes and delighted smiles, seeming to accept the break-down as proof positive that he was irresistible as a fun-maker.

For some reason I never could laugh at "Solon Shingle." Mr. Owens had opened in that part, and as I stood in the entrance watching the performance, my face was as grave as that of the proverbial judge. He noticed it at once, and paused a moment to stare at me. Next morning, just as he entered and crossed to the prompt-table at rehearsal, I, in listening to a funny story, broke out in my biggest laugh. Open flew the star's eyes, up slid his eyebrows.

"Ha! ha!" said he. "Ha! ha! There's a laugh for you. By Jove, that's a laugh as is a laugh!"

I turned about and faced him. He recognized me instantly; his face fell comically. "Well, blast my cats!" he exclaimed. "Say, you young hyena—you're the girl that wouldn't laugh at me last night. I thought you couldn't—and just listen to your roars now, over some tomfoolery. What was the matter with me, if you please, mum?"

I stood in helpless, awkward embarrassment; then drawing in his lip and bulging out his eyes, until they threatened to leap from their places, he advanced upon me, exclaiming: "Spare me these protestations and explanations, I beg." Then tapped me on the chest with his forefinger, and added, in a different tone: "My young friend, I'll make you laugh or I'll cut my throat!" turned on his heel, and called: "Everybody ready for the first act—come on; come on; let's get at it!"

Rehearsal began, and Mr. Owens did not have to cut his throat. Funny in many things, it was the old farce of "Forty Winks" that utterly undid me, and not only sat me violently and flatly down upon the entrance floor, but set me shrieking with such misguided force that next day all the muscles across and near my diaphragm were too lame and sore for me to catch a breath in comfort. Perhaps that's not the right word, and I may not be locating the lamed muscles properly, but if you will go to see some comedian who will make you laugh until you cry, and cry until you scream, and laugh and cry and scream until you only breathe in gasps and sobs, you will next morning know exactly which muscles I have been referring to—even if you haven't got a diaphragm about you.

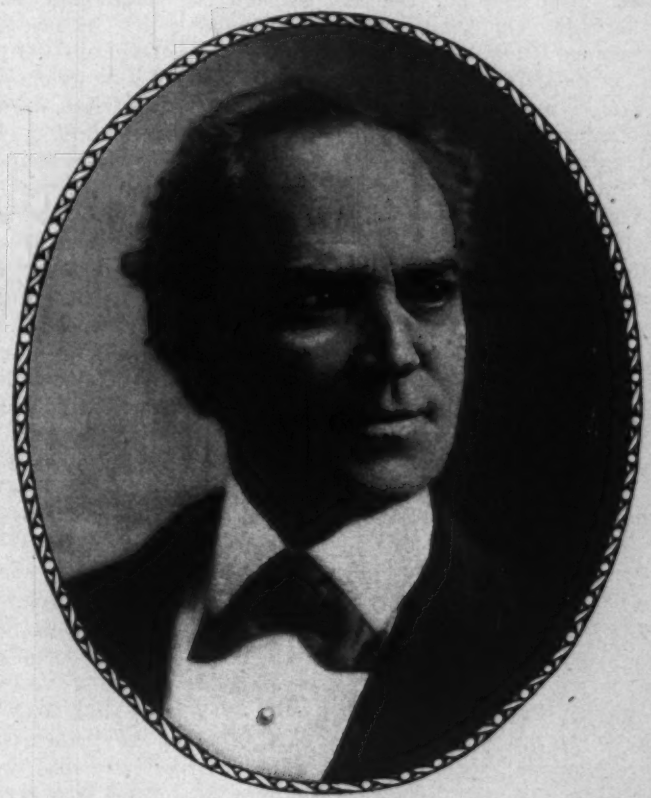
But really the mad absurdities Mr. Owens indulged in that night might have made the very Sphinx smile stonily. His part in "Forty Winks" was that of a miserly old man, eating his bread and cheese supper, in his cheap little bedroom, and retiring for the night only to be aroused by officers, who are in pursuit of a flying man, and think they have now found him. Not much to go upon, that—but oh, if you could have seen his ravening hunger, have seen his dog-like snaps at falling crumbs; his slanting of the plate against the light to see if any streak of butter was being left; his scooping up of bread-crumbs from his red handkerchief lap, and eager licking up of the same; have seen him sorting out his money and laying aside the thin worn pennies to give the waiter; breaking off the hardened grease, that in melting had run down the candle's side, putting it away in his valise, "to grease his boots next winter" (a line he introduced for my especial benefit)!

Having gone up-stage and taken off his shoes, he suddenly bethought him that there might be a few crumbs on the floor, and taking the candle, down he came to look, and turning his back to the audience, they screamed with sudden laughter, for two shining bare heels were plainly showing through his ragged black woolen socks. He paid no heed, but sought diligently, and when he found a crumb, he put his finger to his lip to moisten it, and pouncing upon the particle, conveyed it to his mouth, mumbling so luxuriously that one almost envied him. Then remarking it was too cold to undress, he undressed, and as his coat came off he started toward a chair, saying querulously he "couldn't abide a man that wasn't neat and careful about his clothes," and down he pitched the coat in a heap upon the floor, in front of the chair. His vest he dumped beside another seat, as he dolorously declared he "had neat habits ever since his mother had taught him to put his clothes carefully on the chair at night."

And so he went up and down and about, until that stage was one litter of old clothes. Blowing out his candle he got into bed, and, shivering with cold, tried frantically to pull the clothes over his poor shoulders, but all in vain. At last a tremendous jerk brought the quilt and sheet about his shoulders, only to leave his ancient black feet facing the audience—all uncovered. And so went on the struggle between feet and shoulders, until, worn out, the old man finally "spooned" himself with knees on chest, and so was covered and fell asleep—only to be aroused by

officers, and turned into drivelling idiocy by a demand "for the girl."

It was at the point when, sitting up in bed, trying with agonizing modesty to keep covered up, his eyes whitely and widely rolling, he pleadingly asked: "N-n-now I leave it to you—do I look like a seducer?" that my knees abandoned me to my fate, and sat me down with a vicious thud, that nearly shook the life out of me. And John Owens sat in bed and saw my fall and rejoiced with a great joy, and said: "Blast my cats! Look at the girl! There now, that's something like laughing. I'd take off my hair and run around baldheaded for her!"



JOHN E. OWENS.

I was called upon to play blind "Bertha" to Mr. Owens's "Caleb Plummer," in the "Cricket on the Hearth," and I was in a great state of mind, as I had only seen one or two blind persons, and had never seen a blind part acted. I was driven at last by anxiety to ask Mr. Owens if he could make any suggestions as to business, or as to the walk or manner of the blind girl. But he was no E. L. Davenport—he had no desire to teach others to act, and he snappishly answered: "No, no! I can't suggest anything for you to do; but I can suggest something for you not to do! For God's sake don't go about playing the piano all evening—that's what the rest of them do!"

"The piano?" I repeated stupidly.

"Yes," he said, "the piano! D——d if they don't make me sick! Here they go—all the 'Berthas.'"

He closed his eyes, screwed up his face dismally, and advancing, his hands before him, began moving them from left to right and back, as though they were on a keyboard. It was very ridiculous.

"And that's what they call blindness—playing the piano and tramping about as securely as anybody."

Ah, ah, Mr. Owens, so you did make a suggestion after all, though you did not mean to do it, but which I found all the same in that last contemptuous sentence, "*Tramping about as securely as anybody.*" It quickened my memory. I recalled the piteous uncertainty of movement in the blind, the dread hesitancy of the advancing foot, unless the afflicted one was on very familiar ground. I tried walking in the dark—tried walking with closed eyes. It was surprising how quickly my fears gathered about my feet. Instinctively I put out one hand now and then, but the fear of bumping into something was as nothing to the fear of stepping off or down, or falling through the darkness—oh! Then I resolved to play "Bertha" with open eyes. It was much the more difficult way, but I was well used to taking infinite pains over small matters, and believing that the open, unseeing eye was far more pathetic than the closed eye, I proceeded to work out my idea of how to produce the unseeing look. By careful experiment I found that if the eyes were very calm in expression, very slow in movement, and at all times were raised slightly above the proper point of vision, the effect was really that of blindness.

It was unspeakably fatiguing to keep look-

ing just over people's heads, instead of into their faces, as was my habit; but where is the true actor or actress who stops to count the cost in pain or in inconvenience when striving to build up a character that the public may recognize?

Says the ancient cook book, "First catch your hare, and then—" so with the actor, first catch your idea, your desired effect, and *then* reproduce it (if you can). But in the case of blind "Bertha," I must have reproduced with some success the effect I had been studying, for an old newspaper-clipping beside me says that "the doubting, hesitating advance of her foot, the timid uncertainty of her occasional investigating hand, spelled blindness as clearly as did her patient, unseeing eyes," and for my reward that wretched man amused himself by pulling faces at me, and trying to break me down in my singing of "Auld Robin Grey," until I was obliged to sing with my eyes tight shut to save myself from laughter, and when the curtain had fallen, he said to me:

"I'll settle your hash for you some night, young woman—you see if I don't—you just wait now!" And the next season in Cincinnati, in very truth, he did "settle my hash" for me, to his great delight and my vexation.

He was so very, very funny as "Major Wellington de Boots" in "Everybody's Friend." His immense self-satisfaction; his stiff, little strut; his martial ardor; his wild-eyed cowardice were trying enough, but when he deliberately acted *at* you—oh, dear! He would look me straight in the eye and make faces at me until I sobbed at every breath. Then he had a wretched little trick of rising slowly on his toes and sinking back to his heels again, while he cocked his head to one side so like a knowing old dicky-bird that he simply convulsed me with laughter.

I was his "Mrs. Swansdown," and I had kept steady and never lost a line, until we came to the scene where, as my landlord and would-be husband, he brought some samples of wall-paper for me to choose from. Where in Heaven's name he ever found those rolls of paper I can't imagine. They were not merely hideous, but grotesque as well, and were received with shouts of laughter by the house.

With true shopman's touch he would send each piece unrolling toward the footlights, while holding up its breadth of ugliness for "Mrs. Swansdown's" inspection and approval, and every piece that he thus displayed, he greeted at first sight with words of hearty admiration for its beauty and perfect suitability, until catching disapproval on the widow's face, he in the same breath, with lightning-swift hypocrisy, turned his sentence into contemptuous disparagement, and fairly shook his audience with laughter at the quickness of his change of opinion.

At last he unfurled a piece of paper whose barbarity of design and criminality of color I remember yet. The dead white ground was widely and alternately striped with a dark Dutch blue and a dingy chocolate brown, and about the blue stripes were twined a large pumpkin-colored morning-glory, while from end to end the brown stripes were solemnly pecked at by small magenta birds. The thing was as ludicrous as it was ugly. An Indian clay idol might have cracked into smiles of derision over its artistic qualities.

Then Mr. Owens, bursting into encomiums over its desirability as a hanging for the drawing-room walls of a modest little retreat, caught my frown and continued: "Er—er, or perhaps you'd prefer it as trousering?" Then delightedly: "Yes—yes—you're quite right—it *is* a neat thing—cut full at the knee, eh?—close at the foot—yes—yes, I see, regular peg-tops—great idea! I'll send you a pair at once. Oh, good Lord! what have I done! I—I—mean, I'll have a pair myself, Mrs. Swansdown, cut from this very piece of your sweet selection!" Ah, well, that ended the scene so far as my help went. The shrieking audience drowned my noise for a time, but, alas! *it* recovered directly, having no hysterics to battle with, while I buried my head deep in the sofa-pillows, and rolled and screamed and wept and bit my lips, clenched my hands, and vainly fought for my self-control, while all the time I saw a pair of trousers cut from that awful wall-paper; and Mr. Owens just bulged his white, shiny eyes at me, and pranced about and rejoiced at my downfall, while the audience, seeing what the trouble was, laughed all over again, and—and—well, "my hash" was very thoroughly "settled," even to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Owens's self.

PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST.

By Edwin Lefèvre,
Author of "The Woman and Her Bonds," etc.

HE was only seventeen, fair-haired and rosy-cheeked, with girlish blue eyes, when he applied for the vacancy in the office of Tracy & Middleton, Bankers and Brokers. His name was Willis N. Hayward, and he was a proud boy, indeed, when he was selected out of twenty "applicants" to be telephone-clerk for the firm.

From 10 A.M. until 3 P.M. he stood by Tracy & Middleton's private telephone on the floor of the Stock Exchange—the Board Room—receiving messages from the office—chiefly orders to buy or sell stocks for customers—and transmitting the same messages to the "Board member" of the firm, Mr. Middleton; also telephoning Mr. Middleton's reports to the office. He spoke with a soft, refined voice, and his blue eyes beamed so ingenuously upon the other telephone-boys in the same row of booths, that they said they had a Sally in their alley, and they immediately nicknamed him Sally.

It was all very wonderful to young Hayward, who had been out of boarding-school but a few months—the excited rushing hither and thither of worried-looking men, the frantic waving of hands, the maniacal yelling of the brokers executing their orders about the various "posts," and their sudden relapse into semi-sanity as they jotted down the price at which they had sold or bought stocks. It was not surprising that he should fail to understand just how they did business; but what most impressed him was the fact, vouched for by his colleagues, that these same clamoring, gesticulating brokers were actually supposed to make a great deal of money. He heard of "Sam" Sharpe's $100,000 winnings in Suburban Trolley, and of "Parson" Black's famous million-dollar *coup* in Western Delaware—the little gray man even being pointed out to him in corroboration. But, then, he had also heard of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp, and Jack the Giant Killer.

He learned the business, as nearly all boys must do in Wall Street, by absorption. If he asked questions he received replies, but no one volunteered any information for his guidance, and in self-defence he was forced to observe closely, to see how others did, and to remark what came of it. He heard nothing but *speculate! speculate!* in one guise or another, many words for the same meaning. It was all buying or selling of stocks—a concentrated and almost visible hope of making much money in the twinkling of an eye. Nobody talked of anything else on the Exchange. Bosom friends met at the opening of business and did not say "Good morning," but plunged without preamble into the

"FROM 10 A.M. UNTIL 3 P.M. HE STOOD BY TRACY AND MIDDLETON'S PRIVATE TELEPHONE."

only subject on earth—speculation. And if one of them arrived late he inevitably inquired forthwith, "How's the market?"—asked it eagerly, anxiously, as if fearful that the market had taken advantage of his absence to misconduct itself. The air was almost unbreathable for the innumerable "tips" to buy or sell securities and insecurities of all kinds. The brokers, the customers, the clerks, the Exchange doorkeepers, all Wall Street read the morning papers, not to ascertain the news, but to pick such items as would, should, or might have some effect on stock values. There was no god but the ticker, and the brokers were its prophets!

All about Sally were hundreds of men on whose faces he scarcely ever saw a smile between the hours of ten and three; men who looked as if they took their thoughts home with them and dined with them and slept with them and dreamed of them—the look had become settled, immutable. And it was not a pleasant look, about the eyes and lips. He saw everywhere the feverishness of "the game." Insensibly the atmosphere of the place affected him, colored his thoughts, induced certain fancies. As he became more familiar with the technique of the business he grew to believe, like thousands of youthful or superficial observers, that stock-market movements were comparable only to the gyrations of the little ivory ball about the roulette-wheel. The innumerable tricks of the trade, the uses of inside misinformation, the *rationale* of stock-market manipulation, were a sealed book to him. He heard only that his eighteen-year-old neighbor made $60 buying twenty shares of Blue Belt Line on Thursday and selling them on Saturday, 3⅜ points higher; or that Micky Welch, Stuart & Stern's telephone-boy, had a "tip" from one of the big room traders which he bravely "played"—as you "play" a horse or "play" the red or the black—and cleared $125 in less than a week; or that Watson, a "two-dollar" broker, made a "nice turn" selling Southern Shore. Or else he heard, punctuated with poignant oaths, how Charlie Miller, one of the New Street door-keepers, lost $230 buying Pennsylvania Central, after he accidentally overheard Archie Chase, who was "Sam" Sharpe's principal broker, tell a friend that the "Old Man" said "Pa. Cent." was due for a ten-point rise; instead of which there had been a seven-point decline. Always the boy heard about the apparently irresponsible "bulges" and "drops," of the winnings of the men who happened to guess correctly, or of the losses of those who had failed to "call the turn." Even the vernacular of the place savored of the technicalities of a gambling-house.

As time wore on the glamour of the game wore off; likewise his scruples. His employers and their customers—all gentlemanly, agreeable people—speculated every day, and nobody found fault with them. It was not a sin; it was a regular business. And so, whenever there was a "good thing," he "chipped in" one dollar to a telephone-boys' "pool" that later operated in a New Street bucket shop to the extent of ten shares. His means were small, his salary being only $8 a week; and very often he thought that if he only had a little more money he would speculate on a larger scale and profit proportionately. If each time he had bought one share he had held twenty instead, he figured that he would have made no less than $400 in three months.

The time is ripe for other things when a boy begins to reason that way. Having no scruples against speculating, the problem with him became not, "Is it wrong to speculate?" but rather, "What shall I do to raise money for margin purposes?" It took nearly four months for him to arrive at this stage of mind. With many boys the question is asked and satisfactorily solved within three weeks. But Hayward was an exceptionally nice chap.

Now, the position of telephone-boy is really important, in that it requires not only a quick-witted, but a trustworthy, person to fill it. In the first place, the boy knows whether his firm is buying or selling certain stocks; he must exercise discrimination in the matter of awarding the orders, should the Board member of the firm happen to be unavailable when the boy receives the order. For example: International Pipe may be selling at 108. A man in Tracy & Middleton's office, who has bought 500 shares of it at 104, wishes to "corral" his profits. He gives an order to the firm to sell the stock, let us say, "at the market," that is, at the ruling market price. Tracy & Middleton immediately telephone over their private line to the Stock Exchange to their Board member to "sell 500 shares of International Pipe at the market." The telephone-boy receives the message and "puts up" Mr. Middleton's number, which means that on the multicolored, checkered strip on the frieze of the New Street wall, Mr. Middleton's number, 611, appears by means of an electrical de-

vice. The moment Mr. Middleton sees that his number is "up," he hastens to the telephone-booth to ascertain what is wanted. Now, if Mr. Middleton delays in answering his number the telephone-boy knows he is absent, and gives the order to a "two-dollar" broker, like Mr. Browning or Mr. Watson, who always hover about the booths looking for orders. He does the same if he knows that Mr. Middleton is very busy executing some other order, or if, in his judgment, the order calls for immediate execution. The two-dollar broker sells the 500 shares of International Pipe to Allen & Smith, and "gives up" Tracy & Middleton on the transaction; that is, he notifies the purchaser that he is acting for T. & M., and Allen & Smith must look to the latter firm—the real sellers—for the stock bought. For this service the broker employed by Tracy & Middleton receives the sum of $2 for each 100 shares, while Tracy & Middleton, of course, charge their customer the regular commission of one-eighth of one per cent, or $12.50 per each hundred shares.

Young Hayward attended to his business closely, and when Mr. Middleton was absent from the floor, or busy, he impartially distributed the firm's telephoned buying or selling orders among the two-dollar brokers, for Tracy & Middleton did a very good commission business indeed. He was a nice-looking and nice-acting little chap, was Hayward—clean-faced, polite, and amiable. The

"'IF YOU GIVE ME PLENTY OF BUSINESS, I'LL GIVE YOU $5 A WEEK.'"

brokers liked him, and they "remembered" him at Christmas. The best memory was possessed by "Joe" Jacobs, who gave him $25, and insinuated that he would like to do more of Tracy & Middleton's business than he had been doing.

"But," said Sally, "the firm said I was to give the order to whichever broker I found first."

"Well," said Jacobs, oleaginously, "I am never too busy to take orders from such a nice young fellow as yourself, if you take the trouble to find me; and I'll do something nice for you. Look here," in a whisper, "if you give me plenty of business, I'll give you $5 a week." And he dived into the mob that was yelling itself hoarse about the Natural Gas post.

Hayward's first impulse was to tell his firm about it, because he felt vaguely that Jacobs would not have offered him $5 a week

if he had not expected something dishonorable in return. Before the market closed, however, he spoke to Willie Simpson, MacDuff & Wilkinson's boy, whose telephone was next to Tracy & Middleton's. Sure enough, Willie expressed great indignation at Jacobs's action.

"It's just like that old skunk," said Willie. "Five dollars a week, when he can make $100 out of the firm. Don't you do it, Sally. Why, Jim Burr, who had the place before you, used to get $20 a week from old man Grant and $50 a month from Wolff. You've got a cinch, if you only know how to work it. Why, they are supposed to give you fifty cents a hundred." Willie had been in the business for two years, and he was a very well-dressed youth, indeed. Sally now understood how he managed it on a salary of $12 a week.

He did not say anything to the firm that day, nor any other day. And he didn't say anything to Jacobs in return, but, by Willie's sage advice, contented himself with merely withholding all orders from that oleaginous personage, until Mr. Jacobs was moved to remonstrate. And Sally, who had learned a great deal in a week under Willie's tuition, answered curtly: "Business is very bad; the firm is doing hardly anything."

"But Watson told me," said Jacobs angrily, "that he was doing a great deal of business for Tracy & Middleton. I want you to see that I get my share, or I'll speak to Middleton and find out what the trouble is."

"Is that so?" said Sally calmly. "You might also tell Mr. Middleton that you offered me $5 a week to give you the bulk of our business."

One of the most stringent laws of the Stock Exchange treats of "splitting" commissions. Any member who, in order to increase his business, charges an outsider or another member less than exactly the prescribed amount for buying or selling stocks, is liable to severe penalties. The offer of a two-dollar broker to give a telephone-boy fifty cents for each order of 100 shares secured was obviously a violation of the rule.

Jacobs came down to business at once. "I'll make it $8," he said, conciliatingly.

"Jim Burr, who had the position before me," expostulated Sally, indignantly, "told me he received $25 a week from Mr. Grant, with an extra $10 thrown in from time to time, when Mr. Grant made some lucky turn, to say nothing of what the other men did for him."

Three months before he could not have made this speech had his life depended on it. The rapid development of his character was due exclusively to the "forcing" power of the atmosphere which surrounded him.

"You must be crazy," said Jacobs, angrily. "Why, I never get much more than a thousand shares a week from Tracy & Middleton, and usually less. Say, you ought to be on the floor. You are wasting your talent in the telephone business, you are. Let's swap places, you and I."

"According to our books," said Sally to the irate broker, having been duly coached by Mr. William Simpson, "the last week you did business for us you did 3,800 shares, and received $76."

"That was an exceptional week. I'll make it $10," said Jacobs.

"Twenty-five," whispered Sally, determinedly.

"Let's split the difference," murmured Jacobs, wrathfully. "I'll give you $15 a week, but you must see that I get at least 2,500 shares a week."

"All right. I'll do the best I can for you, Mr. Jacobs."

And he did, for the other brokers gave him only twenty-five cents, or at the most fifty cents per hundred shares. In the course of a month or two Sally was in possession of an income of $40 a week. And he was only eighteen.

II.

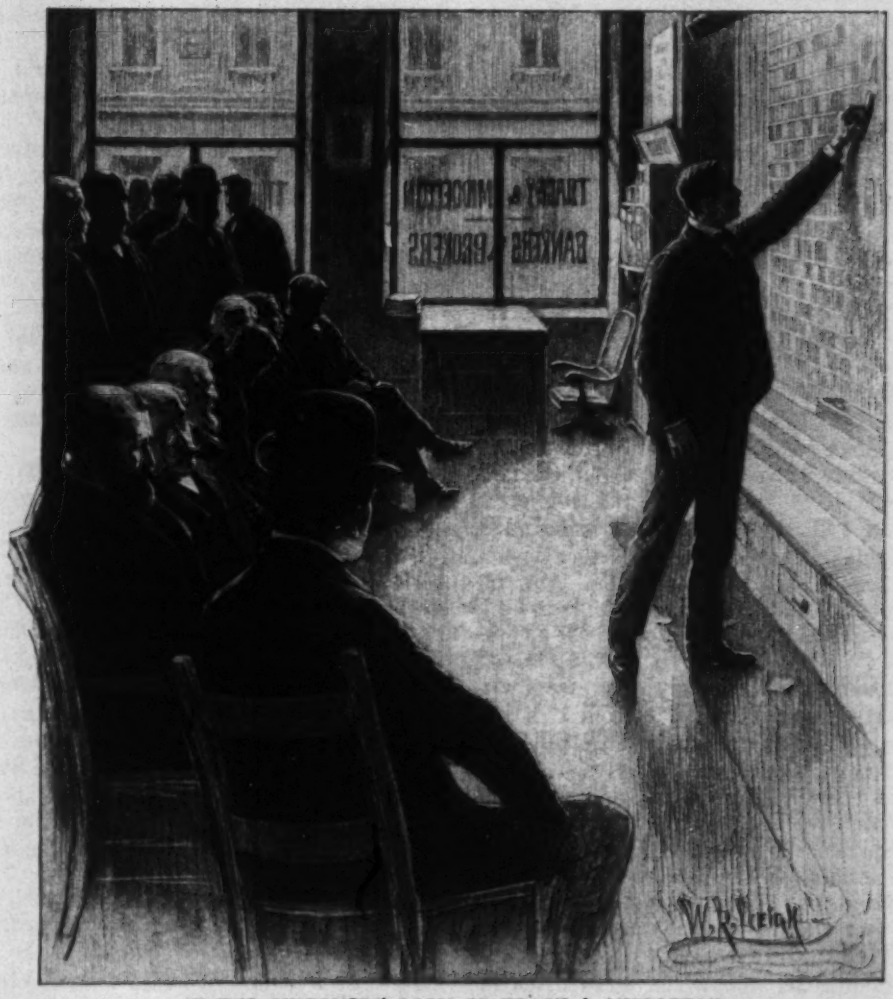
Time passed. As it had happened with his predecessor, so did it happen now with Sally. He began by speculating, wildly at first, more carefully later on. He met with sundry reverses, but he also made some very lucky turns indeed, and he was "ahead of the game" by a very fair amount—certainly a sum far greater than any plodding clerk could save in five years, greater than many an industrious mechanic saves in his entire life. From the bucket-shops he went to the Consolidated Exchange. Then he asked Jacobs and the other two-dollar brokers to let him deal in a small way with them, which they did out of personal liking for him, until he had three separate accounts and could "swing a line" of several hundred shares. He became neither more nor less than 5,000 other human beings in Wall Street—moved by the same impulses, actuated by the same feelings, experiencing the same emotions, having the same thoughts and the same views of what they are pleased to call their "business."

At last the blow fell which Sally had so

long dreaded—he was "promoted" to a clerkship in Tracy & Middleton's office. The firm meant to reward him for his devotion to his work, for his brightness and quickness. From $15 a week they raised his salary to $25, which they considered quite generous, especially in view of his youth, and that he had started three years before with $8. He was only twenty now. But Sally, knowing it meant the abandonment of his lucrative perquisites as telephone "boy," bemoaned his undeserved fate.

He took the money he had made to Mr. Tracy and told him an interesting story of a rich aunt and a legacy, and asked him to let him open an account in the office. Tracy congratulated his young clerk, took the $6,500, and thereafter Sally was both an employee and a customer of Tracy & Middleton.

Addicted to sharp practices though Mr. Tracy was, and loving commissions as he did, he nevertheless sought to curb Sally's youthful propensity for "plunging," which was as near being kind as it was possible for a stock-broker to be. But the money had "come easy." That is why fortunes won by stock gamblers are lost with apparent recklessness or stupidity. Sally speculated with varying success, running up his winnings to $10,000, and seeing them dwindle later to $6,000. But in addition to becoming an inveterate speculator, he gained much valuable experience. And when he had learned the tricks of the trade he was taken from the ledgers and turned loose in the customers' room, to take the latter's orders, and keep them in good humor and tell them the current stories, and give them impress-



IN THE CUSTOMERS' ROOM OF TRACY & MIDDLETON.

ively whispered "tips," and "put them into" various "deals" of the firm, and see that they traded early and often, which meant commissions for the firm. He became friendly and even familiar with Tracy & Middleton's clients, among whom were some very wealthy men, for a stock-broker's office is a democratic place. Men who would not dream of taking their Wall Street acquaintances to their homes or to their clubs for a million reasons, all but called each other by their first names there.

He really was a bright, amiable fellow, very obliging—he was paid for it by the firm—and he made the most of his opportunities. The customers grew to like him exceedingly well, and to think with respect of his judgment, market-wise. One day W. Basil Thornton, one of the wealthiest and boldest customers of the firm, was complaining of the difficulty of "beating the game" with the heavy handicap of the large brokerage commission.

Jestingly, yet hoping to be taken seriously, Sally said: "Join the New York Stock Exchange or buy me a seat, and form the firm of Thornton & Hayward. Just think, Colonel, we would have your trade, and you could bring some friends, and I could bring mine, and I think many of these"—pointing to Tracy & Middleton's customers—"would come over to us. They all think a lot," diplomatically, "of your opinions on the market."

Thornton was favorably impressed with the idea, and Sally saw it. From that moment on he worked hard to gain the Colonel's confidence. It was he who gave Thornton the first hint of Tracy & Middleton's condition, which led to the withdrawal of Thornton's account—and his own—from the office. It was a violation of confidence and of business ethics, but Thornton was very grateful when, two months later, Tracy & Middleton failed, under circumstances which were far from creditable, and which were discussed at great length by the Street. He showed his gratitude by adding a round sum to Sally's $11,500, and Willis N. Hayward became a member of the New York Stock Exchange. Shortly afterward the firm of Thornton & Hayward, Bankers and Brokers, was formed. Sally, then in his twenty-fifth year, had become a seasoned Wall Street man.

III.

From the start the new firm did well. Colonel Thornton and two or three friends who followed him from Tracy & Middleton's office, all of them "plungers," were almost enough to keep Hayward busy on the Exchange executing orders, and, moreover, new customers were coming in. Had he been satisfied with this start, and with letting time do the rest, he would have fared very well. But he began to speculate for himself, and all reputable commission men will tell you, with varying degrees of emphasis, that this not only "ties up" the firm's money, but that no man can "trade"—speculate—on his own hook and at the same time do justice to his customers.

Thornton was a rich man, and protected his own speculations more than amply. He noticed the development of his young partner's gambling proclivities, and remonstrated with him—in a kindly, paternal sort of way.

Sally vowed he would stop.

Within less than three months he had broken his promise twice, and his unsuccessful operations in Alabama Coal at one time threatened seriously to embarrass the firm.

Colonel Thornton came to the rescue.

Sally promised, with a solemnity born of sincere fear, never to do it again.

But fright lasts but a little space, and memory is equally short-lived. Wall Street has no room for men with an excess of timidity or of recollection. He had gambled before he joined the New York Stock Exchange. After all, if speculating were a crime and convictions could be secured in fifty out of a hundred flagrant instances, one-half the male population of the United States would perforce consist of penitentiary guards forever engaged in watching over the convicted other half, Sally told a customer one day.

And then, too, Willis N. Hayward, the Board member of Thornton & Hayward, was a very different person from Sally, the nice little telephone-boy of Tracy & Middleton's. His cheeks were not pink; they were mottled. His eyes were not clear and ingenuous; they were shifty and a bit watery. He had been in Wall Street eight or ten years, and he overworked his nerves every day from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. on the Stock Exchange; also from 5 P.M. to midnight at the café of a big up-town hotel, where Wall Street men gathered to talk shop. His system craved stimulants; gambling and liquor were the strongest he knew.

When, after three years, the firm expired by limitation, Colonel Thornton with-

drew. He had had enough of Hayward's plunging. To be sure, Sally had become a shrewd "trader," and he had made $75,000 during the big bull boom; but he was at heart a "trader," which is to say, a mere gambler in stocks, and not a desirable commission man.

But Sally, flushed with success on the bull side, did not worry when Thornton refused to continue the partnership. The slogan was "Buy A. O. T. It's sure to go up!" the initials standing for *Any Old Thing!* The most prosperous period in the industrial and commercial history of the United States begot an epidemic of speculative madness such as was never before known, and probably never again will be. Everybody had money in abundance, and the desire for speculation in superabundance. Sally formed a new firm immediately—Hayward & Co.—with his cashier as partner.

IV.

All mundane things have an end, even bull markets and bear markets. The bull market saw Hayward & Co. doing a good business, as did everybody else in Wall Street. It ended, and the firm's customers, after a few bad "slumps" in prices, were admonished to turn bear in order to recoup their losses. Bears believe prices are too high and should go lower; bulls, optimists, believe the opposite. The public can't sell stocks "short" any more than the average man is left-handed. These customers were no exception, so they did nothing.

Hayward had "overstayed" the bull market, though not disastrously; that is, he was in error regarding the extent and duration of the upward movement of prices. He proceeded to fall into a similar error on the bear, or downward side. The market had been extremely dull following what the financial writers called a "severe decline," but which meant the loss of millions of dollars by speculators. A panic had been narrowly averted by a timely combination of "powerful interests," after which the market became professional. In the absence of complaisant lambs, the financial cannibals known as "room traders" and "pikers" tried to "scalp eighths" out of each other for weeks—to take advantage of fractional fluctuations instead of waiting for big movements. Hayward's customers, like everybody else's customers, were not speculating. So he used their money to protect his own speculations. Office expenses were numerous and heavy, and commissions few and light.

Hayward was very bearish. He had sold stocks, sharing the belief of the majority of his fellows, that the lowest prices had not been reached. As a result he was heavily "short," and he could not "cover" at a profit, because prices had advanced very slowly, but very steadily.

One day a big gambler in Chicago, bolder or keener than his Eastern brethren, thought the time was ripe for a "bull" or upward movement in general, and particularly in Consolidated Steel Rod Company's stock. He was the chairman of the board of directors. Mr. William G. Dorr decided upon a plan whereby the stock would be made attractive to that class of speculative investors, so to speak, who liked to buy stocks making generous disbursements of profits to their holders. Mr. Dorr's plan was kept a secret. The first step consisted of sending in large buying orders, handled by prominent brokers, and synchronously the publication, in the daily press, of various items, all reciting the wonderful prosperity of the Consolidated Steel Rod Company and its phenomenal earnings; also the unutterable cheapness of the stock at the prevailing price. Mr. Dorr and associates, of course, had previously taken advantage of the big "slump" or fall in values to buy back at 35 the same stock they had sold to the public some weeks before at 70. Having acquired this cheap stock, they "manipulated"—by means of further purchase—the price so that they could sell out at a profit.

It so happened, however, that once before dividend rumors about "Con. Steel Rod" had been disseminated, with the connivance of Dorr, and they had not come true, to the great detriment of credulous buyers and the greater profit of the insiders, who were "short" of the stock "up to their necks"—a typical bit of stock-jobbing whereat other and more artistic stock-jobbers had expressed the greatest indignation. Instead of putting the stock on a dividend-paying basis, the directors had decided—at the last hour—that it would not be conservative to do so, whereupon the stock had "broken" seventeen points. The lambs lost hundreds of thousands of dollars; the insiders gained as much. It was a "nice turn."

Hayward remembered this, and when the stock, after several days of conspicuous activity and steady advances, rose to 52, he promptly sold "short" 5,000 shares—believing that the barefaced manipulation would

not raise the stock much above that figure, and that before long it must decline. Only a month previously it had sold at 35 and nobody wanted any of it. He was all the more decided in his opinion that the "top" had been reached by prices, because Mr. Dorr, in a Chicago paper, had stated that the stockholders would probably receive an entire year's dividend at one fell swoop by reason of the unexampled prosperity in the steel rod trade. Such an action was unprecedented. It had been talked about at various times in connection with other stocks, but it had never come true. Why should it come true in this instance?

Hayward, familiar with Dorr's record, promptly "coppered" his "tip" to buy, banking on Dorr's consistent mendacity. But Mr. William G. Dorr, shrewdest and boldest of all Western stock gamblers, fooled everybody—he actually told the truth. That week the directors did exactly as he had predicted. When a speculator of his caliber lies he fools only one-half—the foolish half—of the Street. When he tells the truth he deceives everybody. Before Wall Street could recover from the shock the price of the stock was up 5 points, which meant that Hayward was out $25,000 on that deal alone. But, in addition, the general list was carried upward sympathetically. The semi-paralyzed bulls regained confidence as they saw the successful outcome of the Chicago gambler's manœuvers in Consolidated Steel Rod. Money rates and bear hopes fell; stock values and bull courage rose! Hayward began "covering" Steel Rod. He "bought in" 5,000 shares, and after he finished he had lost $26,750 by the deal. He was still "short" about 12,000 shares of other stocks, on which his "paper" losses, at the last quoted prices, were over $35,000; but if he tried to buy back such a large amount of stock in a market so sensitive to any kind of bull impetus, he would send prices upward in a jiffy, increasing his own losses very materially.

He went to his office that morning in a tremor. He consulted the cashier, and found he had only $52,000 at the bank, of which two-thirds belonged to his customers. He was already, morally speaking, an embezzler. He was ruined if he didn't cover, and he was ruined if he did. His "seat" on the Stock Exchange was worth possibly $40,000, not a cent more; and as he personally owed his out-of-town correspondents nearly $38,000, he could not avoid being hopelessly ruined. Moreover, his bankruptcy would not be an "honest" failure, for, as he told himself bitterly, after the harm was done, "I had no business to speculate on my own hook with other people's money."

He had felt it rather than had seen it coming, for, gambler-like, he had closed his eyes and had buried his head in the sand of hope, trusting in luck to protect him from punishment. But now he was face to face with the question that every gambler dreads: "If I stood to lose all, how desperate a risk would I take in order to get it back?" The answer is usually so appallingly thief-like that the numerous Haywards of the Stock Exchange and the Board of Trade forthwith stop thinking with a suddenness that does credit to the remnants of their honesty. But it haunts them, does the ominous question and the commenced but unfinished answer.

As he left his office to go to the "Board Room" he put to himself the fateful query. But he would not let himself answer it until he had stopped at "Fred's," the official barroom of the Stock Exchange, and had taken a stiff drink of raw whiskey. Then the answer came.

He was ruined anyhow. If he failed without further ado, that is, without increasing his liabilities, he would be cursed by twenty-five of his customers and by fifteen of his fellow-brokers who were "lending" stocks to him. But if he made one last desperate effort, he might pull out of the hole; or, at the worst, why, the number of cursing customers would remain the same, but the fellow-brokers would rise to twenty or thirty.

He took another stiff drink. The market had become undoubtedly a bull market. The bears had been fighting the advance, and there still remained a stubborn short interest in certain stocks, as, for example, in American Sugar Company stock. Now, if that short interest could be stampeded it might mean an eight or ten-point advance. If he bought 10,000 or 15,000 shares and sold them at an average profit of four or five points, he would put off the disaster, and if he made ten points he would be a great operator. He had, to be sure, no business to buy even 1,000 shares of Sugar; but then he had no business to be on the verge of bankruptcy.

The liquor was potent. Sally said to himself, aggrievedly: "I might as well be hung for a flock as for one measly old mutton."

He walked a trifle unsteadily from "Fred's" across the narrow asphalted New Street to the Stock Exchange. He paused at the entrance. There was no escape. Unless he

"HE RUSHED OUT OF THE CROWD TO HIS TELEPHONE."

could make a lucky strike, he would fail, ignominiously.

"Pike's Peak or bust!" he muttered to himself, and walked into the big room.

"Good morning, Mr. Hayward," said the door-keeper. Hayward nodded absently, caught himself repeating, "Pike's Peak or bust!" and walked straight toward the Sugar post.

He began to bid for stock. One thousand shares at 116; he got it. Another thousand; it was forthcoming at 116⅛. A third thousand; somebody was glad to sell it at 116¼. So far, so bad. Then he bid 117 for 2,500 shares, and it was promptly sold. But when he bid "117 for any part of 5,000!" the crowd hesitated; the bankers were not altogether sure Hayward was "good for it"; his ability to pay for the stock was not undoubted. So Sally, taking advantage of the hesitation, bid 117¼ and 117½ for 5,000 Sugar, at which price "Billy" Thatcher, a two-dollar broker, sold it to him. It made 10,500 shares Hayward had bought, and the stock had risen only 1½ points. The shorts were not frightened a wee bit. But Sally was. He rushed out of the crowd to his telephone and made a pretence of "reporting" the transactions to his office, as he would have done had they been *bona fide* purchases. He was followed by a hundred sharply curious—and curiously sharp—eyes.

They saw him hold the telephone receiver to his ear with an expression of great interest, as if he were listening to an important message. But the only message he heard was that of his heart beats, that seemed to say, almost articulately: "You have played and you have lost; you have played and you have lost. Therefore, you are that much worse off than before. You must play again—*and not lose!*"

He left his telephone and rushed back to the Sugar crowd. He was less excited, less like a drunken man; his face was no longer flushed, but pale. And anon there flashed upon him, as if in candent letters, the words, *Pike's Peak or bust!* But *Pike's Peak* glowed dully, feebly, while the alternative was of a lurid splendor. And he blinked his eyes and made a curious impatient motion with his hand, as one waves away an annoying insect.

He gave an order for 5,000 Sugar to his friend, Newton Hartley.

"Is this for yourself, Sally?" asked Hartley.

"No. It's for one of the biggest men in the Street, Newt. It's all right. Absolutely O. K."

And thus reassured, Hartley bought the stock. The price was 118. The seller would hold Hartley responsible for the purchase money if Hayward "laid down"—refused to pay.

Sally wiped his forehead twice, quite unnecessarily. The shorts were not stampeding. Any attempt to sell out the 15,000 shares he had bought would result only in depressing the price, five points at least. It was worse than bad, the outlook for him.

He gave another order to buy 5,000 shares to "Billy" Lansing, an old and reliable two-dollar broker, but Lansing declined it. He tried another, but the order was not accepted. They mistrusted him, but he could not even bluster, for they excused themselves on the ground of having important orders elsewhere. So he had recourse to another personal friend—J. G. Thompson.

"Joe, buy 5,000 Sugar."

"Are you sober?" said Thompson, seriously.

"See for yourself," answered Sally laughingly. He had nerve. "Old man, I've got a very big order from one of the biggest men in the Street. Some important developments are going on."

"Sally, are you sure you've got an order from some one else?" asked the unconvinced broker. His incredulity was obviously in the nature of an insult, but it was pardonable, for there was too much at stake.

"Joe, come over to the office and I'll show you— Really, I can't tell you. But I can advise you, as a friend, to buy Sugar for all you are worth." And as he uttered the lie he looked straight into Thompson's eyes.

"Hayward, are you sure? Are you sure you're not making a mistake?" He wanted the commission of $100, but he did not feel certain of his friend.

"Oh, hell, no. I've got a lot more to buy. It's all right. Go ahead, Joe."

And Joe went ahead. He bought the 5,000 shares. The stock rose to 119½, and Hayward, warned by his experience with Hartley and Thompson, did not ask either friend or foe to buy another 5,000 shares for him. What he did was to distribute buying orders for 10,000 shares in lots of 500. Brokers now accepted his orders, for they were not so large as to be dangerous. And the stock rose to 122⅜. A few shorts were frightened. He might win out after all; he might make Pike's Peak. He began to bid up the stock. He even bought "cash" stock, that is, stock for which he paid cash, had to pay cash outright, receiving the certificates forthwith, presumably to hand over to some investor of millions. Everybody on the "floor" was talking about Hayward. The entire market had risen in sympathy with Sugar.

But at 124 it seemed as if the entire capital stock was for sale. He ceased buying. He had accumulated 38,000 shares. To pay for the stock necessitated about six and one-half millions! But if he could unload on an average of only 122 he might "come out even" in his other troubles.

He gave an order to sell 10,000 shares to a broker to whom he had always been a good friend. It was a fatal mistake. The broker, Louis W. Wechsler, had previously sold 1,000 shares to Hayward for "cash" at 122. He suspected what was coming, and declining the order, he himself went to Hayward's office and asked for a check. The cashier sought to put him off with excuses, and Wechsler now being certain of the true state of affairs, returned to the Board and began to sell Sugar short for his own account. If a crash came he would make a great deal of money. Hayward was sure to be ruined, and Wechsler told himself sophistically that he was only profiting by the inevitable. In the meantime Sally had sold the 10,000 shares

through another broker, and the price had declined to 121⅜. But Wechsler's 5,000 shares put it down to 120½. And somebody else sold more, and the shorts recovered from their fright, and the fatal hour was approaching when Hayward would have to settle. Pike's Peak or bust! He did, indeed, need a veritable Pike's Peak of dollars to pay for the 28,000 Sugar he had on hand. So he busted.

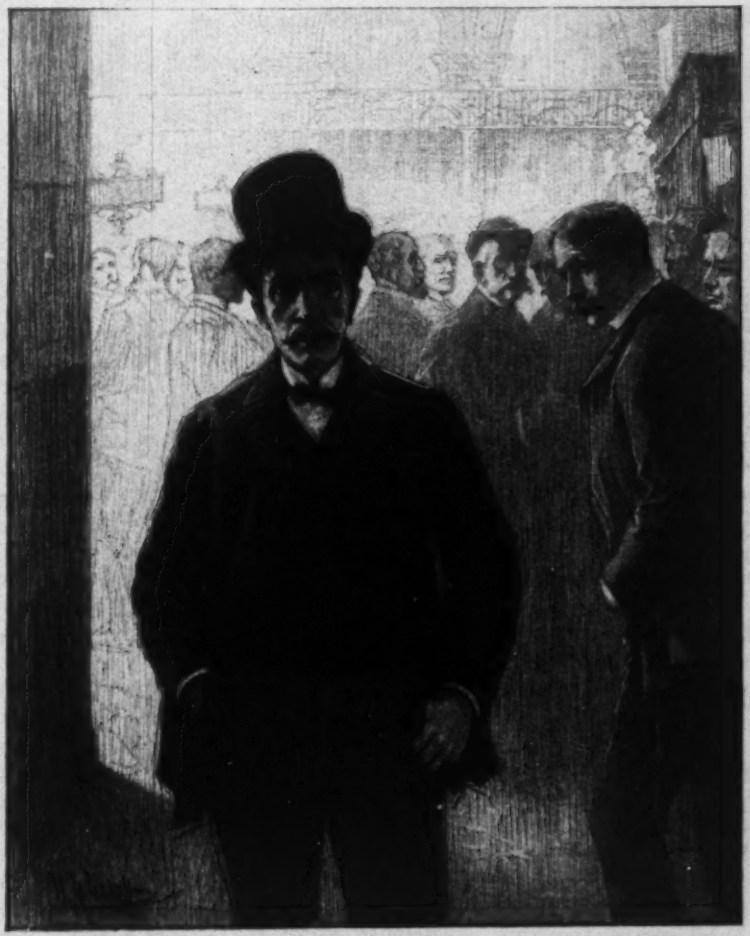
He threw up his hands. He acknowledged defeat to himself. The tension was over. He was no longer excited, but cool, almost cynical. On one of the little slips of paper on which brokers jot down memoranda of their transactions he scribbled a message in lead-pencil. It was his last official lie, and would cost Hartley and Thompson and other friends, as well as his customers, many thousands of dollars. It was as follows:

"Owing to the refusal of their bank to extend the usual facilities to them, Hayward & Co. are compelled to announce their suspension."

"Boy!" he yelled. And he gave the bit of paper to one of the Exchange messenger boys in gray. "Take this to the Chairman."

And he walked slowly, almost swaggeringly, out of the New York Stock Exchange —for the last time—as the Chairman pounded with his gavel until the usual crowd gathered about the rostrum, and listened to the announcement of the failure of "Sally" Hayward, who began as a nice little telephone-boy and ended as a stock-gambler.

"'PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST!'"



A Born Farmer

by Sarah Orne Jewett

with illustrations by
Bertha Corson Day.

JACOB GAINES looked like a king as he sat by the kitchen window and turned to face his wife and his young son and daughter, who were standing in the middle of the room in a completely astonished little group. Young Jacob still wore his cap and overcoat; he had brought his father a letter from the village post-office, besides the county newspaper and the "New England Farmer," but these had both fallen on the floor. The broad sheet of the letter was still in the elder Jacob's hand, and it told the news of a legacy from his cousin and old playmate, who had lately died, a very rich man, in Minnesota.

"Did you say fifty thousand dollars? You didn't mistake the sense, readin' it so fast; you don't mean it says fifty *thousand?*" asked his wife, who was pale and frightened, while Jacob wore a splendid air of triumph.

"Yes, I did say so, too—you can read it yourself and see. Conscience' sake, what are we goin' to do with such a lot o' money! There ain't a man in town could raise more'n half of it," and his face suddenly fell. Jacob Gaines had always been a hard-working man, who never could do half he wished to do for his family, but work had always been his best pleasure, while the farm life had always been unwelcome drudgery to his wife.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" she repeated, and an expression of relief and perfect delight shone on her small, anxious face, while Jacob now grew graver every moment, and at last he turned squarely round and looked out of the window.

"I guess you'll have to buy me that sorrel colt o' Forsyth's, now," said young Jacob, triumphantly; "a hundred and twenty-five dollars don't look so big as it did this morning."

"He's good for nothing but show," said the father impatiently, taking refuge in something appreciable. "Poor weedy thing, and I told you so from the first. You can look about for a better colt than that." His voice broke, as if he could not say another word without crying; he turned again and

put his shoulders close to the glass, like a child, and pretended to be looking sharply at something in the lower meadow.

"Poor old Nat," he said presently, with deep emotion. "I never expected he'd remember me so. He knew this farm wan't ever goin' to be a gold mine. I guess he knew I'd had it hard, but he needn't ha' done so much. Lord, how many days we've played together! I wish he was 'live again, and the money might go hang."

"Well, there," said Mrs. Gaines. "He is gone, and I'd feel to enjoy it if I was you, after he remembered you."

"I shall. I've been dreadful anxious, times enough when none o' you knew," said Jacob, coming bravely back to his every-day manner. "It's a godsend for me an' all of you. You shan't ever have it so hard again. You shall have help, all you want, Adeline. You've been real uncomplainin', and I've felt grateful for it, but I didn't know no other way but to pinch and save till I could get free o' my mortgage. My, how big that last six hundred dollars looked to me this morning, when I thought o' raisin' it outside our livin'. I've worked to keep it growin' smaller, payin' a little somethin' right along, and now 'tis all over."

Jacob Gaines's face had grown pale with excitement, and the three listeners were moved by the deep feeling of the moment; it seemed as if, for the first time, they understood the difficulties and anxieties of the past, but it was much easier to accept the thought of a rich and comfortable future. The wife took a step nearer to Jacob, and then bent over and kissed him, and then Mary Ellen followed her, and then the young son, who felt half ashamed before the two women, though he really understood his father better than they, came and kissed him, too. Jacob could hardly keep from bursting into tears. They were not a demonstrative

". . . *Trudging home at nightfall from his day's work.*"

family, but he was a very affectionate man at heart. He was already beginning to look like an old man at forty-nine, with many years of hard work on the unwilling soil of his small farm.

"Well, I must be right off to my chopping, same's usual," he announced cheerfully. "That cord o' wood's promised to Dr. Marsh's folks to-morrow morning, certain sure. Land! how I wish I'd ventured to drain that lower meadow before the ground froze; somethin' kep' tellin' me to, but I'm goin' to pitch in an' do it another year."

"Oh, you ain't goin' to stay right here an' drudge on this plaguey farm an' work yourself to death!" complained his wife in a sharp, strange voice. "Oh, I ain't goin' to have you do so, Jacob! The children ought to have somethin' different, and as for you an' me, we're most drudged to death now."

Jacob flushed and looked up at her, full of wonder.

"Why, it's our home, ain't it, Addie?" he said, too much astonished to be able to put the vague apprehension of his heart into words. "An' we're goin' to have everything just as easy as we want it, now. Jakey, I guess you'd better come along an' help me this afternoon, if you ain't got to go right off colt-huntin'."

This good-natured every-day joke helped to lighten a moment of strange tension, and they all laughed at Jakey, who wagged his head with a knowing air. Young Jacob was a well-grown person of eighteen years, just at the point where he was so afraid of not being recognized as a man that he constantly called attention to himself as a green boy, and seemed rather younger than he really was. But he had something of his father's heart, as well as his mother's quickness and persistence. He wore a pleasant, sober look as he helped his father to finish splitting, with axe and wedges, the tough cord of chestnut oak for Dr. Marsh at the village. Their bars of reserve and reticence were all down, and Jacob told, with wistful frankness, what a good fellow his playfellow, Nat, had been, and what boyish tricks they had played together, with some fruitless follies of their young manhood. And the father and son talked man-fashion with each other on equal terms about life, and planned a happy future, which the younger Jacob thought but narrow, though it oddly enough seemed to fill the whole field of his father's vision. All his life long the boy would remember how close they came to each other's hearts that late November afternoon; piling the wood and working hard together seemed a perfect delight to them both, and the sweet cold winter air was strangely exhilarating. Such work was nothing but play, since they were going to be rich enough now to turn every day into a holiday.

II.

It was no later than the first of January when Jacob himself locked the end door of the old farm-house on Pine Hill, and tried the latch once or twice to see if it were secure. His eyes were brimful of tears, and all the way to the depot he gave but gruff answers to the friendly and even jocular remarks of Hiram Ray, who was driving him to the train. Jacob was going to live in Boston. The oxen were sold and the cows and pigs; his old white horse, Fanny, was to be given to Hiram Ray for her keep. In late December, in the bitterest weather of that winter, Mrs. Gaines's brother and his wife had begged for a visit, and, together with a pleasing sense of their new riches and a constant desire to give his family all the pleasure that money could buy, Jacob had yielded to the invitation. It was easy enough to put a hundred dollars into his wife's hand the morning after they arrived, and to tell her that the bills for any large things for the house could be sent to him, but it was a startling difficulty to find the proposition awaiting him that he should accept a partnership in his brother-in-law's lumber business. His capital was promised an excellent interest; the outlook for building that spring was reported a third larger than in any preceding year. It was eagerly explained that there was no risk or uncertainty in the matter, that his experience as an owner of forest-land would count for much. The firm saw a chance to buy, at a bargain, double the lumber it had ever bought before, and the whole alliance seemed planned from the beginning of the world. And, as if to clinch the matter, a relative of the brother's wife was going to Colorado, and would let his well-furnished house at a discount from the usual rates to such a good tenant.

Jacob's head was giddy with talk and with trying to understand the lumber company's books. The whole tide of opinion was against him. Young Jacob was given work with excellent pay from the very first, and his wife

and Mary Ellen were to live, as Mrs. Gaines said, "like other people." But, look which way he would, Jacob kept having a sad vision of the old gray story-and-a-half farm-house on Pine Hill; sometimes the setting sun brightened the small panes of the windows as if he were trudging home at nightfall from his day's work, and yet he had been swept farther and farther down the current during those few swift bewildering days of the Boston visit, until the matter, he hardly knew how, was all arranged, and the children were hilarious with joy, while his wife, in her smart new clothes, began to look like a girl again, so rested and hopeful, and a Boston girl at that.

"'*No, no, I'm all out o' farmin'.*"

The last Sunday at church in Upton Corners was an unexpected trial, because everybody was sorry to lose such good neighbors out of a scattered and self-dependent neighborhood, and there were hard wringing of hands and few words among the men, and many last messages and assurances and kisses and tears between the women. On Monday morning the mother and her two children had gone to Boston with their old-fashioned trunks and boxes and the bird-cage and the cat, and now Jacob Gaines himself, he would insist that it should be so, was following alone with the little old dog, after he had spent a wakeful night in the old house and put his home fire out, and eaten a sad, cold breakfast before dawn, so that the dog and he could get time for a last tramp through the snowy woods, where he stood so long leaning against one of the old pines that little Tiger whined and shivered and begged him to come away. He left his axe and mittens in their place in the old woodshed, and his old cobbled snow-boots and leggins, and put on his Sunday clothes with cold resentment of the formalities of life. At any rate, the good old home would be there all ready to take them in again; but the next moment this seemed the worst thing of all, to go away and desert the warm little old house that was next thing to a man's own mother.

But the farm had no great possibilities; no other man who was less industrious could have managed to get a living and to pay, dollar by dollar, half the old mortgage besides. And Jacob was not really irresolute, even if tenderness of heart and a certain shyness had made him feel weak and timid. He would put it all behind him and remember that it was better for his children to know a city life. Even if he spent all his money on the old place, as his own heart was moved to do, it might bring no new opportunities or ambitions into their young lives. He gave a heavy sigh as Hiram urged old Fanny past the swampy meadow which he had always dreamed of draining, but by the time they had driven another mile Jacob was in sound control of his feelings, and on the depot platform he could shake hands and promise everybody with a bold and manly air to come back in the summer. On the train he looked out of the window and back at the western slopes of the long range of hills, until the poor old house, with its woods above on the height of land, was far out of sight.

III.

"Under the bare apple-tree boughs were two figures walking slowly."

It was one thing to make an ardently welcomed visit to a brother-in-law's family in Boston, and another to take one's place unnoticed by a cold world of indifferent neighbors in another part of the city. As for Jacob's new business, it was all that had been promised and more, but somehow or other his growing interest in it, and real pleasure in some honest-hearted acquaintances, men of his own sort and country-bred, did not bring much pleasure to his wife. She had seen all the great shops, but she was conscious of being a defenseless country stranger, and she had found too little to do in the new house. Housekeeping there seemed so easy at first that Jacob was puzzled to know why she so indignantly resented the idea of hired help, for which she had always been longing. Mary Ellen went and came gayly with the fast-expanding interest of the young, but the mother, who had ruled them all at home, seemed to be growing reluctant, and on the defensive now, and indifferent, and she insisted that the farm life had worn her out and was guilty of her discontent. Somehow she had never been hard to please in the old days; she was full of ambitions and industries, and in league with the social projects among her neighbors. With all his new affairs, Jacob was slow to notice the change, and only grieved that she seemed far from well, and felt that, perhaps, he ought to have left the old place sooner. Then there came the startling episode of a house-maid, but she was a good Prince Edward's Island Scotchwoman, who proved anything but a cinder in the family eye, being much of the same mind and experience as themselves, but Mrs. Gaines insisted that she took advantage and was forthputting. It was soon after this, however, that Mrs. Gaines began to find her only pleasure and interest in the consultation of a doctor, who found her in danger of a nervous breakdown. She had lent her neighborly hand and counsel in too many cases of illness, in the old neighborhood at home, not to be ready in the expression of her dangerous symptoms now; she could not sleep, and the doctor, being a young doctor and not gifted in the easy reading of human nature, took her symptoms at her own valuation rather than upon any observation of his own, and dosed her gallantly.

She could not sleep herself, and she would not let Jacob, for she thought, in wakeful hours, of so many objections to city-life that

had to be spoken of at once. At first she came home well satisfied from church, having found much cordiality from those who were glad to welcome a newcomer; but one unhappy Sunday noon she burst out crying, and said it wasn't "meeting" to her where she saw nobody but strangers.

"There, I feel crowded myself, but I didn't think for a minute but you'd catch right hold," confessed Jacob. "I thought you'd strike root quicker'n any of us; you felt eager to make the change."

"I did it for the good of others," protested poor Addie, "and now you all blame me!" And at this point Jacob hastily pretended to be asleep.

But one sad night toward the first of April Jacob came home to supper with a great story of some old country people, who had come to Boston to spend the day, and, when they were landed, sat close together in the old Fitchburg depot until their train returned in the afternoon. "John Beckley said the rest o' the folks urged 'em consid'able to go sight-seein'," reported Jacob, "but they stuck to it they didn't want to go no further; they could see all they wanted o' Boston just where they was."

"Needn't spend a lot o' money to do it either," young Jacob chuckled, being of a thrifty turn, but the mother flushed and looked most repellent, saying that she supposed that was said because she had complained of such a high rent and so little to show for it.

"Why, no, mother!" the boy protested, and Adeline Gaines sat down in the rocking-chair and said that they were all against her, and began to cry. Jacob and his father looked at each other in dismay. They could not possibly have guessed, or she, least of all, that her state of mind came from lack of interest in her new occupations, and lack of the old exercise; it is a serious thing to pull up a human plant by the roots, and start it again with even the least delay in an unsuitable soil. But Adeline continued to lay all her discomforts at the door of their old farm. Perhaps she was right; perhaps it was too late to have made the change.

But presently the doctor's tonics seemed to have worked only to make her more nervous, and indifferent to the shops, and unwilling to go alone any more in the trolley cars. The spring days grew longer, and there were more reasons for going out, and the narrow, uninteresting street seemed to the others more familiar, and even more like a neighborhood. Then Mary Ellen, the daughter, who had been most openly eager about their new friends, one day announced her desire to go back to Pine Hill to make a visit, and pouted unreasonably because somebody said that she had better wait until the ground was settled. It seemed to all of them as if they had been lonely Boston people for a whole year, when they had only been away from the farm three months. Mrs. Gaines, who had been the first to adventure, was the first to quail.

IV.

It was the early spring weather that made mischief with one member of the prosperous lumber company. One mild spring day poor Jacob walked all the way home from business, and could hardly bear the feeling of the soft air. It seemed as if he must hear the early frogs piping, and he winced as if with pain when he thought of the farm-work neglected; it was already worse than behindhand. He could not sleep very well that night with an interminable dream about broken fences and the big meadow all under water. He even had a terrible nightmare about being called up before the selectmen for these reasons, and seemed to see the faces of all the idlers in town crowding at doors and windows. He waked with a groan, and was ashamed to tell his wife what the matter was, which made a further coolness between them.

Jacob sat idle a while that morning in the busy office, and took no notice of a pile of circulars that gave his desk as busy an appearance as any one's in the office. He plunged his hands deep into his pockets, and wore a brooding and almost wrathful look as he tipped back his chair against the wall. Young Jacob's heart was deep in the affairs of the firm, but he gave more than one disturbed, affectionate glance at his troubled father, and at last crossed the room and put down a fresh handful of circulars to give a look of business to the interview, and asked him if he felt well. The young man was going by the eleven o'clock train on his first journey for the house to the north of New Hampshire, and had a sense of momentous importance, but he was now rebuffed like a teasing child. Jacob was usually the most even-tempered, affectionate man in the world, and the boy did not know what to do, after he had recovered from the first blaze of rebellion incident to his self-sufficient years. "Something's upset the old fellow," he con-

sidered deeply, with many solicitous glances. "He's too old to grapple with a business like this; I guess it's spring comin' on, and he wants to be at work." So he forgave everything with rare wisdom in one so young, and shook hands as he was hurrying off to catch the train. "When I get back perhaps they'll let you off to go up and see after the fences up home," he suggested.

"I can go now if I want to," began Jacob in haste, then the kind look in his boy's face softened him, and he shook hands again. "Guess I've got what they call spring feelings, Jakey," he said sorrowfully. "I've been eatin' like a leather judgment, an' I miss my work. Your mother's all out o' kilter, too; we ought to stayed at home."

Young Jacob glanced at the clock; there was plenty of time before the train went, after all. "Come along, father," he said coaxingly; "you'll feel better out o' doors. Walk along down to the depot with me."

"Ain't they been usin' you well in the office?" asked Jakey, like a whole-hearted champion, when they were on the street.

"First rate," said Jacob. "Square as a box, but I ain't been no kind o' real advantage from the first. My money may be worth something here, but I ain't. You know that well's I do. They heave a lot o' them foolish circulars on to my desk; chest protectors an' soothin' surrups and buzz-saws, and I don't know what all. I got a list o' talkin' parrots, and another o' women-folks' gear yesterday. I expected there'd be a good deal o' goin' off up country viewin' lumber lots and large pieces o' growth, an' some kind o' out-door campaignin' to it. I can set the value o' timber on the stump just as well as any man. Lord, they don't do nothin' the old-fashioned way; some dapper little creatur' that never seen a tree, walks in and says he represents folks over to Mott Haven or down to Bangor. 'Tain't no such business as I expected."

"We're getting an awful big interest on our money," suggested Jakey.

"I don't care if we be," said Jacob. "'Tain't no business for a man right in his prime. You'd make a good smart clerk whatever you turned to, but just look at me! Settin' and settin' and signin' my name to papers they can't stop to have me read over, and this morning I couldn't fetch my wes'-coat buttons nowheres near together. I've increased so in my girth, I'm wheezy as old Uncle Abel Potter, up home."

Jacob's tone had so nearly approached the melodramatic that Jakey felt safe in chuckling, and his father joined in, but not with any great heartiness.

"Now I guess we'll have to say good-by if you ain't in trainin' for a run," said the boy; "I've got to hurry the rest of the way."

"Yes, you'd better take an' run," said Jacob; "I've been kind of loiterin'," and the slender lad was off quickly across the crowded street. Jacob stood still and watched him wistfully, and gave a heavy sigh before he went his way.

"Just what he likes, but how be I goin' to get through the whole summer this way?" exclaimed the homesick farmer.

Something led his idle footsteps to the region of the great city markets, and the headquarters of farming implements, and Jacob's solemn face began to grow brighter again. He carefully examined the display of plows and harrows, and scoffed boldly at expensive planters and weeders, until the happy minutes had flown by to noon. Then he went into the market-house itself, and took a seat in an oyster stall and ate a sufficient but hurried meal, as if he were snatching a hasty nooning in haying time, or before a long afternoon of hoeing potatoes.

As he strolled down the broad aisle of the great building, meaning to go back to the office, one stall after another engaged his happy attention. The beef, the poultry, the astonishing supplies of eggs were full of enchanting interest; it was the idle moment of the day, and this lonely spectator found a friend in a pleasant old seller of the best Maine potatoes.

"Lord, what a price!" exclaimed Jacob, sociably, when he had heard what this new friend paid at wholesale. "I could raise 'em up to my place so I could let you have 'em for two-thirds the money, and favor myself well too."

"Wish you would!" said the potato man. "I'd take anywheres up to a thousand bushels right along through the winter."

"No, no, I'm all out o' farmin'," said Jacob Gaines, with such a sorry look that one might have thought him a man in distress who had met with sad losses.

"Good, hearty-looking fellow like you won't be out of it long," said his new acquaintance reassuringly; "you act to me like a born farmer."

"Just what I be exactly," announced Jacob, brightening up. "I ain't felt so much at home all winter as I do this minute talkin' to you. Lord, how good an' earthy them potatoes do smell!"

V.

One day, toward the end of April, there was an arrival of two Boston persons with a small dog at the country depot nearest to the old Pine Hill farm. Jacob Gaines and his wife, very well dressed in the new clothes which even in Boston life they had worn but little, both carrying baskets and bundles as if they were coming home to Thanksgiving, alighted from the train with faces all ablaze with happiness. There was their daughter waiting to meet them, and Hiram Ray's son held old white Fanny by the head. The democrat wagon couldn't begin to hold their baggage, large and small; they had left their town house as it stood, without a sigh, and paid a quarter's rent, as if it were the price of liberty. Nobody had been told that they were coming for anything more than a visit and for the change of air, which Mrs. Gaines needed, since Boston had not suited her constitution.

But when the train had passed and Jacob Gaines breathed his native air in all its noble freshness, he clapped his hands on his sides and straightened up, as if he were going to crow, and laughed aloud when the station-master asked if he were not going to stop with them a spell. As for the democrat wagon, it was a veritable chariot of victory. Young Ray couldn't find a chance to ask any polite questions about city affairs, for all their interests were in farming. Jacob's eye was like an eagle's, but he had to ascertain whether the frost was all out of the ground, and whether the grass was winter-killed everywhere as little as this, and how the up-country folks were getting forward with their plowing.

"There, Adeline, home's home, ain't it?" he asked, grandly, when they were both together in the old kitchen. Mary Ellen had even brought her mother's geraniums home from the Rays' warm winter kitchen, and put them in their places in the south window. "I tell you this looks pleasanter to me than anything since we've been gone—now I guess you're goin' to feel better."

But Adeline was impatient of idle talk. "I don't suppose there's any saleratus left in the cupboard, is there, Mary Ellen?" she asked imperiously, and came herself to look before she began to hurry about in her old cheerful fashion. "We brought a cold fowl and some raised bread an' butter, so's to have something for supper, but I guess your father'll like some o' those rye short-cakes if I ain't forgot how to make 'em. You step right out an' ask Mis' Ray if she won't lend me a quart o' rye meal."

As for Jacob, he escaped to the barn, without once thinking of the effect of cobwebs on his best black hat. It would have seemed most comforting to inspect the pigs, but there was one of his own old red cows to look at, which Hiram Ray had sent back, and young John Ray was there putting up the mare in her old stall for the night, and Mr. Gaines went round to shake hands with the young man formally, as if they had not met before. "Here, you let me pitch down the hay," he said.

"No, no, I ain't goin' back till I have to," he said, gleefully, a little later. "Mary Ellen wan't ever contented after the very first, and Mis' Gaines was sick all the time, and I told 'em they might keep my money goin' in the lumber trade if they'd let me come home an' farm it and get my house and barn fixed up the best I know how. I can live here well's I can there. Jakey's the only one that's got wonted; there ain't no farmer to him, an' never was."

That May night after supper Jacob stepped to the door to look across his fields and observe the weather before he went to bed. Down the lane, under the bare apple-tree boughs, were two figures walking slowly, close together.

"I guess Mary Ellen's put her heart right into farming, too," said the cheerful father. "Well, John Ray's a good boy. I thought he showed considerable interest in my spring work I've laid out. I guess he means more than coming over to help me plow. Well, Jakey'll always have a home to come to, but I grudge the boy's stayin' there in all that clatter and crowd."

And Jacob Gaines took another look at the starlit sky and the dim familiar shapes of the old Maine hills.

"I'm goin' to buy me the best steppin' horse now that I can find. Nat knew I'd look for a real good horse when he left me the money. Jakey can have the good of it when he comes home on his vacation; you know he had his mind on a smart colt," said Jacob later that night, apologetically, but his wife did not answer, for she was already sound asleep. She had never fallen asleep like that all the time they lived in Boston.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

THE TRUE STORY OF KEBETH, THE ALEUT.

WHY PRESIDENT McKINLEY WAS PETITIONED TO SAVE A MURDERER FROM THE SCAFFOLD.

By Frank A. Vanderlip and Harold Bolce.

Still the world is wondrous large,—seven seas from marge to marge,—
And it holds a vast of various kinds of man;
And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandhu,
And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.
—Kipling.

ALASKAN Indians paddling in their baidarkas or clustered at camp fires in their cedar forests are telling with awe the strange tale of Kebeth, the Aleut. Eskimos meeting on the ice pack pass along the amazing story and recount its tragic details as they huddle around their stone lamps of sputtering whale oil in their underground iglus beyond the Arctic circle.

The grim incidents of his crime and the riddle of his voluntary martyrdom are equally treasured, and he who can boast of having roamed over frozen mountains with this mighty hunter or sailed with him on any of his annual returns in his pelt-laden umiak to the trading posts of the white men on Kotzebue Sound, or Bristol Bay, is himself a hero in the eyes of his native comrades. President McKinley, too, comes in for a liberal share of their admiration, for it was the Great White Umialik at Washington (the Father who sends the revenue cutter "Bear") who, on the 16th of November, 1900, wrote the climax of the story when by his signature he struck from the path of the principal actor in the plot the shadow of the scaffold. It is true that the gray walls of life imprisonment were substituted, but with Kebeth saved from the ignominy of execution, his romance, among his brethern, becomes immortal.

"The circumstances in this case," said the Attorney General in his memorial to President McKinley, "are most extraordinary, and deserve a special chapter in the annals of remarkable crime."

The prisoner now beginning his life sentence is declared in the official papers to have been "one of the most reckless, dangerous, and fearless Indians in Alaska." In the typewritten record of the trial which the court forwarded to the White House, Kebeth is set down ingloriously as "Jim Hansen," for under that commercial alias he bartered his skins and furs and walrus ivory.

Kebeth, the Swift, his Aleutian tribesmen call him. He was a famous hunter. For a decade, tales of his prowess have been repeated from Sitka Bay to the Isthmus of Pernyu. He was a prodigious rover. He plied his calling from the Aleutian chain and the Kadiak Archipelago, to the far desolations around Point Barrow. His skill in hunting the sea otter on the shores of native islands is recalled with pride by his people. At Cook's Inlet and at other coast points he was known as the Brown Bear, from his success in hunting that animal. Kebeth did not share the tradition of his tribe that the brown bear is an Indian in the disguise of a bear. Ages ago, before his people abolished the office of native ruler, a beautiful daughter of a chief, according to the legend, coming across bear-tracks in her path, spoke contemptuously of that animal, and, for her indiscretion, was beguiled into the brown bear's lair and forced to wed that shaggy creature. To her the bear confided his great secret, and she in turn warned her tribesmen to spare her ursine progeny. But Kebeth was not impressed by this tribal myth, nor did he, as some of his fellow-hunters who also defied the tradition, atone for his slaughterings by first addressing compliments to the intended victim, a performance which to the savage conscience of the Alaskan expiates the sin of the killing.

During the hunting season Kebeth and his followers would work up over the ice-pack,

bagging black bear in the St. Elias Alpine range, harvesting lynx, and martin, and black fox, from the fastnesses of the upper Yukon, and the white fox along the Kuskoquim River, and then press on to the polar wilderness. Arctic blizzards did not intimidate these native hunters. When melted snows began to run out on the sea ice, indicating that the long winter was about to relax, Kebeth and his hunters would build them an umiak, or skin boat, with a framework of cedar lashed by seal thongs, and the whole covered with the skins of walrus artfully sewed and pulled tight. In this strange craft, which storms cannot imperil, the hunters sailed back across Kotzebue Sound and sold their fox, bear, mountain goat, and reindeer skins to the Kablonas, the white men who have whiskey and tobacco and gold, treasures seemingly as indispensable to Alaskans as they are to some of the most civilized of mankind.

With the long chase ended and their trophies sold, their goat-skin purses filled with gold, their puksaks of wolverine fur bulging with tobacco, and their canteens of sealskin brimming with unholy brews and distillations, the happy hunters would begin their annual riot.

Sometimes they had their saturnalia at Juneau, sometimes at small Eskimo villages, but of recent years Skaguay, with its population of adventurous gold-seekers, its dives and dance halls, seemed to offer superior facilities, and there Kebeth and his crew celebrated their holidays. At such times, while not transgressing the license which serves for frontier law, these rude hunters were greatly feared, their leader particularly, and even white men noted for their scorn of sudden death, treated him with discreet civility.

On his hunting expeditions and in his annual carousals, Kebeth's most beloved comrade was Artikoor, the Silent, a kinsman noted for his imperturbability, his restraint, and his wholesome influence over Kebeth. But for Artikoor, the daring leader would long ago have been implicated in serious crimes. It was Artikoor who gave timely warning and by his example kept the savage revelry within certain bounds. Artikoor was also skilled above all his fellows in ice-craft. In the knowledge of the habits of Arctic game he had no superior.

Early in the fall of 1899 Artikoor sought to wind up the season's revelry. "The walrus," said he, "swims to his winter seas, and the ptarmigan and kiraion, the gray plover, fly to their distant homes. Let us, then, leave the kasheem, the house of dancing, to white men and their women."

For once, however, the seductions of a Skaguay vacation overcame the laconic suggestions of his kinsman, and Kebeth refused to rally for the expedition. Without further word Artikoor provisioned a small craft or kaiak, and, taking his wife, Shucungunga, and their child, started on a little trip, intending, it is supposed, to shoot a few eider ducks and ptarmigan, and with this game, on his return, to rekindle in his drunken leader his old-time love of the chase. In fact, to Un-a-hoots, one of the hunters, Artikoor intimated that such was his purpose.

When Kebeth realized that Artikoor was gone, his thirst for pleasure was suddenly cloyed. For several days he sat as if dazed. When a week passed and no tidings came from his comrade, Kebeth, thoroughly sobered, resolved to try to find him. While making preparations, an Indian brought word that he had seen a fragment of Artikoor's kaiak on the beach of Lynn Canal.

Now a council of war was held. It was decided that the Kablonas, knowing that Artikoor never spent all his gold, had murdered him and his family. That he had perished in a storm was absurd, for he was master of the winds and tides. He knew every reef. In his hands, his kaiak was as certain as the stars.

With the Indian who had brought the story, Kebeth's band moved up the coast. True enough, there on the sands at the edge of a deep wood lay the broken cockpit and some whalebone lashings of Artikoor's kaiak. A few feet beyond, half covered with driftwood, was a part of one of the missing man's mucklucks, an ancient bone spearhead which he had worn as an amulet, and a copper bracelet from the wrist of Shucungunga.

With a savage oath, Kebeth declared vendetta against the slayer of Artikoor.

No sordid compromise would have appeased this resolute hunter. Bravery and romance were in his blood. In that cockpit in which Artikoor had stoically steered to his mysterious death Kebeth read his duty to sail every sea, and in the torn fragment of mucklucks in which his sturdy comrade had stalked across glacial hunting-grounds he beheld the summons to explore every forest and every wilderness of ice until he should find his foe.

There was no riot of anger in his resolve, and it is a matter of record that from the moment he dedicated himself to maintaining this stern ideal of his people, he tasted no

liquor nor indulged in any form of license. His determination to take the life of the slayer of his kinsman was, to him, the holiest impulse he had known.

But how was he to find his enemy? It was one thing to bring out of the ice-wilderness the pelts of furred beasts; it was a far more difficult game to stain his knife with the blood of an unknown enemy.

Kebeth felt the need of a divination keener than the huntsman's, and, taking the melancholy mementoes of his friend, he returned with his band to his native village and besought his shaman.

A solemn session was held under the shadow of their totem pole, crowned with a crude effigy of the raven, the tribal emblem. The shaman, dressed in piebald wolverine skins, presided. Translating the curious and ancient carvings on the totem pole, the native priest declared that Kebeth was one of the chosen members of the tribe; that he was descended from men who had hunted the mammoth caligabuk, and even from more remote hunters who, before glaciers plowed the Arctic valleys, had followed the aurocks through forests of tamarack. Now a great thing had come to him. He was to fulfil the promise of his lineage.

"Go," said the shaman, "to the spot where you found the possessions of our brother, for as the tern's bill in the whalebone lashing of the seal spear causes that weapon to strike like the tern upon its prey, so shall this charm of crimson jasper which I give you bring the slayer of Artikoor to Kebeth's feet."

He further directed Kebeth to hang the amulet side by side with Artikoor's on a limb within sight of the place where the belongings of the missing hunter had been picked up, and, hidden behind bushes, to camp there.

"Within thirty sleeps," prophesied the seer, "the murderer will return."

So Kebeth and his followers established their camp and began their criminal vigil on the shore of Lynn Canal.

At this time a young man of Skaguay was planning to enjoy, with his bride, an outing in the beautiful woods along the channel. Here is the Attorney General's story of their fate:

"Sometime about the beginning of October, 1899, Burt Horton and Florence Horton, a young married couple, residing at Skaguay, procured a boat, and, putting into it a tent, guns, and provisions, and a few necessary articles of clothing and camping equipments, started off from Skaguay with the avowed intention of camping for three or four weeks, and of fishing, hunting, and prospecting. Burt Horton was some twenty-seven years of age, and his wife about nineteen years of age. They had been married about a year. These people were never again seen alive by any one except their murderers."

Kebeth and his hunters, from their hiding-place, saw Horton's craft approaching. "Vengeance is mine," murmured the hunter, "the Kablona brings his woman."

With a quick turn of the tiller, Horton sent the prow of his boat deep into a shelving bank. A miniature avalanche of loose earth struck the water, sounding like clods on a coffin.

Horton set to work to carry their blankets, tents, and provisions ashore. His wife, picking up a stick, wrote their Christian names in the beach sand, and in that act traced their epitaphs.

"She is looking for Shucungunga's bracelet," whispered the Aleut.

Now she ran to help her husband. Fire was started, and they were enjoying their coffee when rifle shots and savage yells shrieked through the woods.

Horton tried to leap to his feet, staggered, and fell on his face, dead. His wife, mortally wounded, extended her arms helplessly toward him.

The savage hunter and his grisly butchers were upon them.

With a knife he had inherited from his fathers, and which was subsequently produced in court—a savik of gray flint with handle of reindeer antler—Kebeth vengefully slashed the dead miner.

"Here, Son of the Raven," he then cried to one of his hunters, "you knew Shucungunga; avenge her death."

As bidden, the Indian, who figured in the trial as "Jim Williams," cut the young woman's throat.

They buried the bodies in the sands at the skirt of the woods.

Kebeth returned to the shaman, displayed his blood-stained savik, and related the details of his crime.

"Well done, brother," said the man of mystery, "but go not again on the chase until kinalin, the king duck, returns to the north, for Orca, the demon of the deep, lurks for you in the storm, and Kajariak, the evil master of the kaiak, rides in the cockpit, and T'kul, the wind spirit, prowls for you on polar mountains. Go back to the city of the Kablonas, for greater things yet shall Kebeth, Son of the Raven, do."

Pondering this strange command, and moved by unaccustomed forebodings, Ke-

beth, accompanied by his impenitent band, returned to Skaguay.

They were still rich in gold, but Kebeth ordered that there should be no more dole or drink. Kebeth moved like one in a dream, walking erect, looking neither to the right nor the left. Residents of Skaguay, accustomed to the delirious lawlessness of the hunter, noted his sobriety, the manliness of his walk, and the dignity of his speech.

"The Brown Bear," they said, "has reformed."

Some of his followers, whose thirst had not been appeased by the sacrifice of blood, demurred at the temperance régime, but the leader was inflexible, commanding them to abstain yet a while, lest, by succumbing to the habits of the white men, they dim the glory of their savage deed. Kebeth's law was not questioned. He had ever been the master of these men; now he was to them a moral hero, as well.

One night, as the lights of the saloons of Skaguay began to gleam, to lure wayward feet, Kebeth and his hunters were attracted by the sounds of singing and the beating of tambourines. Looking, they saw a little company of men and women in queer costumes. They sang, shouted, waved their arms, and beat their instruments. In front a man carried a banner.

As the Indians gazed, the strange company paused, knelt on the unpaved streets, and prayed. Then Adjutant McGill, of the Salvation Army, began to address the crowds that had gathered. He, in the once ridiculed methods of his strenuous organization, was seeking to reform this frontier city, where human life was held less sacred than gold dust.

His text was Barabbas, and he told the story in language that a wayfaring man, though an Indian, might not err therein.

"Life," he exclaimed, "is a glorious thing, but to die for a principle is sublime. Who would not rather die with Christ than live with Barabbas? Men of Skaguay, what master do you serve? Do you follow that redeemed host that marches under the fadeless banner of the Star of Bethlehem, or do you shamble with the rabble that clamors for the release of Barabbas, whose hands are red with human blood?"

Kebeth was visibly affected, but whether by the exhortation or by the music, he could not tell. The music, however, was not strange to him, for the kelyau, the one musical instrument of his people, is, in truth, a tambourine. Even the tunes were not new, for Adjutant McGill had adopted the melody of dance-hall ballads which the Indians, like all the inhabitants of Skaguay, had heard for a price. The words, of course, were novel.

Kebeth followed with the crowd to the "barracks."

He was as one who had excavated a buried city.

"God's mercy," he heard the leader say, "is wider than the sea. Come, men of Skaguay, renounce your sins and follies.

> "You get some gold, dug from the mud,
> Some silver ground and crushed from stones.
> Your gold is red with dead men's blood;
> Your silver black with oaths and groans.

"But know that, though your hands are crimson with crime, they may be white as snow."

"Hallelujah," cried a sweet-faced girl, striking a tambourine. There was a general shout from the army, and then more songs, prayers, and pleadings. There was much excitement. Above the confusion of tongues, Adjutant McGill's voice, urging sinners to repent, was like a bugle blast.

Several visitors, moved by a similar impulse, responded to the invitation to step forward, Kebeth among them. A policeman of Skaguay, believing the Brown Bear full of strong drink, thought to avert a race riot by putting him out. "Let him come," cried the Adjutant; "for the least among these, my brethren, is greatest in the kingdom of God."

Kebeth passed to the improvised altar. His braves remained in the seat of the scornful.

"What is your name, my brother," said Adjutant McGill, extending both hands.

"Barabbas," replied the hunter.

"Glory be to God, who saveth even to the uttermost," exclaimed the Adjutant. They prayed together, and together they mingled their tears.

That night Kebeth went home rejoicing. The defiant joy he had felt as a savage, glorying in a murder commanded by the customs of his people, had been supplanted by an ecstasy such as he had not felt since the first years of his budding manhood, when, pure of heart and rejoicing in the thrill of innocent victory, he gathered his harvests from the ice-swept trammels on his native coasts.

His men, fearing their leader had become possessed, had hurried home and were holding a council when Kebeth returned. He glanced at them benignantly, knowing what

was in their minds. As he knelt to adjust his blankets of deerskins and furs, he said something which sounded very much like "Hallelujah."

He was up early the next morning, and his clansmen watched him curiously. First he went out and cut a willow sapling, whittling it into a flat strip about five feet long. This he bent until the ends met, joining them by a band of walrus ivory, stitched to the under side of the slat with black whalebone, thus making a hoop. From a store of miscellaneous skins, ivory teeth, antlers, and amulets in his lodge, he took the dried peritoneum of a seal and stretched it over the hoop, fastening it taut with sinew braid.

"Kebeth makes a shaman drum," observed Un-a-hoots.

"No," replied the hunter, "the Son of the Raven has become the Son of God. To-night I shall sound this kelyau on the streets."

His followers, disturbed and mystified, held a secret session, to which the leader was not invited, a revolutionary performance without precedent in the record of their nomadic association. Kebeth's conversion to Christianity was costing him his dominion over savage flesh and blood.

Then Kak Klanat spoke, addressing the leader. "You know," said he, "that we are your friends, your slaves. In my home on the Island of the Four Mountains, they say Kebeth has bewitched his hunters. Where you go, we follow. But now you adopt the white man's mysteries; you turn priest. Kebeth, the Swift, we worship, but must I remind our brother that it is unlawful for an Aleut to kneel at the shrine of two shamans?"

"Your shaman is my shaman no more," said Kebeth. "In his lips he wears labrets of bone and porphyry. My lips shall speak glad tidings."

Later in his experience, after the Salvation Army had taught him the messages of the Gospel, Kebeth would frequently compare himself to the shaman who had now become to him one of a counterfeit priesthood. "The shaman," he would say, "deals in many signs and many wonders. I have but one sign—the sign of the Cross. On his head he wears the foolish kabru, covered with the teeth of mountain sheep. They rattle as he dances. I wear the crown of thorns."

That day, Kebeth, armed with his tambourine, presented himself at the Salvation Army barracks. There was much rejoicing and many songs of praise. That night he marched with the army, beating his kelyau with much power, and joining lustily in the hallelujahs. The Adjutant was profoundly impressed by the conversion of the Aleut, and, after the services, read and explained to him the story of Paul's illumination while on the way to Damascus.

When Kebeth returned to his cabin, he found it deserted. It had been solemnly agreed at the time of the murders on Lynn Canal that if one of the band confessed, the others would conspire to fasten upon him the entire guilt. His brethren, believing him demented, feared for their liberty, and had taken the trail to the north.

The news that the Brown Bear had turned lamb and entered the Christian fold astounded Skaguay, and, in consequence, the Army's audience the next night congested the streets.

With sudden inspiration, Kebeth addressed the crowd. In short sentences, picturesque with imagery, he told his story. His people had taught him to dance to the Aurora, and to veil his face behind the wooden mask and gorget when he prayed. But now, although his feet were still in the dirt and the tundra, his head was uncovered to the stars. Once the kelyau sounded to exorcise the Umiarissat, the demons of forest and stream; now he heard in the tinkle of the timbrel and the thunder of the drum, the voice of God.

The Skaguay crowd will not forget the "testimony" and exhortations of the Indian, but, unfortunately, no faithful record was kept of his rugged eloquence. Only the memory of its power remains. Some nights he would tell them, as no man had told it before, the story of St. Paul's experience, and would add: "I, Kebeth, called the Brown Bear, an Indian known to you, a man of sin, have seen that Light and heard that Voice."

Knowing his former reputation as a bad and reckless Indian, no man dared tell him he was insincere, nor was there such belief.

All Skaguay confessed that the Salvation Army had struck pay-dirt in its conversion of Kebeth.

"With that wild Aleut converted," one miner was heard to say, "Skaguay may be represented in heaven yet."

"Wouldn't be surprised to hear that Soapy Smith is twanging a harp somewhere near those regions, now," said another.

But Kebeth, though he was making a great hit, was sorely troubled. His crime

haunted him, and finally he broke down and confessed the whole horrible story to Adjutant McGill.

That good man had feared that some such revelation was impending and was not unprepared. The night that Kebeth had come forward, saying his name was Barabbas, had not been forgotten, but he had hoped that it was the metaphoric trend of the native's mind rather than the presence of appalling crime that had prompted his adoption of the title.

"Christ Jesus died for the sins of mankind," sobbed Kebeth. "Let me, a despised Indian, show the world that I can die for my own."

Acting upon the Adjutant's advice, Kebeth recited the details of the murder to United States Deputy Marshal Tanner, and led that officer and Judge Sehlbrede and a posse of citizens to the burial-place of Burt Horton and his wife. Snow had fallen, and the shores of Lynn Canal were covered to the depth of ten feet, but the hunter led them without a misstep to the spot. Digging down, they unearthed the bones of the bride and groom.

Attorney General Griggs, in his official statement of the case, says that the hunter, at the time he made his confession, and when he led the officials to the place of tragedy, and throughout the ensuing trial when his testimony was complete and self-accusing, had no other expectation than that he would be executed for his crime. "He frequently stated," adds the Attorney General, "that he desired to suffer death as an example to his people, with the hope that it might tend in the future to better their condition and prevent them from committing similar crimes."

Kebeth hoped that his execution would fully expiate the crime, but, of course, a trial was held, and his accomplices brought to justice. They were gathered from the four corners of the Arctic. They invoked much money and considerable influence in their defense, and tried desperately to shift full responsibility to their fallen leader, who, while more than willing to assume the whole blood-guiltiness, could not keep them in their cross-examination from betraying their complicity in the crime.

The court-room during the trial was crowded by Indians and Eskimos from all parts of Alaska. The fame of the leader, his marvelous conversion, and his sensational disclosures were absorbing themes even among the white population. To the natives the whole affair was a festival of no common order. Ten of Kebeth's Indians had been indicted. Six of them were convicted and sentenced to terms of imprisonment varying from twenty-three to fifty years, the penalty Kichitoo must pay for having shot Mrs. Horton. Jim Williams, who cut her throat, received a similar sentence. For turning State's evidence, some of the Indians were released. Melville C. Brown, Judge of the United States District Court, presided. In joining in the petition to President McKinley to save Kebeth from the gallows, he says:

"His entire conduct during the several trials of the other individuals, as well as his own, convinced me of the honesty of his confession, and the purity of the motives that induced it.

"That he was moved and controlled by a high religious fervor there can be no doubt.

"In the last act in the drama, when I reluctantly passed sentence of death upon him, in answer to the usual question, why sentence should not now be pronounced upon him according to law, he answered, with undaunted heroism, a benignant smile upon his face:

"'My brother, I have done my duty, now do yours.'

"Such rare fortitude I have never before witnessed."

The sentence of death was pronounced, and Kebeth was led away to await execution. Every one in the court-room, including the honorable judge on the bench, was affected to compassion. Seamed and grizzled miners, who had held unflinching *rôles* in bar-room fights, where pistol shots punctuated profanity, hurried away to hide feelings they would not willingly betray, and at near-by saloons sought to reassure themselves that their sympathy for their Indian brother had not resulted in any unmanly incapacity for drink.

Even the stoic Indians and Eskimos were, in some instances, moved to tears.

Now a most remarkable expression of public sentiment took place. Judge Brown, United States Marshal Tanner, the District Attorney, the clergymen of Alaska, its editors, physicians, lawyers, and merchants joined in a petition to President McKinley to spare the life of this self-condemned Aleut.

"This Indian," said the trial judge, "has done much for the cause of justice in Alaska. To hang him would, in my opinion, be unwise."

The Attorney General supplemented this petition by stating to the President that,

while under ordinary circumstances the subsequent repentance and confession of a man guilty of so savage and cold-blooded a murder as this ought not to save him from the extreme penalty of his crime, the circumstances in this case were of such an unparalleled character that precedents and conventional ideas of justice could not apply. Mr. Griggs dwelt upon the fact that Kebeth, when he planned and committed the crimes, "was only an unenlightened, unchristianized savage, presumably unmoved by the high moral instincts that guide and control civilized people; and that as soon as his conscience had been enlightened by the moral teachings of a Christian society, with a rare devotion to the standard of duty which his Christian conscience had raised up in his heart, he made immediate disclosure and confession of his crime, and submitted himself to the hands of the law, to abide its judgment.

"Clearly," added the Attorney General, "he ought not to go without punishment, but, in my judgment, it should be something less than the extreme penalty of the law. I think his sentence can wisely and justly be commuted to imprisonment for life, and I recommend that that action be taken."

By heeding these memorials and saving this converted Indian outlaw from the scaffold, President McKinley has given to the natives of Alaska a hero whose glory will grow as the years advance. Though ignorant of the classic ideals preserved in the story of the contest of Zeus with the Titans, Apollo's conquest of the Python, and in other civilized fables, they have drawn on ivory, and carved in stone, and on their totem poles, mythic representations of giant Indians and Eskimos who, for their people, fought valiantly with the demons of earth and air. And there is Delfa, daughter of the Spirit of the Winds, who, by a supreme sacrifice, brings the Sun annually to melt the frozen earth of the North. With these, and above them all, Kebeth, the Aleut, will be canonized in the imagination of these tribes, and though he will end his days in the Federal prison at McNeil's Island, his life-work as a reformer has just begun.

The prophecy of the shaman under the Totem of the Raven in the native village of Kebeth has been fulfilled.

KIM.

By Rudyard Kipling.

CHAPTER X.

Your tiercel's too long at hack, Sire. He's no eyass
But a passage-hawk that footed ere we caught him,
Dangerously free o' the air. Faith! were he mine
(As mine's the glove he binds to for his tirings)
I'd fly him with a make-hawk. He's in yarak
Plumed to the very point—so manned so weathered. . . .
Give him the firmament God made him for,
And who shall take the air of him?—*Old Play.*

LURGAN SAHIB did not use as direct speech, but his advice tallied with Mahbub's; and the upshot was good for Kim. He knew better now than to leave Lucknow city in native garb, and if Mahbub were anywhere within reach of a letter, it was to Mahbub's camp he headed, and made his change under the Pathan's wary eye. Could the little Survey paint-box that he used for map-tinting in term-time have found a tongue to tell of holiday doings, he might have been expelled. Once Mahbub and he went together as far as the beautiful city of Bombay, with three truck-loads of tram-horses, and Mahbub nearly melted when Kim proposed a sail in a dhow across the Indian Ocean to buy Gulf Arabs, which he understood from a hanger-on of the great Abdul Rahman, fetched better prices than mere Kabulis.

He dipped his hand into the dish with that great trader when Mahbub and a few co-religionists were invited to a big Haj dinner. They came back by way of Karachi by sea, when Kim took his first experience of seasickness sitting on the fore-hatch of a coasting-steamer, well persuaded he had been poisoned. The Babu's famous drug-box proved useless, though Kim had restocked it at Bombay. Mahbub had business at Quetta, and there Kim, as Mahbub admitted, earned his keep, and perhaps a little over, by spending four curious days as scullion in the house of a fat Commissariat sergeant, from whose office-box, in an auspicious moment, he re-

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moved a little vellum ledger which he copied out—it seemed to deal entirely with cattle and camel sales—by moonlight, lying behind an outhouse, all through one hot night. Then he returned the ledger to its place, and, at Mahbub's word, left that service unpaid, rejoining him six miles down the road, the clean copy in his bosom.

"That soldier is a small fish," Mahbub Ali explained, "but in time we shall catch the larger one. He only sells oxen at two prices—one for himself and one for the Government—which I do not think is a sin."

"Why could not I take away the little book and be done with it?"

"Then he would have been frightened, and he would have told his master. Then we should miss, perhaps, a great number of new rifles which seek their way up from Quetta to the North. The Game is so large that one sees but a little at a time."

"Oho!" said Kim, and held his tongue. That was in the monsoon holidays, after he had taken the prize for mathematics. The Christmas holidays he spent—deducting ten days for private amusements—with Lurgan Sahib, where he sat for the most part in front of a roaring wood-fire—Jakko-road was four feet deep in snow that year—and —the small Hindu had gone away to be married—helped Lurgan to thread pearls. He made Kim learn whole chapters of the Koran by heart, till he could deliver them with the very roll and cadence of a mullah. Moreover, he told Kim the names and properties of many native drugs, as well as the runes proper to recite when you administered them. And in the evenings he wrote charms on parchment—elaborate pentagrams crowned with the names of devils—Murra, and Awan the Companion of Kings—all fantastically written in the corners. More to the point, he advised Kim as to the care of his own body, the cure of fever-fits, and simple remedies of the Road. A week before it was time to go down, Colonel Creighton Sahib—this was unfair—sent Kim a written examination-paper that concerned itself solely with rods and chains and links and angles.

Next holidays he was out with Mahbub, and here, by the way, he nearly died of thirst, plodding through the sand on a camel to the mysterious city of Bikaneer, where the wells are 400 feet deep, and lined throughout with camel-bone. It was not an amusing trip from Kim's point of view, because—in defiance of the contract—the Colonel ordered him to make a map of that wild, walled city; and since Mohammedan horse-boys and pipe-tenders are not expected to drag survey-chains round the capital of an independent native state, Kim was forced to pace all his distances by means of a bead rosary. He used the compass for bearings as occasion served—after dark chiefly, when the camels had been fed—and by the help of his little Survey paint-box of six color-cakes and three brushes, he achieved something not remotely unlike the city of Jeysalmir. Mahbub laughed a great deal, and advised him to make up a written report as well; and in the back of the big account-book that lay under the flap of Mahbub's pet saddle Kim fell to work.

"It must hold everything that thou hast seen or touched or considered. Write as though the Jung-i-Lat Sahib himself had come by stealth with a vast army outsetting to war."

"How great an army?"

"Oh, half a lakh of men."

"Folly! Remember how few and bad were the wells in the sand. Not a thousand thirsty men could come near by here."

"Then write that down—also all the old breaches in the walls—and whence the firewood is cut—and what is the temper and disposition of the King. I stay here till all my horses are sold. I will hire a room by the gateway, and thou shalt be my accountant. There is a good lock to the door."

The report in its unmistakable St. Xavier's running script, and the brown, yellow, and lake-daubed map, was on hand a few years ago (a careless clerk filed it with the rough notes of E.23's second Seistan survey), but by now the pencil characters must be almost illegible. Kim translated it, sweating under the light of an oil-lamp, to Mahbub, the second day of their return-journey. The Pathan rose and stooped over the dappled saddle-bags.

"I knew it would be worthy a dress of honor, and so I made one ready," he said smiling. "Were I Amir of Afghanistan (and some day we may see him), I would fill thy mouth with gold." He laid the garments formally at Kim's feet. There was a gold-embroidered Peshawur turban-cap, rising to a cone, and a big turban-cloth ending in a broad fringe of gold. There was a Delhi embroidered waistcoat to slip over a milky white shirt, fastening to the right, ample and flowing; green pyjamas with twisted silk waist-string; and that nothing might be lacking, russia-leather slippers smelling divinely, with arrogantly curled tips.

"Upon a Wednesday, and in the morning, to put on new clothes is auspicious," said Mahbub solemnly. "But we must not forget the wicked folk in the world. So!"

He capped all the splendor, that was taking Kim's delighted breath away, with a mother-of-pearl, nickel-plated, self-extracting .450 revolver.

"I had thought of a smaller bore, but reflected that this takes Government bullets. A man can always come by those—especially across the Border. Stand up and let me look." He clapped Kim on the shoulder. "May you never be tired, Pathan! Oh, the hearts to be broken! Oh, the eyes under the eyelashes, looking sideways!"

Kim turned about, pointed his toes, stretched, and felt mechanically for the mustache that was just beginning. Then he stooped towards Mahbub's feet to make proper acknowledgment with fluttering, quick-patting hands; his heart too full for words. Mahbub forestalled and embraced him.

"My son," said he, "what need of words between us? But is not the little gun a delight? All six cartridges come out at one twist. It is borne in the bosom next the skin, which, as it were, keeps it oiled. Never put it elsewhere, and please God, thou shalt some day kill a man with it."

"*Hai mai!*" said Kim ruefully. "If a Sahib kills a man he is hung in the jail."

"True: but one pace beyond the Border, men are wiser. Put it away; but fill it first. Of what use is a gun unfed?"

"When I go back to the *madrissah* I must return it. They do not allow little guns. Thou wilt keep it for me?"

"Son, I am wearied of that *madrissah*, where they take the best years of a man to teach him what he can only learn upon the Road. The folly of the Sahibs has neither top nor bottom. No matter. Maybe thy written report shall save thee further bondage; and God He knows we need men more and more in the Game."

They marched, jaw-bound against blowing sand, across the salt desert to Jodhpore, where Mahbub and his handsome nephew Habib-Ullah did much trading; and then sorrowfully, in European clothes, which he was fast outgrowing, Kim went second-class to St. Xavier's. Three weeks later, Colonel Creighton, pricing Tibetan ghost-daggers at Lurgan's shop, faced Mahbub Ali openly mutinous. Lurgan Sahib operated as support in reserve.

"The pony is made—finished—mouthed and paced, Sahib! From now on, day by day, he will lose his manners if he is kept at tricks. Drop the rein on his back and let go," said the horse-dealer. "We need him."

"But he is so young, Mahbub—not more than sixteen—is he?"

"When I was fifteen, I had shot my man and begot my man, Sahib."

"You impenitent old heathen." Creighton turned to Lurgan. The black beard nodded assent to the wisdom of the Afghan's dyed scarlet.

"*I* should have used him long ago," said Lurgan. "The younger the better. That is why I always have my really valuable jewels watched by a child. You sent him to me to try. I tried him in every way: he is the only boy I could not make to see things."

"In the crystal—in the ink-pool?" demanded Mahbub.

"No. Under my hand, as I told you. That has never happened before. It means that he is strong enough—but you think it skittles, Colonel Creighton—to make any one do anything he wants. And that is three years ago. I have taught him a good deal since, Colonel Creighton. I think you waste him now."

"Hmm! Maybe you're right. But, as you know, there is no Survey work for him at present."

"Let him out—let him go," Mahbub interrupted. "Who expects any colt to carry heavy weight at first? Let him run with the caravans like our white camel colts—for luck. I would take him myself, but——"

"There is a little business where he would be most useful—in the South," said Lurgan, with peculiar suavity, dropping his heavy blued eyelids.

"E.23 has that in hand," said Creighton quickly. "He must not go down there. Besides, he knows no Turki."

"Only tell him the shape and the smell of the letters we want and he will bring them back," Lurgan insisted.

"No. That is a man's job," said Creighton.

It was a wry-necked matter of unauthorized and incendiary correspondence between a person who claimed to be the ultimate authority in all matters of the Mohammedan religion throughout the world, and a younger member of a royal house who had been brought to book for kidnapping women within British territory. The Moslem Archbishop

had been emphatic and over-arrogant; the young prince was merely sulky at the curtailment of his privileges, but there was no need he should continue a correspondence which might some day compromise him. One letter indeed had been procured, but the finder was later found dead by the roadside in the habit of an Arab trader, as E.23, taking up the work, duly reported.

These facts, and a few others not to be published, made both Mahbub and Creighton shake their heads.

"Let him go out with his Red Lama," said the horse-dealer with visible effort. "He is fond of the old man. He can learn his paces by the rosary at least."

"I have had some dealings with the old man—by letter," said Colonel Creighton, smiling to himself. "Whither goes he?"

"Up and down the land, as he has these three years. He seeks a River of Healing. God's curse upon all——" Mahbub checked himself. "He beds down at the Temple of the Tirthankers or at Buddh Gaya when he is in from the Road. Then he goes to see the boy at the *madrissah* as we know, for the boy was punished for it twice or thrice. He is quite mad, but a peaceful man. I have met him. The Babu also has had dealings with him. We have watched him for three years. Red Lamas are not so common in Hind that one loses track."

"Babus are very curious," said Lurgan meditatively. "Do you know what Hurree Babu really wants? He wants to be made a member of the Royal Society by taking ethnological notes. I tell you, I tell him about the lama everything that Mahbub and the boy have told me. Hurree Babu goes down to Benares—at his own expense, I think."

"*I* don't," said Creighton briefly. He had paid Hurree's traveling expenses, out of a most lively curiosity to learn what the lama might be.

"And he applies to the lama for information on lamaism, and devil dances, and spells and charms, several times in these few years. Holy Virgin! I could have told him all that yee-ars ago. I think Hurree Babu is getting too old for the Road. He likes better to collect manners and customs information. Yes, he wants to be an F.R.S."

"Hurree thinks well of the boy, doesn't he?"

"Oh, very indeed—we have had some pleasant evenings at my little place—but I think it would be waste to throw him away with Hurree on the Ethnological side."

"Not for a first experience. How does that strike you, Mahbub? Let the boy run with the lama for six months. After that we can see. He will get experience——"

"He has it already, Sahib—as a fish controls the water he swims in; but for every reason it will be well to loose him from the school."

"Very good, then," said Creighton, half to himself. "He can go with the lama, and if Hurree Babu cares to keep an eye on them so much the better. He won't lead the boy into any danger as Mahbub would. Curious—his wish to be an F.R.S. Very human, too. He *is* best on the Ethnological side—Hurree."

No money and no preferment would have drawn Creighton from his work on the Indian Survey, but deep in his heart also lay the ambition to write "F.R.S." after his name. Honors of a sort he knew could be obtained by ingenuity and the help of friends, but, to the best of his belief, nothing save work—papers representing a life of it—took a man into the Society which he had bombarded for years with monographs on strange Asiatic cults and unknown customs. Nine men out of ten would flee from a Royal Society soirée in extremity of boredom; but Creighton was the tenth, and at times his soul yearned for the crowded rooms in easy London where silver-haired, bald-headed gentlemen who know nothing of the army move among spectroscopic experiments, the lesser plants of the frozen tundras, electric flight-measuring machines, and apparatus for slicing into fractional millimeters the left eye of a female mosquito. By all right and reason, it was the Royal Geographical that should have appealed to him, but men are as chancy as children in their choice of playthings. So Creighton smiled, and thought the better of Hurree Babu, moved by like desire.

He dropped the ghost-dagger and looked up at Mahbub.

"How soon can we get the colt from the stable?" said the horse-dealer, reading his eyes.

"Hmm! If I withdraw him by order now—what will he do, think you? I have never before assisted at the teaching of such an one."

"He will come to me," said Mahbub promptly. "Lurgan Sahib and I will prepare him for the Road."

"So be it, then. For six months he shall run at his choice: but who will be his sponsor?"

Lurgan slightly inclined his head. "He will not tell anything, if that is what you are afraid of, Colonel Creighton."

"It's only a boy, after all."

"Ye-es; but first, he has nothing to tell; and secondly, he knows what would happen. Also, he is very fond of Mahbub, and of me a little."

"Will he draw pay?" demanded the practical horse-dealer.

"Food and water allowance only. Twenty rupees a month."

One advantage of the Secret Service is that it has no worrying audit. The service is ludicrously starved, of course, but the funds are administered by a few men who do not call for vouchers or present itemized accounts. Mahbub's eyes lighted with almost a Sikh's love for money. Even Lurgan's impassive face changed. He considered the years to come when Kim would have been entered and made to the Great Game that never ceases day and night, throughout India. He foresaw honor and credit in the mouths of a chosen few, coming to him from his pupil. Lurgan Sahib had made E.23 what E.23 was, out of a bewildered, impertinent, lying, little North-West Province man.

But the joy of these masters was pale and smoky beside the joy of Kim when St. Xavier's Head called him aside, with word that Colonel Creighton had sent for him.

"I understand, O'Hara, that he has found you a place as an assistant chain-man in the Canal Department: that comes of taking up mathematics. It is great luck for you, for you are only seventeen; but of course you understand that you do not become *pukka* (permanent) till you have passed the autumn examination. So you must not think you are going out into the world to enjoy yourself, or that your fortune is made. There is a great deal of hard work before you. Only, if you succeed in becoming *pukka*, you can rise, you know, to four hundred a month." Whereat the Principal gave him much good advice as to his conduct, and his manners, and his morals; and others, his elders, who had not been wafted into billets, talked, as only Anglo-Indian lads can, of favoritism and corruption. Indeed, young Cazalet, whose father was a pensioner at Chunar, hinted very broadly that Colonel Creighton's interest in Kim was directly paternal; and Kim, instead of retaliating, did not even use language. He was thinking of the immense fun to come, of Mahbub's letter of the day before, all neatly written in English, making appointment for that afternoon in a house the very name of which would have crisped the Principal's hair with horror. . . .

Said Kim to Mahbub in Lucknow railway station that evening, above the luggage-scales—"I feared lest, at the last, the roof would fall upon me and cheat me. Is it indeed all finished, O my father?"

Mahbub snapped his fingers to show the utterness of that end, and his eyes blazed like red coals.

"Then where is the pistol that I may wear it?"

"Softly! A half-year, to run without heel-ropes. I begged that much from Colonel Creighton Sahib. At twenty rupees a month. Old Red Hat knows that thou art coming."

"I will pay thee *dustoorie* (commission) on my pay for three months," said Kim gravely. "Yea, two rupees a month. But first we must get rid of these." He plucked his thin linen trousers and dragged at his collar. "I have brought with me all that I need on the Road. My trunk has gone up to Lurgan Sahib's."

"Who sends his salaams to thee—Sahib."

"Lurgan Sahib is a very clever man. But what dost thou do?"

"I go North again, upon the Great Game. What else? Is thy mind still set on following old Red Hat?"

"Do not forget he made me that I am—though he did not know it. Year by year, he sent the money that taught me."

"I would have done as much—had it struck my thick head," Mahbub growled. "Come away. The lamps are lit now, and none will mark thee in the bazaar. We go to Huneefa's house."

On the way thither, Mahbub gave him much the same sort of advice as his mother gave to Lemuel, and curiously enough, Mahbub was exact to point out how Huneefa and her likes destroyed kings.

"And I remember," he quoted maliciously, "one who said, 'Trust a snake before a harlot and a harlot before a Pathan, Mahbub Ali.' Now, excepting as to Pathans, of whom I am one, all that is true. Most true is it in the Great Game, for it is by means of women that all plans come to ruin and we lie out in dawning with our throats cut. So it happened to such a one,"—he gave the reddest particulars.

"Then why——?" Kim paused before a filthy staircase that climbed to the warm darkness of an upper chamber, in the ward

that is behind Azim Ullah's tobacco-shop. Those who know it call it The Bird-cage—it is so full of whisperings and whistlings and chirrupings.

The room, with its dirty cushions and half-smoked hookahs, smelt abominably of stale tobacco. In one corner lay a huge and shapeless woman clad in greenish gauzes, and decked, brow, nose, ear, neck, wrist, arm, waist, and ankle with heavy native jewelry. When she turned it was like the clashing of copper pots. A lean cat in the balcony outside the window mewed hungrily. Kim checked, bewildered, at the door-curtain.

"Is that the new stuff, Mahbub?" said Huneefa lazily, not troubling to remove the mouthpiece from her lips. "O Buktanoos!"—like most of her kind, she swore by the Djinns—"O Buktanoos! He is very good to look upon."

"That is part of the selling of the horse," Mahbub explained to Kim, who laughed.

"I have heard that talk since my Sixth Day," he replied, squatting by the light. "Whither does it lead?"

"To protection. To-night we change thy color. This sleeping under roofs has blanched thee like an almond. But Huneefa has the secret of a color that catches. No painting of a day or two. Also, we fortify thee against the chances of the Road. That is *my* gift to thee, my son. Take out all metals on thee and lay them here. Make ready, Huneefa."

Kim dragged forth his compass, snug paint-box, and the new-filled medicine box. They had all accompanied his travels, and boy-like he valued them immensely.

The woman rose slowly and moved with her hands a little spread before her. Then Kim saw that she was blind. "No, no," she muttered, "the Pathan speaks truth—my color does not go in a week or a month, and those whom I protect are under strong guard."

"When one is far off and alone, it would not be well to grow blotched and leprous of a sudden," said Mahbub. "When thou wast with me I could oversee the matter. Besides, a Pathan is a fair-skin. Strip to the waist now and look how thou art whitened." Huneefa felt her way back from an inner room. "It is no matter, she cannot see." He took a pewter bowl from her ringed hand.

The dye-stuff showed blue and gummy. Kim experimented on the back of his wrist, with a dab of cotton-wool; but Huneefa heard him.

"No, no," she cried, "the thing is not done thus, but with the proper ceremonies. The coloring is the least part. I give thee the full protection of the Road."

"*Jadoo?*" (magic), said Kim, with a half start. He did not like the white, sightless eyes. Mahbub's hand on his neck bowed him to the floor, nose within an inch of the boards.

"Be still. No harm comes to thee, my son. I am thy sacrifice!"

He could not see what the woman was about, but heard the clish-clash of her jewelry for many minutes. A match lit up the darkness; he caught the well-known purr and fizzle of grains of incense. Then the room filled with smoke—heavy, aromatic, and stupefying. Through growing drowse he heard the names of devils—of Zulbazan, Son of Eblis, who lives in bazaars and *paraos*, making all the sudden lewd wickedness of wayside halts; of Dulhan, invisible about mosques, the dweller among the slippers of the Faithful, who hinders folk from their prayers; and Musboot, Lord of lies and panic. Huneefa, now whispering in his ear, now talking as from an immense distance, touched him with horrible soft fingers, but Mahbub's grip never shifted from his neck till, relaxing with a sigh, the boy lost his senses.

"Allah! How he fought! We should never have done it but for the drugs. That was his White blood I take it," said Mahbub testily. "Go on with the *dawut* (invocation). Give him full Protection."

"*O Hearer! Thou that hearest with ears, be present. Listen, O Hearer!*" Huneefa moaned, her dead eyes turned to the west. The dark room filled with moanings and snortings.

From the outer balcony, a ponderous figure raised a round bullet head and coughed nervously.

"Do not interrupt this ventriloquial necromanciss, my friend," it said in English. "I opine that it is very disturbing to you, but no enlightened observer is jolly well upset."

"... *I will lay a plot for their ruin! O Prophet, bear with the unbelievers. Let them alone awhile!*" Huneefa's face, turned to the northward, worked horribly, and it was as though voices from the ceiling answered her.

Hurree Babu returned to his note-book, balanced on the window-sill, but his hand shook. Huneefa, in some sort of drugged ecstasy, wrenched herself to and fro as she sat cross-legged by Kim's still head, and called upon devil after devil, in the ancient

order of the ritual, binding them to avoid the boy's every action.

"*With Him are the keys of the Secret Things! None knoweth them beside Himself. He knoweth that which is in the dry land and in the sea!*" Again broke out the unearthly whistling responses.

"I—I apprehend it is not at all malignant in its operation?" said the Babu, watching the throat-muscles quiver and jerk as Huneefa spoke with tongues. "It—it is not likely that she has killed the boy? If so, I decline to be witness at the trial. . . . What was the last hypothetical devil mentioned?"

"Babuji," said Mahbub in the vernacular. "I have no regard for the devils of Hind, but the sons of Eblis are far otherwise, and whether they be *jumalee* (well-affected) or *jullalee* (terrible) they love not Kafirs."

"Then you think I had better go?" said Hurree Babu, half rising. "They are, of course, dematerialized phenomena. Spencer says——"

Huneefa's crisis passed, as these things must, in a paroxysm of howling, with a touch of froth at the lips. She lay spent and motionless beside Kim, and the crazy voices ceased.

"Wah! That work is done. May the boy be better for it; and Huneefa is surely a mistress of *dawut*. Help haul her aside, Babu. Do not be afraid."

"How am I to fear the absolutely non-existent?" said Hurree Babu, talking English to reassure himself. It is an awful thing still to dread the magic that you contemptuously investigate—to collect folk-lore for the Royal Society with a lively belief in all Powers of Darkness.

Mahbub chuckled. He had been out with Hurree on the Road ere now. "Let us finish the coloring," said he. "The boy is well protected if—if the Lords of the Air have ears to hear. I am a *sufi* (free-thinker), but when one can get the blind-sides of a woman, a stallion, or a devil, why go round to invite a kick? Set him upon the way, Babu, and see that old Red Hat does not lead him beyond our reach. I must get back to my horses."

"All raight," said Hurree Babu. "He is at present a curious spectacle."

. . . . . .

About third cock-crow, Kim woke after a sleep of thousands of years. Huneefa, in her corner, snored heavily, but Mahbub was gone.

"I hope you were not frightened," said an oily voice at his elbow. "I superintended entire operation, which was most interesting from ethnological point of view. It was high-class *dawut*."

"Huh!" said Kim, recognizing Hurree Babu, who smiled ingratiatingly.

"And also I had honor to bring down from Lurgan your present costume. I am not in the habit offeecially of carrying such gauds to subordinates, but"—he giggled—"your case is noted as exceptional on the books. I hope Mr. Lurgan will note my action."

Kim yawned and stretched himself. It was good to turn and twist within loose clothes once again.

"What is this?" He looked curiously at the heavy duffle-stuff loaded with the scents of the far North.

"Oho! That is inconspicuous dress of *chela* attached to service of lamaistic lama. *Com*plete in every particular," said Hurree Babu, rolling into the balcony to clean his teeth at a goglet. "I am of opeenion it is not your old gentleman's precise religion, but rather sub-variant of same. I have contributed rejected notes to 'Asiatic Quarterly Review' on these subjects. Now it is curious that the old gentleman himself is totally devoid of religiosity. He is not a dam particular."

"Do you know him?"

Hurree Babu held up his hand to show he was engaged in the prescribed rites that accompany tooth-cleaning and such things among decently bred Bengalis. Then he recited in English an Arya-Somaj prayer of a theistical nature, and stuffed his mouth with *pan* and betel.

"Oah yes. I have met him several times at Benares, and also at Buddh Gaya, to interrogate him on religious points and devil-worship. He is pure agnostic—same as me."

Huneefa stirred in her sleep, and Hurree Babu jumped nervously to the copper incense-burner, all black and discolored in morning-light, rubbed a finger in the accumulated lampblack, and drew it diagonally across his face.

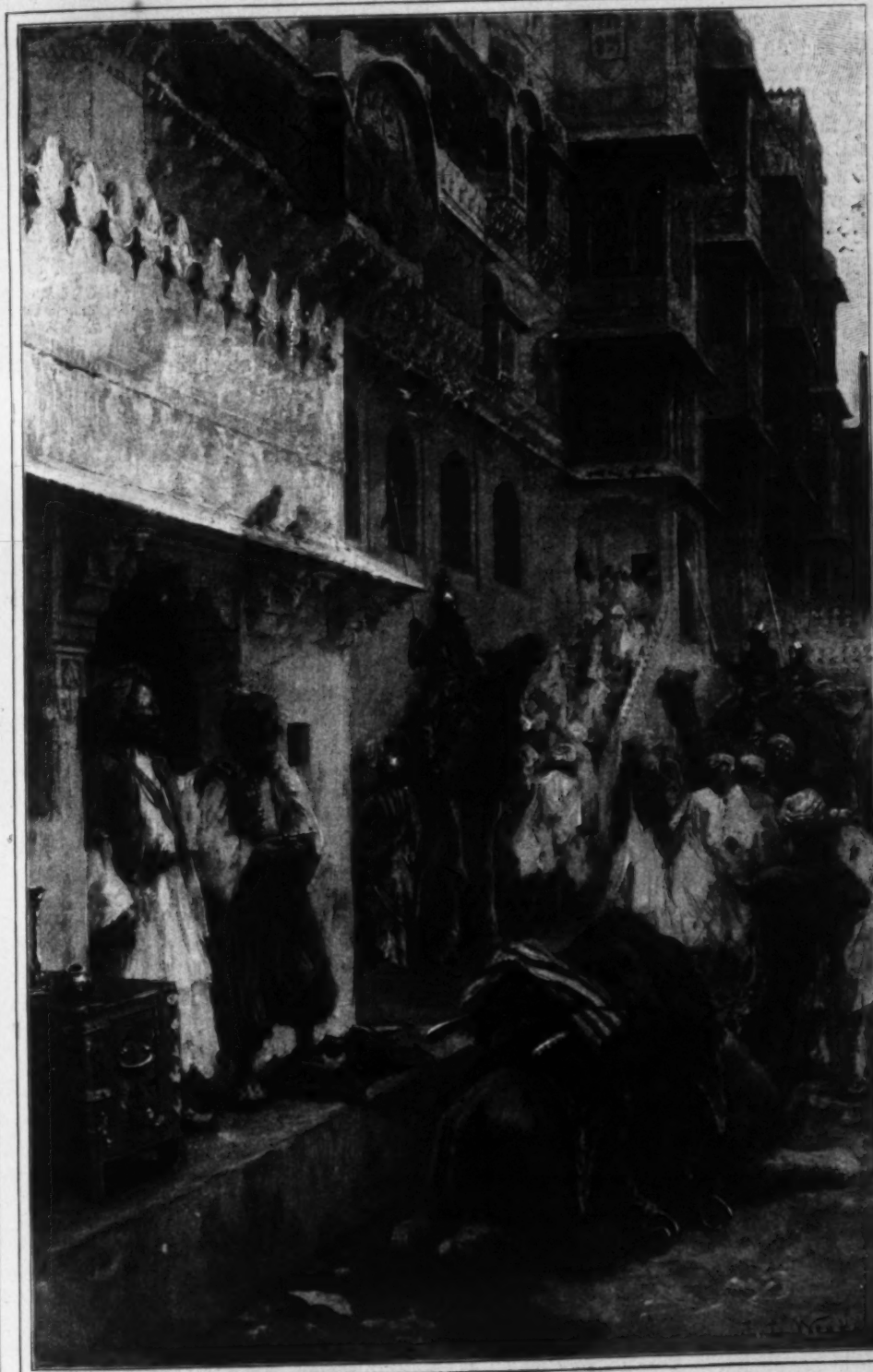
"Who has died in thy house?" asked Kim in the vernacular.

"None. But she may have the Evil Eye—that sorceress," the Babu replied.

"What dost thou do now, then?"

"I will set thee on thy way to Benares, if thou goest thither, and tell thee what must be known by Us."

"I go. At what hour runs the *te-rain?*" He rose to his feet, looked round the desolate chamber and at the yellow-wax face of



KIM AND MAHBUB ALI IN BIKANEER.

Huneefa as the low sun stole across the floor. "Is there money to be paid that witch?"

"No. She has charmed thee against all devils and all dangers—in the name of her devils. It was Mahbub's desire." In English: "He is highly obsolete, *I* think, to indulge in such supersteetion. Why, it is all ventri*lo*quy. Belly-speak—eh?"

Kim snapped his fingers mechanically to avert whatever evil—Mahbub, he knew, meditated none—might have crept in through Huneefa's ministrations; and Hurree giggled once more. But as he crossed the room he was careful not to step in Huneefa's blotched, squat shadow on the boards. Witches—when their time is on them—can lay hold of the heels of a man's soul if he does that.

"Now you must well listen," said the Babu when they were in the fresh air. "Part of these ceremonies which we witnessed they include supply of effeecient amulet to those of our Department. If you feel in your neck you will find one small silver amulet, verree cheap. That is *ours*. Do you understand?"

"Oah yes, *hawa-dilli*" (a heart-lifter), said Kim, feeling at his neck.

"Huneefa, she makes them for two rupees twelve annas with—oh, all sorts of exorcisms. They are quite common, except they are partially black enamel, and there is a paper inside each one full of names of local saints and such things. *Thatt* is Huneefa's look-out, you see? Huneefa makes them onlee for us, but in case she does not, when we get them we put in, before issue, one small piece of turquoise. Mr. Lurgan, he gives them. There is no other source of supply; but it was me invented all this. It is strictly unoffeecial of course, but convenient for subordinates. Colonel Creighton, he does not know. He is European. The turquoise is wrapped in the paper. . . . Yes, that is road to railway station. . . . Now suppose you go with the lama, or with me, I hope, some day, or with Mahbub. Suppose we get into a dam-tight place. I am a fearful man—most fearful—but I tell you I have been in dam-tight places more than hairs on my head. You say: 'I am Son of the Charm.' Verree good."

"I do not understand quite. We must not be heard talking English here."

"That is all raight. I am only Babu showing off my English to you. All we Babus talk English to show off," said Hurree, flinging his shoulder-cloth jauntily. "As I was about to say, 'Son of the Charm' means that you may be member of the *Sat Bhai*—the Seven Brothers, which is Hindi *and* Tantric. It is popularly supposed to be extinct society, but I have written notes to show it is still extant. You see it is all my invention. Verree good. *Sat Bhai* has many members, and perhaps before they jolly-well-cut-your-throat they may give you just a chance for life. That is useful, anyhow. And, moreover, these foolish natives—if they are not too excited—they always stop to think before they kill a man who says he belongs to any speecific organization. You see? You say then when you are in tight place, 'I am Son of the Charm,' and you get—perhaps—ah—your second wind. That is only in extreme instances, or to open negotiations with a stranger. Can you quite see? Verree good. But suppose now, I, or any one of the Department, come to you dressed quite different. You would not know me at all unless I choose, I bet you. Some day I will prove it. I come as Ladakhi trader—oh anything—and I say to you: 'You want to buy precious stones?' You say: 'Do I look like a man who buys precious stones?' Then I say: 'Even verree poor man can buy a turquoise or *tarkeean*."

"That is *kichree*—vegetable curry," said Kim.

"Of course it is. You say: 'Let me see the *tarkeean*.' Then I say: 'It was cooked by a woman, and perhaps it is bad for your caste.' Then you say: 'There is no caste when men go to—look for *tarkeean*.' You stop a little between those words, 'to—look.' That is the whole secret. The little stop before the words.'

Kim repeated the test-sentence.

"That is all right. Then I will show you my turquoise if there is time, and then you know who I am, and then we exchange views and documents and those all things. And so it is with any other man of us. We talk sometimes about turquoises and sometimes about *tarkeean*, but always with that little stop in the words. It is verree easy. First, 'Son of the Charm,' if you are in a tight place. Perhaps that may help you—perhaps not. Then what I have told you about the *tarkeean*, if you want to transact offeecial business with a strange man. Of course, at present, you have no offeecial business. You are—ah ha!—supernumerary on probation. Quite unique specimen. If you were Asiatic of birth you might be employed right off; but this half-year of leave is to make you de-Englishized, you see? The lama, he expects you, because I have demi-offeecially informed him you have passed all your examinations, and will soon obtain Government

appointment. Oh ho! We are on acting-allowance, you see: so if you are called upon to help Sons of the Charm mind you jolly well try. Now I shall say good-by, my dear fellow, and I hope you—ah—will come out top-side all raight."

Hurree Babu stepped back a pace or two into the crowd at the entrance of Lucknow station and—was gone. Kim drew a deep breath and hugged himself all over. The nickel-plated revolver he could feel in the bosom of his sad-colored robe, the amulet was on his neck; begging-gourd, rosary, and ghost-dagger (Mr. Lurgan had forgotten nothing) were all to hand, with medicine, paint-box, and compass, and in a worn old purse-belt embroidered with porcupine-quill patterns lay a month's pay. Kings could be no richer. He bought sweetmeats in a leaf-cup from a Hindu trader, and ate them with glad rapture till a policeman ordered him off the steps.

CHAPTER XI.

Give the man who is not made
To his trade
Swords to fling and catch again,
Coins to ring and snatch again,
Men to harm and cure again,
Snakes to charm and lure again—
He'll be hurt by his own blade,
By his serpents disobeyed,
By his clumsiness bewrayed,
By the people mocked to scorn—
So 'tis not with juggler born.
Pinch of dust or withered flower,
Chance-flung fruit or borrowed staff,
Serve his need and shore his power,
Bind the spell, or loose the laugh!
But a man who, etc., Op. 15.

FOLLOWED a sudden natural reaction.

"Now am I alone—all alone," he thought. "In all India is no one so alone as I! If I die to-day, who shall bring the news—and to whom? If I live and God is good, there will be a price upon my head, for I am a Son of the Charm—I, Kim."

A very few white people, but many Asiatics, can throw themselves into a mazement as it were by repeating their own names over and over again to themselves, letting the mind go free upon speculation as to what is called personal identity. When one grows older, the power departs, but while it lasts it may descend upon a man at any moment.

"Who is Kim—Kim—Kim?"

He squatted in a corner of the clanging waiting-room, rapt from all other thoughts; hands folded in lap, and pupils contracted to pin-points. In a minute—in another half second—he felt he would arrive at the solution of the tremendous puzzle; but here, as always happens, his mind dropped away from those heights with the rush of a wounded bird, and passing his hand before his eyes, he shook his head.

A long-haired Hindu *bairagi* (holy man), who had just bought a ticket, halted before him at that moment and stared intently.

"I also have lost it," he said sadly. "It is one of the Gates to the Way, but for me it has been shut many years."

"What is the talk?" said Kim, abashed.

"Thou wast wondering there in thy spirit what manner of thing thy soul might be. The seizure came of a sudden. *I* know. Who should know but I? Whither goest thou?"

"Toward Kashi" (Benares).

"There are no Gods there. I have proved them. I go to Prayag (Allahabad) for the fifth time—seeking the road to Enlightenment. Of what faith art thou?"

"I too am a Seeker," said Kim, using one of the lama's pet words. "Though"—he forgot his Northern dress for the moment—"though Allah alone knoweth what I seek."

The old fellow slipped the *bairagi's* crutch under his armpit and sat down on a patch of ruddy leopard's skin as Kim rose at the call for the Benares train.

"Go in hope, little brother," he said. "It is a long road to the feet of the One; but thither do we all travel."

Kim did not feel so lonely after this, and ere he had sat out twenty miles in the crowded compartment, was cheering his neighbors with a string of most wonderful yarns about his own and his master's magical gifts.

Benares struck him as a peculiarly filthy city, though it was pleasant to find how his cloth was respected. At least one-third of the population prays eternally to some group or other of the many million deities, and so revere every sort of holy man. Kim was guided to the Temple of the Tirthankers, about a mile outside the city, near Sarnath, by a chance-met Punjabi farmer—a Kamboh from Jullundur-way who had appealed in vain to every God of his homestead to cure his small son, and was trying Benares as a last resort.

"Thou art from the North?" he asked, shouldering through the press of the narrow, stinking streets much like his own pet bull at home.

"Ay, I know the Punjab. My mother was a Pahareen, but my father came from

Amritzar—by Jandiala," said Kim, oiling his ready tongue for the needs of the Road.

"Jandiala—Jullundur? Oho! Then we be neighbors in some sort, as it were." He nodded tenderly to the wailing child in his arms. "Whom dost thou serve?"

"A most holy man at the Temple of the Tirthankers."

"They are all most holy and—most greedy," said the Jat with bitterness. "I have walked the pillars and trodden the temples till my feet are flayed, and the child is no whit better. And the mother being sick too. . . . Hush, then, little one. . . . We changed his name when the fever came. We put him into girl's clothes. There was nothing we did not do, except—I said to his mother when she bundled me off to Benares—she should have come with me—I *said* Sakhi Sarwar Sultan would serve us best. We know His generosity, but these down-country Gods are strangers."

The child turned on the cushion of the huge corded arms and looked at Kim through heavy eyelids.

"And was it all worthless?" Kim asked, with easy interest.

"All worthless—all worthless," said the child, lips cracking with fever.

"The Gods have given him a good mind, at least," said the father proudly. "To think he should have listened so cleverly. Yonder is thy temple. Now I am a poor man,—many priests have dealt with me,—but my son is my son, and if a gift to thy master can cure him—I am at my very wits' end."

Kim considered for a while, tingling with pride. Three years ago he would have made prompt profit on the situation and gone his way without a thought; but now, the very respect the Jat paid him proved that he was a man. Moreover, he had tasted fever once or twice already, and knew enough to recognize starvation when he saw it.

"Call him forth and I will give him a bond on my best yoke, so that the child is cured."

Kim halted at the carved outer door of the temple. A white-clad Oswal banker from Ajmir, his sins of usury new wiped out, asked him what he did.

"I am *chela* to Teshoo Lama, an Holy One from Bhotiyal—within there. He bade me come. I wait. Tell him."

"Do not forget the child," cried the importunate Jat over his shoulder, and then bellowed in Punjabi: "O Holy One—O disciple of the Holy One—O Gods above all the Worlds—behold affliction sitting at the gate!" That cry is so common in Benares that the passers never turned their heads.

The Oswal, at peace with mankind, carried the message into the darkness behind him, and the easy, uncounted Eastern minutes slid by; for the lama was asleep in his cell, and no priest would wake him. When the click of his rosary again broke the hush of the inner court where the calm images of the Arhats stand, a novice whispered, "Thy *chela* is here," and the old man strode forth, forgetting the end of that prayer.

Hardly had the tall figure shown in the doorway than the Jat ran before him, and, lifting up the child, cried: "Look upon this, Holy One; and if the Gods will, he lives—he lives!"

He fumbled in his waist-belt and drew out a small silver coin.

"What is now?" The lama's eyes turned to Kim. It was noticeable he spoke far clearer Urdu than long ago, under Zam-Zammah; but the father would allow no private talk.

"It is no more than a fever," said Kim. "The child is not well fed."

"He sickens at everything, and his mother is not here."

"If it be permitted, I may cure, Holy One."

"What! Have they made thee a healer? Wait here," said the lama, and he sat down by the Jat upon the lowest step of the temple, while Kim, looking out of the corner of his eyes, slowly opened the little betel-box. He had dreamed dreams at school of returning to the lama as a Sahib—of chaffing the old man before he revealed himself—boy's dreams all. There was more drama in this abstracted, brow-puckered search through the tabloid-bottles, with a pause here and there for thought and a muttered invocation between whiles. Quinine he had in tablets, and dark brown meat-lozenges—beef most probably, but that was not *his* business. The little thing would not eat, but it sucked at a lozenge greedily, and said it liked the salt taste.

"Take then these six." Kim handed them to the man. "Praise the Gods, and boil three in milk; other three in water. After he has drunk the milk give him this (it was the half of a quinine pill), and wrap him warm. Give him the water of the other three, and the other half of this white pill when he wakes. Meantime, here is another brown medicine that he may suck at on the way home."

"Gods, what wisdom!" said the Kamboh, snatching.

"'THEY ARE ALL MOST HOLY AND—MOST GREEDY. . . . I HAVE WALKED THE PILLARS AND TRODDEN THE TEMPLES TILL MY FEET ARE FLAYED, AND THE CHILD IS NO WHIT BETTER.'"

It was as much as Kim could remember of his own treatment in a bout of autumn malaria—if you except the patter that he added to impress the lama.

"Now go! Come again in the morning."

"But the price—the price," said the Jat, and threw back his sturdy shoulders. "My son is my son. Now that he will be whole again, how shall I go back to his mother and say I took help by the wayside and did not even give a bowl of curd in return?"

"They are alike, these Jats," said Kim softly. "The Jat stood on his dunghill and the King's elephants went by. 'O driver,' said he, 'what will you sell those little donkeys for?'"

The Jat burst into a roar of laughter, stifled with apologies to the lama. "It is the saying of my own country—the very talk of it. So are we Jats all. I will come to-morrow with the child; and the blessing of the Gods of the Homesteads—who are good little Gods—be on you both. . . . Now, son, we grow strong again. Do not spit it out, little Princeling! King of my Heart, do not spit it out, and we shall be strong men, wrestlers and club-wielders, by morning."

He moved away, crooning and mumbling. The lama turned to Kim, and all the loving old soul of him looked out through his narrow eyes.

"To heal the sick is to acquire merit; but first one gets knowledge. That was wisely done, O Friend of all the World."

"I was made wise by thee, Holy One," said Kim, forgetting the little play just ended; forgetting St. Xavier's; forgetting his white blood; forgetting even the Great Game as he stooped, Mohammedan fashion, to touch his master's feet in the dust of the Jain temple. "My teaching I owe to thee. I have eaten thy bread three years. My time is finished. I am loosed from the schools. I come to thee."

"Herein is my reward. Enter! Enter! And is all well?" They passed to the inner court, where the afternoon sun sloped golden across. "Stand that I may see. So!" He peered critically. "It is no longer a child, but a man, ripened in wisdom, walking as a physician. I did well—I did well when I gave thee up to the armed men on that black night. Dost thou remember our first day under Zam-Zammah?"

"Ay," said Kim. "Dost thou remember when I leapt off the *garri* the first day I went to——"

"The Gates of Learning? Truly. And the day that we ate the cakes together at the back of the river by Nucklao. Aha! Many times hast thou begged for me, but that day I begged for thee."

"Good reason," quoth Kim. "I was then a scholar in the Gates of Learning, and attired as a Sahib. Do not forget, Holy One," he went on playfully, "I am still a Sahib—by thy favor."

"True. And a Sahib in most high esteem. Come to my cell, *chela*."

"How is that known thee?"

The lama smiled. "First by means of letters from the kindly priest whom we met in the camp of armed men; but he is now gone to his own country, and I sent the money to his brother." Colonel Creighton, who had succeeded to the trusteeship when Father Victor went to England with the Mavericks, was hardly the chaplain's brother. "But I do not well understand Sahibs' letters. They must be interpreted to me. I chose a surer way. Many times when I returned from my Search to this temple, which has always been a nest to me, there came one seeking Enlightenment—a man from Leh—that had been, he said, a Hindu, but wearied of all those Gods." The lama pointed to the Arhats.

"A fat man?" said Kim, a twinkle in his eye.

"Very fat; but I perceived in a little his mind was wholly given up to useless things—such as devils and charms and the form and fashion of our tea-drinkings in the monasteries, and by what road we initiated the novices. A man abounding in questions; but he was a friend of thine, *chela*. He told me that thou wast on the road to much honor as a scribe. And I see thou art a physician."

"Yes, that am I—a scribe, when I am a Sahib, but it is set aside when I come as thy disciple. I have accomplished the years appointed for a Sahib."

"As it were a novice?" said the lama, nodding his head. "Art thou freed from the schools? I would not have thee unripe."

"I am all free. In due time I take service under the Government as a scribe——"

"Not as a warrior. That is well."

"But first I come to wander—with thee. Therefore I am here. Who begs for thee, these days?" he went on quickly. The ice was thin.

"Very often I beg myself; but, as thou knowest, I am seldom here, except when I come to look again at my disciple. From

one end to another of Hind have I traveled afoot and in the *te-rain*. A great and a wonderful land! But here, when I put in, is as though I were in my own Bhotiyal."

He looked round the little clean cell complacently. A low cushion gave him a seat, on which he had disposed himself in the cross-legged attitude of the Bodhisat emerging from meditation; a black teak-wood table, not twenty inches high, set with copper tea-cups, was before him. In one corner stood a tiny altar, also of heavily carved teak, bearing a copper-gilt image of the seated Buddha and fronted by a lamp, an incense-holder, and a pair of copper flower-pots.

"The Keeper of the Images in the Wonder House acquired merit by giving me these a year since," he said, following Kim's eye. "When one is far from one's own land such things carry remembrance; and we must reverence the Lord for that He showed the Way. See!" he pointed to a curiously-built mound of colored rice crowned with a fantastic metal ornament. "When I was abbot in my own place—before I came to better knowledge—I made that offering daily. It is the Sacrifice of the Universe to the Lord. Thus do we of Bhotiyal offer all the world daily to the Excellent Law. And I do it even now, though I know that the Excellent One is beyond all pinchings and pattings." He snuffed from his gourd.

"It is well done, Holy One," Kim murmured, sinking at ease on the cushions, very happy and rather tired.

"And also," the old man chuckled, "I write pictures of the Wheel of Life. Three days to a picture. I was busied on it—or it may be I shut my eyes a little—when they brought word of thee. It is good to have thee here: I will show thee my art—not for pride's sake, but because thou must learn. The Sahibs have not *all* this world's wisdom."

He drew from under the table a sheet of strangely scented yellow Chinese paper, the brushes, and slab of India ink. In cleanest, severest outline he had traced the Great Wheel with its six spokes, whose center is the conjoined Hog, Snake, and Dove (Ignorance, Anger, and Lust), and whose compartments are all the heavens and hells, and all the chances of human life. Men say that the Bodhisat Himself first drew it with grains of rice upon dust, to teach His disciples the cause of things. Many ages have crystallized it into a most wonderful convention crowded with hundreds of little figures whose every line carries a meaning. Few can translate the picture-parable; there are not twenty in all the world who can draw it surely without a copy: of those who can both draw and expound are but three.

"I have a little learned to draw," said Kim. "But this is a marvel beyond marvels."

"I have written it for many years," said the lama. "Time was when I could write it all between one lamp-lighting and the next. I will teach thee the art—after due preparation; and I will show thee the meaning of the Wheel."

"We take the Road, then?"

"The Road and our Search. I was but waiting for thee. It was made plain to me in a hundred dreams—notably one that came upon the night of the day that the Gates of Learning first shut—that without thee I should never find my River. Again and again, as thou knowest, I put this from me, fearing an illusion. Therefore I would not take thee with me that day at Lucknow, when we ate the cakes. I would not take thee till the time was ripe and auspicious. From the Hills to the Sea, from the Sea to the Hills have I gone, but it was vain. Then I remembered the *Jâtâka*."

He told Kim the story of the elephant with the leg-iron, as he had told it so often to the Jain priests.

"Further testimony is not needed," he ended serenely. "Thou wast sent for an aid. That aid removed, my Search came to naught. Therefore we will go out again together, and our Search is sure."

"Whither go we?"

"What matters, Friend of all the World? The Search, I say, is sure. If need be, the River will break from the ground before us. I acquired merit when I sent thee to the Gates of Learning, and gave thee the jewel that is Wisdom. Thou didst return, I saw even now, a follower of Sakyamuni, the Physician, whose altars are many in Bhotiyal. It is sufficient. We are together, and all things are as they were—Friend of all the World—Friend of the Stars—my *chela!*"

Then they talked of matters secular; but it was noticeable that the lama never demanded any details of life at St. Xavier's, nor showed the faintest curiosity as to the manners and customs of Sahibs. His mind moved all in the past, and he revived every step of their wonderful first journey together, rubbing his hands and chuckling, till it pleased him to curl himself up into the sudden sleep of old age.

Kim watched the last dusty sunshine fade

out of the court, and played with his ghost-dagger and rosary. The clamor of Benares, oldest of all earth's cities awake before the Gods, day and night, beat round the walls as the sea's roar round a breakwater. Now and again, a Jain priest crossed the court, with some small offering to the images, and swept the path about him lest by chance he should take the life of a living thing. A lamp twinkled, and there followed the sound of a prayer. Kim watched the stars as they rose one after another in the still, sticky dark, till he fell asleep at the foot of the altar. That night he dreamed in Hindustanee, without a single English word. . . .

"Holy One, there is the child to whom we gave the medicine," he said, about three o'clock in the morning, when the lama, also waking from dreams, would have fared forth on pilgrimage. "The Jat will be here at the dawn."

"I am well answered. In my haste I would have done a wrong." He sat down on the cushions and returned to his rosary. "Surely old folk are as children," he said pathetically. "They desire a matter—behold, it must be done at once, or they fret and weep! Many times when I was upon the road I have been ready to stamp with my feet at the hindrance of an ox-cart in the way, or a mere cloud of dust. It was not so when I was a man—a long time ago. None the less it is wrongful——"

"But thou art indeed old, Holy One."

"The thing was done. A Cause was put out into the world, and, old or young, sick or sound, knowing or unknowing, who can rein in the effect of that Cause? Does the Wheel hang still if a child spin it—or a drunkard? *Chela*, this is a great and a terrible world."

"I think it good," Kim yawned. "What is there to eat? I have not eaten since yesterday even."

"I had forgotten thy need. Yonder is good Bhotiyal tea and cold rice."

"We cannot walk far on such stuff." Kim felt all the European's lust for flesh-meat, which is not accessible in a Jain temple. Yet, instead of going out at once with the begging-bowl, he stayed his stomach on slabs of cold rice till the full dawn. It brought the farmer, voluble, stuttering with gratitude.

"In the night the fever broke and the sweat came," he cried. "Feel here—his skin is fresh and new! He esteemed the salt lozenges, and took milk with greed." He drew the cloth from the child's face, and it smiled sleepily at Kim. A little knot of Jain priests, silent but all-observant, gathered by the temple door. They knew, and Kim knew that they knew, how the old lama had met his disciple. Being courteous folk, they had not obtruded themselves overnight by presence, word, or gesture. Wherefore Kim repaid them as the sun rose.

"Thank the Gods of the Jains, brother," he said, not knowing how those Gods were named. "The fever is indeed broken."

"Look! See!" The lama beamed in the background upon his hosts of three years. "Was there ever such a *chela?* He follows our Lord the Healer."

Now the Jains officially recognize all the Gods of the Hindu creed, as well as the Lingam and the Snake. They wear the Brahminical thread; they adhere to every claim of Hindu caste-law. But, because they knew and loved the lama, because he was an old man, because he sought the Way, because he was their guest, and because he collogued long of nights with the head-priest—as free-thinking a metaphysician as ever split one hair into seventy—they murmured assent.

"Remember,"—Kim bent over the child,—"this trouble may come again."

"Not if thou hast the proper spell," said the father.

"But in a little while we go away."

"True," said the lama to all the Jains. "We go now together upon the Search whereof I have often spoken. I waited till my *chela* was ripe. Behold him! We go North. Never again shall I look upon this place of my rest, O people of good will."

"But I am not a beggar." The cultivator rose to his feet, clutching the child.

"Be still. Do not trouble the Holy One," a priest cried.

"Go," Kim whispered. "Meet us again under the big railway bridge, and for the sake of all the Gods of our Punjab, bring food—curry, pulse, cakes fried in fat, and sweetmeats. Specially sweetmeats. Be swift!"

The pallor of hunger suited Kim very well as he stood, tall and slim, in his sad-colored, sweeping robes, one hand on his rosary and the other in the attitude of benediction, faithfully copied from the lama. An English observer might have said that he looked rather like a young saint of a stained-glass window, whereas he was but a growing lad faint with emptiness.

Long and formal were the farewells, thrice ended and thrice renewed. The Seeker—he who had invited the lama to that haven from

far-away Tibet, a silver-faced, hairless ascetic—took no part in it, but meditated, as always, alone among the images. The others were very human; pressing small comforts upon the old man,—a betel-box, a fine new iron pencase, a food-bag, and such like,—warning him against the dangers of the world without, and prophesying a happy end to the Search. Meantime Kim, lonelier than ever, squatted on the steps, and swore to himself in the language of St. Xavier's.

"But it is my own fault," he concluded. "With Mahbub, I ate Mahbub's bread, or Lurgan Sahib's. At St. Xavier's, three meals a day. Here I must jolly well look out for myself. Besides, I am not in good training. *How* I could eat a plate of beef now! . . . Is it finished, Holy One?"

The lama, both hands raised, intoned a final blessing in ornate Chinese. "I must lean on thy shoulder," said he, as the temple-gates closed. "I grow stiff, I think."

The weight of a six-foot man is not light to steady through miles of crowded streets, and Kim, loaded down with bundles and packages for the way, was glad to reach the shadow of the railway bridge.

"Here we eat," he said resolutely, as the Kamboh, blue-robed and smiling, hove in sight, a basket in one hand and the child on the other.

"Fall to, Holy Ones!" he cried from fifty yards. (They were by the shoal under the first bridge-span, out of sight of hungry priests.) "Rice and good curry, cakes all warm and well scented with *hing* (asafœtida), curds and sugar. King of my fields," this to the small son, "let us show these holy men that we Jats of Jullundur can pay a service. . . . I had heard the Jains would eat nothing that they had not cooked, but truly"—he looked away politely over the broad river—"where there is no eye there is no caste."

"And we," said Kim, turning his back and heaping a leaf-platter for the lama, "are beyond all castes."

They gorged themselves on the good food in silence. Nor till he had licked the last of the sticky sweet-stuff from his little finger did Kim note that the Kamboh too was girt for travel.

"If our roads lie together," he said roughly, "I go with thee. One does not often find a worker of miracles, and the child is still weak. But *I* am not altogether a reed." He picked up his *lathi*—a five-foot male-bamboo ringed with bands of polished iron—and flourished it in the air. "The Jats are called quarrelsome, but that is not true. Except when we are crossed, we are like our own buffaloes."

"So be it," said Kim. "A good stick is a good reason."

The lama looked placidly up-stream, where in long, smudged perspective the ceaseless columns of smoke go up from the burning-ghats by the river. Now and again, in spite of all municipal regulations, the fragment of a half-burned body bobbed by on the full current.

"But for thee," said the Kamboh, drawing the child into his hairy breast, "I might to-day have gone thither—with this one. The priests tell us that Benares is holy—which none doubt—and desirable to die in. But I do not know their Gods, and they ask for money; and when one has done one worship a shaved-head vows it is of none effect except one do another. Wash here! Wash there! Pour, drink, lave, and scatter flowers—but always pay the priests. No, the Punjab for me, and the soil of the Jullundur-*doab* for the best soil in it."

"I have said many times—in the temple I think—that if need be, the River will open at our feet. We will therefore go North," said the lama, rising. "I remember a pleasant place, set about with fruit-trees, where one can walk in meditation—and the air is cooler there. It comes from the Hills and the snow of the Hills."

"What is the name?" said Kim.

"How should I know? Didst thou not—no, that was after the Army rose out of the earth and took thee away. I abode there in meditation in a room against the dovecot—except when she talked eternally."

"Oho! the woman from Kulu. That is by Saharunpore." Kim laughed.

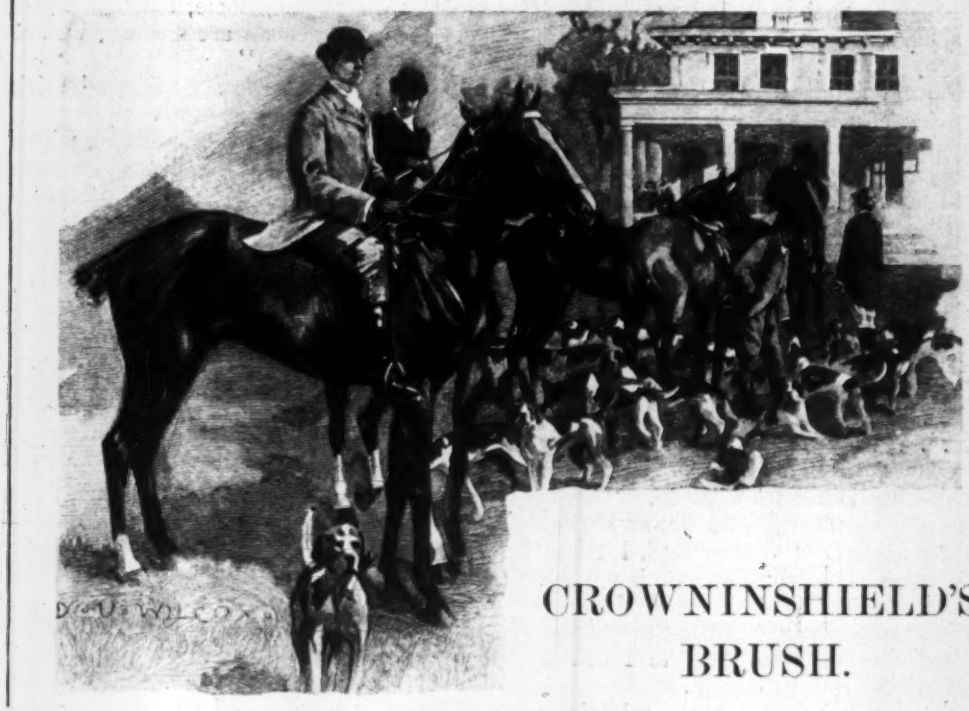
"How does the spirit move thy master? Does he go afoot, for the sake of past sins?" the Jat demanded cautiously. "It is a far cry to Delhi."

"No," said Kim. "I will beg a *tikkut* for the *te-rain*." One does not own to the possession of money in India.

"Then in the name of the Gods, let us take the fire-carriage. My son is best in his mother's arms. The Government has brought on us many taxes, but it gives us one good thing—the *te-rain* that joins friends and unites the anxious. A wonderful matter is the *te-rain*."

They all piled into it a couple of hours later, and slept through the heat of the day.

(To be continued.)



CROWNINSHIELD'S BRUSH.

By David Gray,

Author of "Gallops," etc.

MR. CROWNINSHIELD left his wife talking with the M. F. H. and walked his horse away from the hounds, for he had been cautioned that it kicked. In doing this he met Mrs. Palfrey, who was riding across the lawn in the other direction. They both stopped.

"I'm glad to see you hunting," she said.

"You're very good," said Crowninshield dryly.

"And Juggernaut," Mrs. Palfrey continued; "how very fine he looks. Precisely the right flesh for hunting condition."

"Is this Juggernaut?" asked Crowninshield. "I didn't notice. Maria ordered it. Look out! He kicks."

"Oh, no! Juggy wouldn't kick, would he?" said Mrs. Palfrey cheerfully to the big gray horse. "When we owned him," she went on to Crowninshield, "the only bad trick he had was sulking. He has a light mouth, and if you fuss it he'll sulk. Pity, isn't it, when he's such an unusual performer?"

Just then Juggernaut let fly at an inquisitive hound.

"Oh, naughty!" exclaimed Mrs. Palfrey.

Crowninshield gazed off toward the links.

"It's a beautiful morning for golf," he said slowly.

Young Mr. Carhart, who had just joined them, looked at him with wonder and rode away.

"You mustn't say such things," said Mrs. Palfrey. "The golf people are disagreeable enough without any encouragement. The first thing you know they'll vote to give up the hounds."

"I wish they would," said Crowninshield. "This hunting bores me. I don't like it. I don't like to hurry, and I don't like jumping fences. I'm afraid.

"My wife," he continued, "is kind to dumb animals. She subscribes to an institution for homeless cats. She is a member of an anti-check-rein association. She gets me into the newspapers by stopping teamsters who beat their horses and making them promise to be gentle. Why, then," he demanded, "does she insist upon my hunting when, if I were a tame ape or a raccoon, my feelings would be respected and I could stop at home?"

"Well," observed Mrs. Palfrey, "Maria

hasn't confided in me, but she probably wants you to get over being afraid. I think I should feel that way about Willie. You see, one doesn't expect quite so much from an ape. Crowny," she went on, "why don't you go hard a few times and thrust a little? Jump some fences that will make her anxious about you, and then you can retire."

"That might do," said Crowninshield, "but suppose when I'm thrusting I get rolled out, and have to spend my season of retirement on a water mattress?"

"Of course there's that chance," said Mrs. Palfrey cheerfully, "but Maria would make it up to you in devotion. She'd feel in a measure responsible for the accident."

"Perhaps," said Crowninshield. The suggestion was apparently occupying his mind, and he said nothing more.

Presently the M. F. H. started down the road, with the hounds behind him, and Mrs. Crowninshield rode up.

"He's going to draw the Benton woods," she said. "There's a fox there. They saw it this morning and stopped the earth. Harrison," she observed to Mr. Crowninshield, "keep close to Donahue"—he was the first whip—"till we get out in the open. There's a good deal of trappy country to the west of the woods, and Donahue knows it better than any one else."

"Thank you, very much, Maria," said Crowninshield. "If you are in doubt about the country you may follow Donahue or any one else, as you see fit. As for myself, I intend to ride my own line."

Mrs. Crowninshield looked at her husband with surprise.

"You've hurt his feelings," said Mrs. Palfrey. "And he'll probably do something foolish and break his neck."

"I think I can trust his sober second thought," said Mrs. Crowninshield, but plainly she was a little worried. After a moment she rode up beside her husband. "Are you angry with me?" she asked meekly. She was a very pretty young woman, and when she looked meek she was especially pretty.

"No," he said.

"Then why don't you look pleasant and smile?" she asked.

"Maria," said Crowninshield, "you are a—" He stopped and looked at her sternly and rode ahead.

Mrs. Crowninshield turned to Mrs. Palfrey. "What ideas have you been putting in his head?" she demanded. "I don't want him to kill himself. I have been trying to get him to like it, and to go along respectably. But now his temper is stirred up, and he may do something absurd."

She rode after him, but, as Mrs. Palfrey could see, he repelled her advances with a dignified silence.

The covert into which the hounds were taken was a big, oblong wood lot, with a board fence across the farther end and wire fences on the other three sides. They went in through a gate that the farmer unlocked for them.

"This is a bad place to get out of," said the M. F. H. to the two ladies. "The hounds will probably work down toward the board fence, but we've got to go out over it whichever line the fox may take. We can't get over the wire."

He rode off and began casting through a

bottom covered with tall, dead weeds. As the first hound entered the undergrowth a fox scurried out and went away through the woods. "Gone away!" yelled the whips. In a moment the pack was on the line and gave tongue riotously, and fox, hounds, and horses were off. The field crashed through the woods, down the steep banks of a little stream, up again, and on toward the board fence. Mrs. Crowninshield was riding Ten Pin, who was an excitable brute, and took hold pretty hard at the beginning of the day. She reached the boards among the first and went over. As she landed she looked

back through the thick growth of saplings and saw Juggernaut coming along. She pulled up as much as she could in the hope of seeing him jump, but her horse began going sidewise through a thicket, and made it impossible for her to look back. However, she listened and heard no sound of broken boards, which indicated that Mr. Crowninshield was over without accident. Then Ten Pin put his head down and bored away for half a field, and this for the time being put Mr. Crowninshield out of her thoughts.

The fox was still in view, and the pace was as fast as the hounds could make it. There was every promise of an exceptionally "good day." Presently the fox began to swing in a wide circle, and treated the hunt to some of the biggest country in that part of the State. A new picket fence not much less than five feet high was followed by a stiff in-and-out across a narrow lane. Then there was a big rail fence with a ditch on the take-off side. The first whip went down at this, and those who got over had a grateful feeling toward the horses that were carrying them. At a stone wall the M. F. H.'s mount made a mistake, and the M. F. H. was left ignominiously chasing his horse and shouting "Whoa!" A series of stiff post-and-rail obstacles followed, which thinned out the field still more.

Ten Pin was still pulling, and Mrs. Crowninshield had not much opportunity to look around for her husband, though she thought about him several times. There was a man on a big gray horse riding his own line half a field ahead of her and some distance to the right. She was somewhat near-sighted, and could not make out who the man might be, but her judgment told her that it was not Mr. Crowninshield, although the horse looked like Juggernaut. "I don't think Juggernaut could hold this pace, even if Harrison wanted to," she added, mentally, to assure herself.

They went at a line of new rails, and Ten Pin pecked badly, but she kept him up.

"Careful there!" called the M. F. H., who had caught his horse and had come up, cheerful but out of breath. "Nice run, isn't it? It won't last much longer," he panted. "The fox is making for the woods where we found him. The pace is too hot. We ought to kill there. The earth is stopped."

"Have you seen Harrison?" Mrs. Crowninshield asked.

"No," said the M. F. H., "I haven't. I lost my glasses at the beginning, and you know I can't see much without them. I'm sure he's all right, though." The M. F. H. felt justified in his confidence by a long acquaintance with Mr. Crowninshield, and with his repugnance to all forms of violent exertion. "Look out ahead!" he added.

The hounds swung sharply to the left, and disappeared in a piece of thick woods. The field followed over a rail fence, and the next minute encountered a thicket of wild grape vines, which took young Carhart off his horse and made the others pull up to disentangle themselves. When they got into

the open again the hounds were vanishing over the crest of a little hill.

"Hurry," called the M. F. H. to Mrs. Crowninshield, "or we shall lose them."

"THEY CAME UPON THE PACK JUMPING EXCITEDLY ABOUT MR. CROWNINSHIELD FOR THE DEAD FOX THAT HE HELD HIGH ABOVE THEM."

She urged Ten Pin with the whip, and they swept up the hill with a handful, all that was left of the field, behind them. From the top they saw the tail hounds a field ahead going under the wire fence into the covert, where they had found half an hour before, and a man on a gray horse disappearing after them into the woods.

"Good Lord," exclaimed the M. F. H., "somebody's jumped that barbed-wire fence! Who is it?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Crowninshield called back. "I can't make out." The gray horse looked to her like Juggernaut, but she

tried to put that idea out of her head. She was worried none the less. Carhart was behind her, and she could not think of any one else absent-minded enough to jump barbed wire.

"We'll have to go around to the other end where the boards are," called the M. F. H., and he used his spurs. "If the fox gets through the covert and breaks away again perhaps we'll make up our lost ground."

°REGARDED °HIM°
°WONDERINGLY °

As they galloped along the edge of the covert they could faintly hear the hubbub of the hounds deep in the wood. Suddenly it stopped.

"They must have killed," said the M. F. H. He turned around the corner of the wood lot, straightened out his horse at the board fence, and went over. The others followed, and galloping through the woods they came upon the pack jumping excitedly about Mr. Crowninshield for the dead fox that he held high above them. He was trying to keep off the hounds and to cut off the brush at the same time, which was a difficult thing to do.

"It was Harrison, after all," murmured Mrs. Crowninshield, and grew extremely white.

When Crowninshield saw the M. F. H. he paused with the knife in one hand and the fox's corpse in the other. "I suppose I ought not to be cutting this creature up," he said. "I know it violates hunting etiquette, but the proper official wasn't on hand." He smiled blandly.

The M. F. H. said nothing. He was getting his breath and taking in the situation. Besides, there was nothing to say.

Just then Carhart rode up and regarded Crowninshield solemnly for several moments. Then he dismounted, went over to him, and held out his hand. "You go too hard for me," he said.

"It was just luck," said Crowninshield modestly.

But Carhart shook his head and turned away. He was deeply impressed.

While Carhart was paying this tribute to Crowninshield, his wife recovered from her agitation, and began examining Juggernaut's legs for traces of barbed wire. Her inspection proved that the horse had escaped without a scratch. "He always was such a clean performer," she murmured. Suddenly a look of wonder came into her face. She went close to the horse and put her hand upon his neck. Then she turned toward Crowninshield and regarded him wonderingly.

"I'm going to give your husband," said the M. F. H., "a short lecture on fox hunting. Crowny," he went on, drawing up alongside of Mr. Crowninshield, "you've won the right to membership in the idiots' club, of which Carhart is the proud president. But don't jump any more wire fences, particularly after half an hour's hard galloping. It's magnificent from a depraved point of view, but it isn't fox-hunting. Besides, we don't want any funerals in the club."

"All right," said Crowninshield; "I promise to reform," and a twinkle came into his eye. "I say," he added, "how about this brush?"

"No one ever won a brush more honestly," said the M. F. H. Then he turned away and began calling the hounds.

One by one the field straggled in and heard about Crowninshield's exploit and congratulated him. He bore it with modesty and composure.

"Aren't you a little proud of him?" asked Mrs. Palfrey of Mrs. Crowninshield.

Mrs. Crowninshield nodded, but suppressed her pride admirably.

"I am going to confess," Mrs. Palfrey continued, "that I suggested to Harrison that he should try going a bit hard. I knew he would enjoy it more if he did, but I really didn't expect him to do this."

"Really," said Mrs. Crowninshield coldly; and Mrs. Palfrey moved away and joined Carhart.

"Maria doesn't know exactly what to make of it," she whispered.

"No," said Carhart; "very curious that he should never have let himself out before."

"It is," said Mrs. Palfrey. "There go the hounds," she added, and they followed them out to the road.

Most of the field went back to the club,

where they lunched together in their riding things, an occasion which took the form of an ovation to Crowninshield. They toasted him and congratulated him, and he charmed them with the sincere modesty with which he deprecated his exploit. Finally they called upon him for a speech.

"Tell us how, being a mere golfer," said the M. F. H., "you happened to do it."

"I will," said Crowninshield. He rose to his feet and produced the brush from his coat pocket. "The principle which I employed in obtaining this coveted trophy is the one laid down by Napoleon as the first rule of war, 'Be at the right place at the right time.'"

There were cries of "Good!" from McMillan, who had been lunching heartily upon liquids and was somewhat over-appreciative.

"But how did you happen to be there?" asked the M. F. H. "How did you get over that wire fence?"

There was a pause, and Crowninshield smiled modestly.

"I didn't get over it," he said. After a pause he added: "*I was there. I was there all the time!*"

"Just fancy!" gasped McMillan, and became hysterical.

"Go on," said the M. F. H. when he could be heard.

"It was very simple," said Crowninshield. "Juggernaut balked at that first board fence, and I couldn't get him out of the field. I must have fussed his mouth and his disposition. The gate was locked and the farmer who had the key was following the hunt in a buggy. Pretty soon the hounds came along and I joined in."

"Crowninshield," said the M. F. H., with the first voice that he could command, "you have made this a happy day. You are entitled to your brush."

Crowninshield bowed and beat a retreat to the smoking-room. He had not been there very long before a servant told him that Mrs. Crowninshield had ordered the trap and was ready to go home.

"All right," said Crowninshield. He rose at once, which was not his custom, throwing his cigar into the fire. The fact was that

"'SUPPOSE I HADN'T TOLD?' HE SUGGESTED. . . . 'BUT YOU DID,' SHE SAID."

he was uneasy about facing Mrs. Crowninshield alone, she took hunting so seriously. He would have been as well pleased to have her drive home by herself and send the cart back for him.

As they drove away from the club, mechanically she took the reins, and then, as if recollecting herself, she gave them to her husband. "You drive," she said.

He looked puzzled, for she usually drove, but he did as she asked.

"Well," he said seriously, after a long pause, "I suppose you're ashamed of me?"

She shook her head and smiled. "No," she answered.

Crowninshield looked at her curiously. Her lip quivered a little. "Didn't you think better of me," he asked, "when you believed that I had jumped that wire fence?"

"No," she said. "Because"—she hesitated a moment—"I knew you hadn't jumped it."

He looked her in the face. "You knew it?" he said slowly. "How?"

"Yes," she answered. "You see, the other horses were wet, and Juggernaut hadn't turned a hair."

There was a long pause.

"Suppose I hadn't told?" he suggested in a low voice.

She reached out her hand and placed it upon his knee. "But you did," she said.

NOTABLE BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OUR NEW BOOKS.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DREYFUS.

IN the May number of this Magazine we published the first chapter given to the public of Captain Alfred Dreyfus' remarkable Biography, "Five Years of My Life." Since that chapter appeared the book has come from the press of McClure, Phillips & Co. The work is unquestionably the most important human document of our generation. Consider the story it tells: a man, young, happy, honorable, devoted to his profession and family, is suddenly arrested and put into prison. He does not know of what he is accused; he is not allowed to see his accusers. After days of uncertainty and torture, he is subjected to the most humiliating experience possible for a soldier—military degradation. He is then taken from prison, and shipped to a tropical island, where for five years he lives a life horrible in the extreme. He is obliged to suffer deprivations and tortures such as we read of in the tales of the Middle Ages. Worse still, much of the time he is kept in ignorance of his wife, children, and friends. He knows nothing of the discussions of his case that convulse France and arouse the entire civilized world. This story is told in Dreyfus' Autobiography. It is the famous "Affair" from the standpoint of the victim.

The narrative portions of the Autobiography are remarkable for their directness, self-control, and simplicity. Nothing could be more convincing than these calm, unimpassioned statements. It is the story of a man whose nature has been so enlarged by suffering that he can talk with calmness of the most horrible events in his experience. But in the Diary and Letters of Dreyfus, written at the time of his imprisonment, we have an entirely different kind of literature. These documents, flung off when he was degraded for he knew not what, persecuted by he knew not whom, are passionate cries against the hideous injustice of his fate. In them one feels the depths of agony into which he descended. Indeed, we believe this Autobiography is the most poignant expression of human suffering to be found in literature. Dreyfus' Autobiography is not only an essential contribution to the history of the most remarkable trial of the nineteenth century—a trial in which the present remnant of the cruel and arbitrary spirit of the Middle Ages clashed with the nobler modern spirit which holds the right of every individual to complete justice—but it is a great human document; the complete unveiling of a soul in a time of supreme suffering.